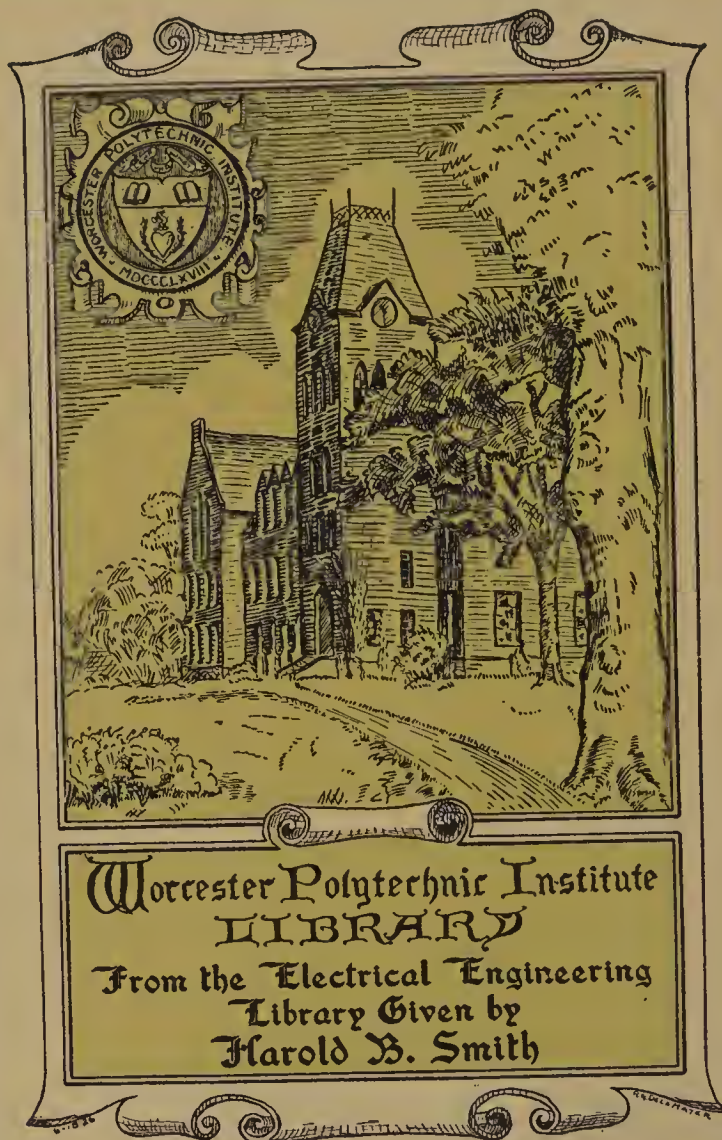


# THE 1912 AFTERMATH





103165











The 1912  
**Aftermath**

Worcester Polytechnic  
Institute



Worcester, Massachusetts  
June, 1912



COPYRIGHT 1908 W.T. LITTIG & CO., N.Y.

# Introduction



IN presenting this, our present effort, to the perusal of its readers, we realize our inadequacy to accomplish fully our task. We have attempted but a bare outline of the many activities in which the class, as a class and as individuals, has been engaged during the past four years. If at times this brief chronicle has a touch rather more personal than convention calls for, remember that someone has to "get knocked" and that we speak only as true friends. For any inaccuracies which this work may contain we ask your indulgence, and if, by chance, the book meets your approval, the Board feels amply repaid for the efforts expended to make the 1912 Aftermath what it is.



TO THE MEMORY OF  
EDWARD LEE HANCOCK  
ABLE TEACHER, SCHOLAR, AUTHOR  
UNTIRING WORKER  
TRUE GENTLEMAN, BELOVED FRIEND  
WE, THE CLASS OF 1912  
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE THIS  
OUR AFTERMATH

# Edward Lee Hancock

*Professor of Applied Mechanics, M. E. Department  
1909-1912*



URING the past school year the Worcester Polytechnic Institute experienced a second misfortune in the loss by death of one of its faculty members, Prof. Edward Lee Hancock. Although the class of 1911 and the class of 1912 were the only ones to come into close touch with Professor Hancock in class room work nevertheless all realized that a great teacher and friend of the Institute was gone from our midst.

Edward Lee Hancock was born June 28, 1873, in Sheldsmound, Ill. He graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1898, and in 1902 received his degree, M.S., from his Alma Mater, after serving as Instructor from 1900 to 1902. He then went to Purdue University where he was Instructor from 1902 to 1906. In 1906 he was made Assistant Professor, and in 1909 came to us as Professor of Applied Mechanics, in which capacity he served until his death on October 1, of last year. Professor Hancock was a member of the American Society for Testing Materials and of the International Society for Testing Materials and also of the Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education.

Those of us who met him in the class room were fortunate in more ways than one. One of the first impressions conveyed to us as students was that we had to deal with a square and firm man. A fellow honest with himself and at all times conscientious about his work never had to fear for his welfare in Applied Mechanics; this was because Professor Hancock always endeavored to understand his students as perhaps few men can do. His tireless perseverance and great patience in aiding the less brilliant in the class were two characteristics of the man and of the teacher that won the confidence and respect of all of his classes.

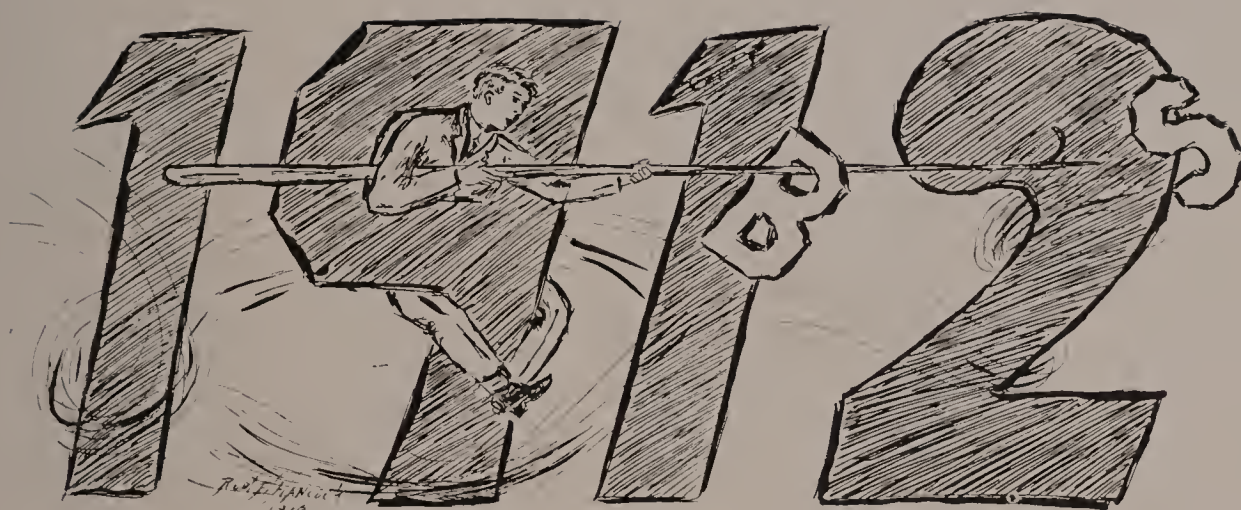
Although the theory was somewhat complicated and the work hard we were ever brought to see the practical side of the training being received. Probably many of us were first brought to a realization of the importance

of accurate work under Professor Hancock's tutelage. He had a unique way of making us "guarantee" our result against his result or any other that was most disconcerting to the individual so unfortunate as to be wholly wrong, yet valuable as a thing toward accurate thought and work.

Professor Hancock was an ardent believer in "Tech Spirit." Several times he put aside Mechanics for a little straight talk on the need and the value of a proper attitude toward one's school, both while an undergraduate and a graduate. His advice was for each man to do something active for Tech—athletics, music, newspaper work, *something*—and to do it with all his might and to keep it up when he was an Alumnus. He had no use for the cynic, the fault finder or the "dead one" in a student body, but ever urged the support of Tech activities and the boom of the Institute to the four corners of the earth.

May we, the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twelve, the last class to receive this good and wise counsel from such a staunch Tech supporter, strive to live up to his teaching, and now and forever "fight for Tech's fair fame."









# AFTERMATH MCMXII

## BOARD OF EDITORS

*Winfield T. Potter*  
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

### ASSOCIATES

*George P. Dixon*  
*Frank H. Plaisted*  
*Herbert F. Taylor*  
*Walter E. Steele*  
*Guy F. Whitney*  
*Ernest W. Smith*  
*Merville L. Halligan*

*Ernest S. Jefferies*  
BUSINESS MANAGER

### ASSOCIATES

*A. B. Hassack*  
*Edward J. Comins*  
*A. Schubert Kloss*

*W. Hedlund*

# Corporation

## *President*

HON. CHARLES G. WASHBURN, S.B., A.B.

## *Secretary*

CHARLES BAKER, S.B.

## *Treasurer*

HOMER GAGE, A.M., M.D.

G. HENRY WHITCOMB, A.M.

REV. AUSTIN S. GARVER, A.M.

ELMER P. HOWE, S.B., A.B.

HON. JAMES LOGAN, A.M.

LINCOLN N. KINNICUT, ESQ.

T. EDWARD WILDER, S.B.

REV. ALLYN KING FOSTER, A.M.

FRED H. DANIELS, S.B.

CHARLES G. STRATTON, S.B.

REV. SHEPARD KNAPP.

JAMES LOGAN, A.M.

## *On the part of the State Board of Education*

GEORGE I. ALDEN, M.M.E.

## *Ex-officio*

HIS HONOR, THE MAYOR, DAVID F. O'CONNELL







# Levi Leonard Conant, Ph.D.

*Acting President*

“Comradeship is one of the finest facts and one of the strongest forces in life.”—*Hugh Black.*



WE WOULD call him comrade, yet that does not at all adequately express our relationship to him. He is much more than that. A leader whose example serves but to show us that true success does not lie in personal gain but in sincerest service; a scholar, counsellor and friend, combining with a quiet, reserved, gentlemanly dignity a warm congenial spirit of friendliness that has drawn all of us to him. A man far above us in every respect yet without aloofness.

A graduate of Dartmouth College of the Class of 1879 and receiving the degrees, Master of Arts, Dartmouth, 1887; Master of Arts, Doctor of Philosophy, Syracuse University, 1893; his life has been one of continuous service. At graduation he took up public school work, in which he served until 1887 when he accepted the position of Professor of Mathematics in the Dakota School of Mines. Leaving this for further preparation he spent a year in post graduate work at Clark University. In 1891 he began his service here at the Institute. For nine years an active member of the Worcester Board of Education, its chairman in 1909, and since a member of the Massachusetts State Board of Education, author of several helpful textbooks in Geometry and Trigonometry, editor of the *Worcester Polytechnic Institute Journal* for eight years, as well as a generous contributor to numerous educational and scientific periodicals, has been his record as the world has seen it. That his work has been appreciated and felt was shown by his election to the office of Acting President of the Institute in 1911.

For twenty years the catalogue of the Institute called him Professor of Mathematics. Yet how well does every student and alumnus know how far those words come from expressing his true position. Always calm, congenial, sincerely interested in all those who came to him for instruction and making his finer, truer character felt by them. He taught us Mathematics, but that is not all. The quiet, unassuming attitude of service and trust



has left its imprint on the better man in all of us. Unconsciously given and as unconsciously received who can tell when and how its influence will be felt in some other noble service to mankind? As teacher, so he is as Acting President, the "friend of the student." Always alert and eager to help, always ready to listen and advise and always a friend he has made us dare to call him comrade.

One short year of opportunity eagerly met and passed in glad co-operation, more years to come in which the Class of 1912 wishes him the truest success. To wish him opportunity is needless, for he finds it everywhere. We can but express our appreciation and our desire to prove our lives worthier for having known him.

"A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him I may think aloud."—*Emerson*.









FACULTY

## Faculty

LEVI L. CONANT, PH.D., *Acting President and Professor of Mathematics.*

JOHN E. SINCLAIR, PH.D., *Professor of Higher Mathematics, Emeritus.*

GEORGE H. HAYNES, PH.D., *Professor of Economics and Political Science.*

WALTER L. JENNINGS, PH.D., *Professor of Organic Chemistry.*

ZELOTES WOOD COOMBS, A.M., *Professor of English, French and German.*

HAROLD B. SMITH, M.E., *Professor of Electrical Engineering.*

ARTHUR WILLARD FRENCH, C.E., *Professor of Civil Engineering.*

A. WILMER DUFF, D.Sc., *Professor of Physics.*

WILLIAM W. BIRD, S.B., *Professor of Mechanical Engineering.*

ALTON L. SMITH, M.S., *Professor of Drawing and Machine Design.*

CHARLES M. ALLEN, M.S., *Professor of Hydraulic Engineering.*

JOSEPH O. PHELON, M.M.E., *Professor of Electrical Engineering.*

ALBERT S. RICHEY, E.E., *Professor of Electric Railway Engineering.*

CARLETON A. READ, S.B., *Professor of Steam Engineering.*

\*EDWARD L. HANCOCK, M.S., *Professor of Applied Mechanics.*

ARTHUR W. EWELL, PH.D., *Professor of Physics.*

ARTHUR D. BUTTERFIELD, M.S., A.M., *Professor of Mathematics.*

HOWARD CHAPIN IVES, C.E., *Assistant Professor of Railroad Engineering.*

DAVID L. GALLUP, M.E., *Assistant Professor of Gas Engineering.*

CARL D. KNIGHT, E.E., *Assistant Professor of Experimental Electrical Engineering.*

FREDERICK BONNET, JR., PH.D., *Assistant Professor of Chemistry.*

ROBERT C. SWEETSER, S.B., *Assistant Professor of Analytical Chemistry.*

CLARENCE A. PIERCE, PH.D., *Assistant Professor of Theoretical Electrical Engineering.*

\* Died, Oct. 1, 1911.

## Professors

George H. Haynes, Ph.D.,

*Professor of Economics and Political Science.*

“Somewhat apart from the village and nearer the basin of Minas.” A little change in wording of this line from Longfellow gives the position of “Jinny” with respect to the other things on the Hill. “Somewhat apart from mere science and nearer the problems of living” would be a fitting version. Not forgetting the good that we got out of “Jinny’s” meteoric lectures we look back at them with a smile. It was always a time when the unexpected was likely to happen and it usually did. Either there would be an enlightening dissertation on the complexity of the married state in relation to woman’s suffrage or a few sarcasms on Schedule K or the Oregon system. Such gentle irony concealed behind a deep and sonorous voice seemed scarcely possible of issuance from a body of such delusive proportions.

“I might remark in pars-sing” that “Jinny” hails from Johns-Hopkins, after a few active years at Amherst. We have our suspicions that those Amherst years had “active” spelled with a large A and a question mark, although we lack evidence. “Jinny” had three whacks at us. Two of them made us read the papers and think we were politicians, and the third had us guessing whether Smith could sue Jones as a common carrier or whether A had a lien on B as a bailee. Most of the time we had to “lean” on the way “Jinny” put the question.

Be all these as they may, to “Jinny” we owe a great debt. It was he who first set us thinking of the great and noble attributes of true manhood and honest citizenship. Beyond the scope of his assigned subjects he taught us to be cultured as he was cultured, kind as he was kind and above all to be a gentleman as he was a gentleman in every sense of the word. And before all science and engineering has been mastered, has he not touched on the things that are to make our lives worth something to the world?



Walter Lewis Jennings, Ph.D.,

*Professor of Organic Chemistry*

“Beily” graduated from Harvard in 1889 with some lore of classics and much skill in tennis. Three years later he became the Herr Doctor, and then, in order that he might enjoy the Herr part of it, he studied at Berlin and Heidelberg for two years. With distinctly German tastes in certain lines he came to Tech as Assistant Professor of Physics, being promoted soon after to Assistant Professor of Chemistry. Now you will find him at the head of the stairs in the “Chem Building,” very much at the head of the Department. We understand that his only disappointment in his latest elevation is that the pressure of department business detracts from his peregrinations as head of the “Old Sleuth Detective Agency.”

Freshman year the guilty learned to hide in his slop jar when “Moon-face” was approaching, being careful first to turn the shoes on his feet and walk from the jar of his neighbor to that at his own desk. Sophomore year we learned that “if one can whistle, two can whistle,” and that the man nearest the door must needs be an efficient crows-nester. Junior year we approached Organic with fear and trembling, but his lectures on the alcohols exterminated the last teetotaler, and thereafter we had for him, in spite of his pet eight o’clocks, a kindred feeling. Senior year we came to really know him. You must certainly hand it to him that he is SOME lecturer, in spite of the “errr-ah.” He’s the Chemikers’ “Little Pater,” and we love him accordingly, even to the indolence which is his only limitaton.

Zelotes Wood Coombs, A.M.,

*Professor of English, French and German*

Coombs is surely a blessing to the Freshman Class. When we were in that premature state we all swore allegiance to his colors. What did we care if the things he said had been by-words of Freshman classes years before we came? What did it matter if we heard about the historic trip to Wachusett or the “benefits of physical training to the Engineering student” until they were our by-words? They amused us then and benefitted us, and we cared not a whit who had heard them before. He took an interest in athletics and was always ready to praise or comfort as the case might be. During the past year he made himself famous by the great Umbrella Episode in Boynton Hall.

We wish to remember “Coombsie” in the years to come, after we leave the old Hill, as we knew him when we were but Freshmen. We will always think of him as a generous hearted, hard working gentleman who remembers every man among us and has a warm place in his heart for the boys who once passed in themes “with commendable regularity.”

Harold B. Smith, M.E.,

*Professor of Electrical Engineering*

Professor Smith was born in Barre, Mass., in 1869. From Barre High School he entered Cornell, and on graduating was elected to Sigma Xi. After graduate work he became head of the Electrical Department of Arkansas State University. He remained there but one year, having accepted a position as Head Designer and Electrical Engineer with the Elektron Manufacturing Co., and a Professorship at Purdue University. In 1896 he came to W. P. I. as Head of the Electrical Department, where he has built the Department from a mere side study to its present high standing. He is a member of many prominent societies both at home and abroad, among them being the A. I. E. E., A. S. M. E. and B. I. E. E. He has also written many papers of engineering value. Since 1905 he has been Electrical Engineer and Designer for the Westinghouse Co. Last year he was granted a two years' leave of absence to be spent in travel and study.

H. B. is honored and respected by everyone with whom he comes in contact. He has been the dominant force of the Electrical Department since its institution in 1896, and we have missed him during the last year. His greatest ability seems to be in showing anything and everything by means of curves. He has even been able to tell by curves what a magnificent salary we will be receiving in 1920. No one could doubt him after seeing the curve; it's self evident.

Arthur William French, C.E.,

*Professor of Civil Engineering*

*Member of the American Society of Civil Engineers*

*And " Kink o' de Civil bunch "*

" Prof " has a versatile nature. Perhaps its chameleonlike qualities depend upon the point of view. Our first impressions of him alternated between an Ogre and a Stealthy Steve. When we began to know him better they alternated between a mental Hercules and a certain Biblical character for whom a large modern club has been named. Now the impressions don't alternate, because we know that he is not like any other character in history or biography. He is a summation, between the limits of hard work and good nature, of a multitude of characteristics, which, when integrated, give us a Man and an Engineer.

In the real Engineering that we have studied we have run into " Prof " at every turn, and after each collision we have gotten up with more sense than we previously had. The amount that he has made us think he knows

and has done would be enormous if it were all collected in one pile, but when spread out makes a wonderful fertilizer for such brains as ours. His stories are always full of Thayer School experiences and of problems that he nonchalantly solved when the whole engineering world was baffled by their complexity. His slide rule and cigar are his omnipresent companions. The latter, despite the blazing " No Smoking " signs in Boynton Hall, still continues to send its wreaths through the portals of his sanctuary.

Every Civil knows that in his relations with this man he gets a square deal, and that whatsoever he may make of himself in the future as an engineer depends to a large extent upon the thoroughness with which he has applied the common sense teachings of " Prof ".

A. Wilmer Duff, D.Sc.,

*Professor of Physics*

" Ah, gentlemen, there is some little difficulty with this experiment. You see that the ap'ratus is not working well." We all speak with reverence of Sophomore Physics. It was fine after it was all over. The little dif'-fi'-culties that Professor Duff got into were nothing compared to the ones we got into later, and some of us wake up in the night even now and catch glimpses of Nicol's prisms and diffraction gratings. A. Wilmer is primarily a scientist. He could no more omit a tenth of a milligram than he could omit finding the possible error in the coefficient of expansion of a mustard plaster. We can see him now as he used to reach beneath the lecture table and draw " a few drops of wau-ta " or as he " do-ra-me-fa-so-la-se-does " up the spiral stairs of the Lab and then " do-se-la-so-fa-me-ra-does " down again.

A finely educated man is Prof. Duff, and we who hit the high spots of his science and drop the milligrams and even the hundreds of pounds can hardly appreciate his place in the world of engineering. If some of us have our little bruises from contact with his work may we leave them behind us when we go, in the realization of the fact that it is the subject that influences the man and not the man who makes the subject a stumbling-block in our path.

William W. Bird,

*Professor of Mechanical Engineering*

" Piggy " is a familiar sight on the Hill, where he takes particular delight in springing " bum " jokes and in sticking everyone with foolish questions. Occasionally when aroused by one of Prof. French's stories of



Dartmouth he retaliates with an account of his football prowess at Tech; no other representative of that distant time being present the story is suitably inflated and he rolls his tongue around and chuckles, saying to himself, "He can't beat that one." "Piggy" and Prof. French love each other dearly and are often seen walking about hand in hand, one promising not to "screw" the Civils and the other not to "get" the Mechanics, nevertheless, "Piggy" says that he does not feel the same toward Prof. since he caught him trying to get the New Olsen out through one of the windows of the Mechanical Laboratory and into Boynton Hall.

The Mechanical Department is indeed fortunate in having at the helm a man of Professor Bird's calibre. Only those who come into intimate contact with him can realize the self sacrificing interest and attention that he gives to any project which might be a benefit to the Institute. In some of our courses a short, generally suddenly interrupted siesta has been quite common, but such a thing never happened in Prof. Bird's classes. In fact his good nature has become proverbial, and his kindly feeling for all the upper classmen in particular has won the respect of everyone on the Hill.

Alton L. Smith, M.S.,

*Professor of Machine Drawing*

We have simply got to have a nickname for all our profs, and so Professor Smith changes to "Dingtoe" in our third year and this is further shortened by more intimate contact as Seniors to just plain "Ding." He puts us through some pretty stiff paces as Juniors, in Kinematics, but he seems to realize that the stuff is hard and he always tries to use the men "white." His blunt and direct manner often disconcerts us and makes us feel our serious lack of knowledge along certain lines, but Senior year he gets pretty close to us. Outside the class room you find him at his best, and few students realize how interested and interesting he really is as a man. His little peculiarity, when you ask him in Design, how long to make a certain thing, is to jerk that ever present "six-foot yardstick" from the rear pocket of his "jeans" and casually say, as he holds the rule at arm's length and slides his finger to the mark, "'Bout three inches."

He is a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers and very well thought of in the engineering profession.

Charles M. Allen, M.S.,

*Professor of Hydraulic Engineering*

"You must live with a man to know him." Let's take any morning during the first half of the Senior year. Scene, M. E. Lecture Room, two

minutes past the hour. In comes the last of the "fresh air advocates" or "who's got the makings" crowd. Four and a half minutes past the hour, all watches are out, and in strolls "Charlie," hands thrust deep into his trousers' pockets with his little green copy of "Russel's" under his arm. He appears little relieved from his usual tiredness by a night's sleep and seats himself comfortably behind the lecture table.

"Is everybody here?" he asks, and the ever ready answer comes from the front row, "All here." That is so much easier than calling the roll.

"What is the lesson?" is the next question. Then, "Any questions?" A pause. "Well, if you don't ask any I will." This customary threat brings forth the questions. One requires some sketching for an explanation, and with much effort "Charlie" succeeds in getting some chalk. He puts a number of lines on the board that might represent anything from Porter's Sewing Machine to a complete Hydro-Electric Station. A smile from the class invariably brings out the explanation, "Oh, this is just a 'diagramatic sketch.' Now," he continues, "you have a vane 'like unto this.'" Then we hear "the overalls and dinner pail" story which comes out every other year. Its gray whiskers would show if told oftener.

"Who knows what anchor ice is?" Silence. "Well, I don't know what it is nor does anybody else so I'll tell you about it."

As the end of the hour draws near a problem is given. "How much horse power in a mile of ocean?" Which, say the Electrics, might just as well be, "How much horse power in a yard of pump water?"

Speaking of the Electrics "Charlie" says that if the real old-time Quaker meetings were as bad as those he holds with the Electrics he is glad he didn't live during those early days. But the Electrics were wise in their silence. It's a safe thing not to ask too many questions on the start or you'll have to play "the goat" the remainder of the term.

"Sympathy" was ever the motto of all regarding marks, because it is hard work guessing at so many grades.

In contrast to some of his associates "Charlie" can change his opinion of a person or subject. A careless disregard for facts and his amusing style of relating his many experiences enables him to drive much gloom from the Seniors and keep him in good standing with them.

Joseph O. Phelon, M.M.E.,

*Professor of Electrical Engineering*

Professor Phelon was born in Cherry Valley, N.Y. He graduated from W. P. I. in 1887, in the Mechanical Department, and was appointed Assistant in Physics. In 1890 he received the degree of B.S. in Electrical Engineering, and in 1901, after working a year at Cornell, the degree of



M.M.E. He was made an Instructor in the Electrical Department of the Institute on its formation in 1896. He was promoted to Assistant Professor in 1901 and to Professor of Electrical Engineering in 1907. He is an Associate Member of the A. I. E. E.

“ Uncle Joe ” is a very quiet unobtrusive sort of person, but like many quiet people there’s a twinkle in his eye. His still small voice is heard in many a quiz and lecture during the Junior year. The worst thing he has ever been heard to say is “ Red Label seats; no books or notes,” and even then he sometimes writes it on the board to get out of saying it. Nevertheless he drilled us thoroughly in the fundamentals and gave us a good start in electrical subjects. During the past year, as Acting Head of the Electrical Department, he has had many a heart to heart talk with us individually and has made a firm friend of one and all.

Albert S. Richey, E.E.,

*Professor of Electric Railway Engineering*

Professor Richey was born in Muncie, Ind., in 1874. He graduated from Purdue University in 1894, receiving the degree of E.E. He has held high positions with several Indiana railways, including the Citizen’s St. Ry. Co. of Muncie, Marion City Ry. Co., Union Traction Co. and Indianapolis Northern Traction Co. In 1905 he was appointed Assistant Professor of Electric Railway Engineering at the Institute, being promoted in 1907 to full Professorship. He is a member of the A. I. E. E., Sigma Xi and Tau Beta Pi. For the past few years he has been consulting engineer for several Massachusetts Street Railway companies.

Professor Richey has a reputation for being lazy, but only among those who do not know what a large amount of outside work he handles. He spends comparatively little time on the Hill. If he is called away suddenly he never forgets to leave one of the dozens of written quizzes which he has on tap to be served by some other member of the Department. No one was ever known to tell everything he was expected to in one of these exams. One could write a book on the subject and then be sure to have left out at least half the very important points. Nevertheless Prof. Richey’s course in Railways is one of the bright spots in the last year at the Institute.

Carleton A. Read, S.B.,

*Professor of Steam Engineering*

Prof. Read is a graduate of M. I. T., and for several years has had charge of the work in Steam Engineering at W. P. I. Since the first half of Junior

year we have tried in vain to escape the snares with which he has so patiently attempted to entangle our feet. Starting with the Zeuner diagram he led us a merry chase around a circle, from which we emerged only to find ourselves deep in the mazes of the temperature—entropy charts. The journey has been painful and wearisome at times not only to us but to our guide as well. We did not take kindly to his adiabatic changes and often in the midst of some strange cycle of events awakened to find that he had been putting on the pressure and also that the indicator cards at the office showed that most of the events of our strokes came too late. The little side trips which we were forced monthly to take, much against our wills, would have been far pleasanter if it had been possible to have conducted these gruellings without the watchdog's (Sammie's) presence. However these events are all forgiven and overshadowed by the joyful event which occurred at his last exercise in Steam. Although Professor Read did not always succeed in making the subject under discussion interesting still he is to be given credit for his patience and conscientious endeavor. Just how lenient he has been we will never know. Furthermore we will never ask, but will leave our thanks and best wishes with him as we depart.

Arthur W. Ewell, Ph.D.,  
*Professor of Physics*

Far and wide over the Hill the monosyllable "Punk" brings forth a smile; perhaps in some cases it is a grim, sickly smile, but it is a smile. Any time in the day one can see his graceful cosmos flitting around the Physical Labs or hear his harmonic, though scarcely harmonious, overtones as he conducts brilliant recitations. We might suggest that the interference of sound waves can hardly compare in complexity with the well remembered interference of his pedal extremities, which brought forth the inevitable "'Schuseme." Most any time he might appear with his neck heavily bandaged, indicating a cold, or with one foot concealed in a heavy overshoe, indicating another attack of "'Schuseme." His greatest passions are the use of colored chalk and the radiation correction. Word for word like the textbook is the only correct recitation in his class, and more discussion is entered into over the wording of answers than of the correctness of the idea. Nevertheless, perhaps it goes with the Science, for Doctor Ewell is recognized as one of the foremost physicists in the country.

Arthur D. Butterfield, M.S., A.M.,  
*Professor of Mathematics*

We had almost forgotten that Butterfield was a Prof. It seems too bad to think that he has got to come down to that menial work again some-

time. We never had anything against him as a Prof however, in fact we doubt whether we ever had a better or more energetic one. The trouble is that his work of the past year has left such a good taste in our mouths that we fain would have it continue as his work indefinitely. Perhaps he has other ideas on the subject. If anyone had told us last spring that the sum of a hundred thousand dollars could be raised for a Gymnasium from the Alumni in one year we would have called that person a—well, we should have doubted the veracity of his statement. Ecce! Out goes Arthur D. and in come the big orange pledge slips with all kinds of fabulous sums attached thereto. Why he even came around to one of our class meetings, the Class of 1912, mind you, and said, “Sign up.” You should have seen the way we fell over one another to get into that Alumni Association office in Boynton Hall. Every third fellow was in tears because he hadn’t come a day earlier. That’s the kind of irresistible fellow he is, and that’s why the Gym is a tangible proposition at this time.

We struck Butterfield in Sophomore Calc and there surely was no funny business or bluffing in that subject. We developed some of our now evident timidity when we saw him “arbitrarily select a point” or enlarge the dimensions of an equals sign, while waiting for an answer, until it covered nearly the whole blackboard. The way he could draw those long snake-like integral signs and solve problems amid showers of chalk dust was a caution to us to fight shy of “pure” Mathematics. The best part of that course was the little journey to the home of this gentleman, where we toasted marshmallows, devoured “shrimp wiggle” and laboriously told fit stories. Butterfield is surely a fine, manly man, and when he comes around for those cold samoleons one class, at least, is going to pass them over partly for the love of “Alma Mater,” and partly because of the respect that we have for one of the finest men from one of the finest classes ever graduated from one of the finest schools in the land. Here’s to the prosperity of “the man who broke the Brown line in ’93.”

Howard Chapin Ives, C.E.,

*Assistant Professor of Railroad Engineering*

“Reddy’s” request that there be some originality in this, his annual short biography, is a hard one to fulfill owing to the self evident lack of that form of vegetable in our Hero’s make-up. Far be it from us, however, to describe in glowing terms his broad, delicately tinted brow, surmounted by sinuous masses of roseate glory! We repeat, far be it! Rather would we fondly dwell upon those little idiosyncrasies that have so endeared him to the men, who, under his able tutelage, have had so many “little points cleared up.”



“ Reddy’s ” past is like an open book, which he who runs may read without having to turn a page. When he came to us, or more humbly put, when we went to him we marvelled at his learned discourses and dictations, and we have marvelled ever since. When we struck his “ Pamphlet ” on turnouts, undoubtedly his “ coup de maitre,” we thought we had reached the ultimate in mental density, but as all understood it equally it was decided that there was yet hope.

Junior railroads was a marvelously conducted course. When “ Reddy,” with his dictations covering ten or more pages of blue foolscap, cleared up the methods of changing from a one to a two-pusher grade we collectively floated away to some shady dell beside a babbling brook, until rudely awakened by the remark, “ Are there any questions or remarks on what we have been over? ” Naturally there were none. Thus passed many hours with “ Reddy ” in charge. In Water Supply he would say with his characteristic directness, “ Er-we’ll-er-clear up a few of these points and-er-verify some of the er-the er—formulas.” During the elapse of the next half-hour the class would sleep peacefully while “ Reddy ” still cleared, “ ered ” and verified.

Despite the many laughs we have had at his expense and despite the bluish tinting of the atmosphere that at times his acts have caused we have got to hand it to Professor Ives for doing and saying what he thought was right. He has a conscience, and it would be far from justice if we should leave Tech without some appreciation of profitable hours spent under his instruction.

David L. Gallop, M.E.,

*Assistant Professor of Gas Engineering*

Back in the year ’01 a Salisbury prize man received his B.S. in the M.E. course, and from our experiences we would say that the memory of those days still rankles. He evidently does not believe in letting anyone else get honors so easily. With a gas engine catalogue for a textbook and a walking encyclopedia of gas engines for a teacher a forty-eight-hour course was presented us to study all kinds of combustion engines, and *three* hours were allowed to write it all down. When “ Davy ” can spare time he gets into his inverted mud scow with the Franklin Engine, which was a gift to the Institute, and comes to Tech to teach. His lectures on gas engines concern themselves with features of engines not mentioned in the above noted catalogue, and are delivered by various members of the class under rather sarcastic, but skillful, cross examination. “ Davy ” believes that we came to Tech to learn things for ourselves, and he will never tell us anything more than the denomination of the answer. His habit in Mechanics



Lab is to give the necessary information at the rate of sixty a minute, with more or less omissions, and then retire to his office. It has been suggested by some who have invaded those sacred precincts that a fitting label for the place would be that which Dante used over the entrance to a similar establishment. Advice to coming classes: If "Davy" forgets a lecture draw up a set of resolutions expressing sorrow and begging to make up the time. Also search the building and see if he can't be found somewhere.

## Carl D. Knight, E.E.,

### *Assistant Professor of Experimental Electrical Engineering*

Professor Knight graduated from W. P. I. with the Class of 1903. After working one year in the Testing Department of the General Electric Co., at Schenectady, he returned to the Institute as Instructor in Electrical Engineering. In 1909 he was appointed Assistant Professor of Experimental Electrical Engineering. He is an Associate member of the A. I. E. E.

It is fitting that Prof (K)night should teach Illumination. This is a mere sidelight, however, his real de-light being focused on puzzling the Mechanics in E. E. Lab. No one is more willing to give help, yet we are sure he would be disappointed if some one didn't get balled up and need light on the subject. However, we are yet to hear of a man on the Hill who does not like him.

## Frederic Bonnet, Jr., Ph.D.,

### *Assistant Professor of General Chemistry*

"Freddy" was a bad one once, and he isn't ashamed to acknowledge it now (or even bashful about doing so). He started out to be a Civil, but soon saw that their claim of being "hard working men" had no foundation in fact, and at once embraced the goddess of beakers and soup. We first meet him in Freshman year, when we realize his predilection for chatting and turning his Chem quizzes and Lab talks into digressions on (1) beer, (2) women and (3) song (especially "1"). When the fellows talk about him the general sentiment is, "'Freddy' is a good mixer. That man knows an awful lot. They say he does research work in Ceramics (whatever that is) ad infinitum." We suspect that F. B., Jr., lost his taste for Ceramics after "Red" Cummings took it for thesis. It's just as much pleasure for "Freddy" to talk to one fellow as to a class, only in the former case the conversation is apt to take on a more serious tone. He believes in waking up dormant industry by application of "E's," and provides falls for the

prideful ones. But he always tries to square up matters after the rack has been used, and we can truthfully say that he is more merciful than just. He compensates the Civils for rough times in Sanitation by visiting them in summer camp and out-smoking and out-talking them. All honor to the man who out-civils the Civils and out-chemists the Chemists.

Robert C. Sweetser, S.B.,

*Assistant Professor of Analytical Chemistry*

Some of us think that "Bobby" is a direct descendant of the man of whom it was said, "He says nothing, but saws wood." Not that he can't lecture. Why, even the Mechanics understand the chemistry he lectures on. We merely mean that to "Bobby" posing and fireworks are personae nongratae. Back in the dim past when "Punk" Ewell was a little boy "Bobby" came to Tech, also he went through the Mechanical course, and best of all he realized the previous error of his ways and retraveled the road to knowledge by the medium of the Chemistry course. Strange to say, in spite of this double experience as a student, he remains to this day one of those rare beings against whom none of the Departments bear malice. We prophecy, though with some hesitation, that he may even become a link of love between the Chemists and the Mechanics. You first realize "Bobby's" presence in the Sophomore year. Someone whispers, "Look, there's 'Bobby' Sweetzer. He never smiles." But even though his smiles are rare he can appreciate a joke, in spite of his marked success in hiding his love for one under a face of sphinxlike calm. Nor does he always succeed in this attempt. Didn't you ever see him chuckle over some rough-house or fool trick in which you participated, or weep with joy over the pronounced inability of some Electric to understand the meaning of "fixed carbon"? If you haven't you have missed "Bobby" in his most delightful mood, and that's missing some of the joy of life. He manages to cram a lot of knowledge in a matter-of-fact way into the heads of those who "have" him (we are trying to say that he makes learning seem natural). And it works. Some of us have been flunked by him, but we are few and far between. We have never heard the all too common expressions about "raw deals" in connection with "Bobby," and that is saying a good big lot.

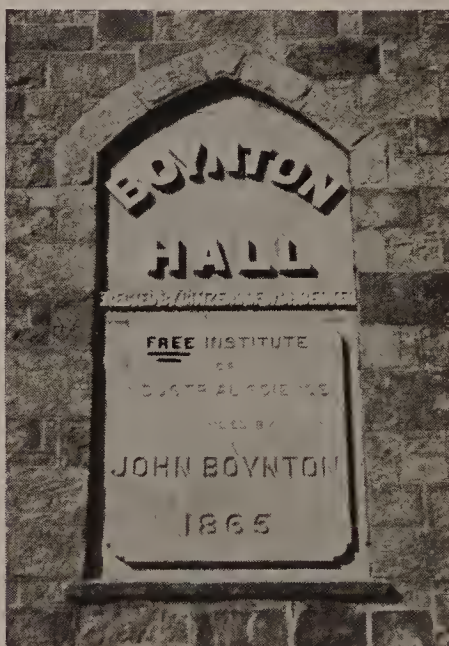
Clarence D. Pierce, M.S., Ph.D.,

*Assistant Professor of Theoretical Electrical Engineering*

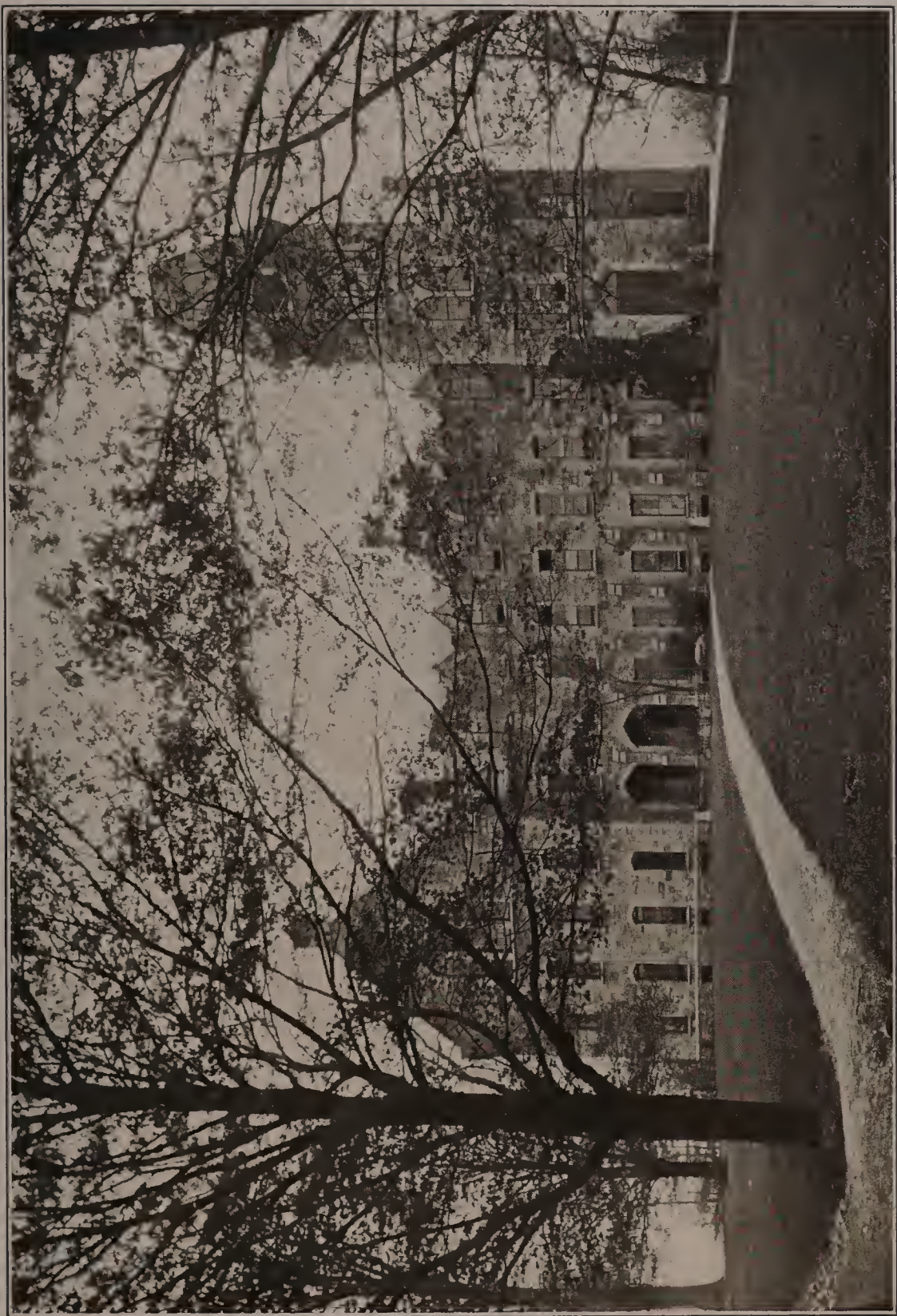
Doctor Pierce was born in Redding, Conn., in 1878. From Mt. Hermon he entered Wesleyan University in 1898 and on graduation was elected to

Phi Beta Kappa. In 1904 he received the degree of M.S. from Wesleyan, and in 1908 his Ph.D. from Cornell, being here elected to Sigma Xi. From 1904 to 1911 he was an Instructor at Cornell. Last year he came to the Institute to take the place of Doctor Olshausen as Assistant Professor of Theoretical Electrical Engineering. Doctor Pierce has worked with the Bureau of Standards at Washington, D. C., five summers, reaching the position of Assistant Physicist.

“ Doc ” Pierce is a new comer this year, but we have already learned to like him. His ever ready fund of stories helps counteract the depressing effect of the course he has to lecture on, making the subject almost interesting. During his monthly quizzes he subjects the class to “ desperate overloads ” which “ fuss its regulation ” so that often he has to use a factor of safety to get them by. He seems capable of running an Information Bureau for every sort of subject. The Doctor is certainly a valuable addition to the Department from every standpoint.







BOYNTON HALL





INSTRUCTORS

# Instructors

DANIEL F. O'REGAN, S.B., *Instructor in General Chemistry.*

JOHN JERNBERG, *Instructor in Forge Practice.*

H. P. FAIRFIELD, *Instructor in Machine Construction.*

D. F. CALHANE, PH.D., *Instructor in Industrial and Electro-Chemistry.*

WILBER R. TILDEN, *Instructor in Pattern-making.*

JOHN R. McCONNELL, S.B., *Instructor in Mechanical Drawing.*

JAMES C. DAVIS, S.B., *Instructor in Mechanical Drawing.*

FRANCIS J. ADAMS, E.E., *Instructor in Electrical Engineering.*

WALTER D. STEARNS, E.E., *Instructor in Experimental Electrical Engineering.*

JAMES A. BULLARD, B.A., *Instructor in Mathematics.*

CHARLES J. ADAMS, B.A., *Instructor in Modern Languages.*

SAMUEL E. BALCOM, *Instructor in Management of Engines and Boilers.*

ALBERT W. HULL, PH.D., *Instructor in Physics.*

MORTON MASIUS, PH.D., *Instructor in Physics.*

WILLARD HEDLUND, S.B., *Instructor in Civil Engineering.*

ARTHUR J. KNIGHT, S.B., *Instructor in Civil Engineering.*

FRANCIS W. ROYS, S.B., *Instructor in Mechanical Engineering.*

BURTON L. GRAY, *Instructor in Foundry Practice.*

RAYMOND L. WITHAM, E.E., *Instructor in Electrical Engineering Design.*

HERBERT K. CUMMINGS, S.B., *Instructor in Physics.*

EARL V. BURDICK, B.A., *Instructor in French and German.*

SHERMAN C. KATTELL, B.A., *Instructor in Mathematics.*

RALPH E. SPAULDING, S.B., *Instructor in Applied Science.*

WILLIAM S. KIMBALL, B.A., *Instructor in Mathematics.*

RALPH H. WHITE, A.M., *Assistant in Chemistry.*

HENRY R. POWER, S.B., *Assistant in Chemistry.*

JAMES B. SUMNER, B.A., *Assistant in Chemistry.*

WILLIAM C. GREENOUGH, S.B., *Graduate Assistant in Electrical Engineering.*

MILLARD F. CLEMENT, S.B., *Graduate Assistant in Electrical Engineering.*



PROF. A. D. BUTTERFIELD, M.S., A.M.  
SECRETARY OF THE W. P. I. ALUMNI ASSOCIATION



## Alumni Field History and Proposed Development



N ATHLETIC Field and a Gymnasium for the Institute? Yes, the dreams and visions of many who are now Alumni are soon to be realized.

When the Institute was founded no provision was made for those who wished for physical exercise. Since that time practically nothing has ever been done which would furnish a place and an opportunity for those students who desired such work. Those who felt the need, and appreciated the value of physical development joined

the city Y. M. C. A. and used its gymnasium, provided they could afford it. Others took part in the various branches of athletics that were carried on to a limited extent and thus took exercise. Others adapted themselves to the circumstances and took no exercise, except walking. This in the earlier days probably gave more exercise than at the present time, since in general the students roomed at a greater distance from the Institute.

Those who entered upon athletic work found no conveniences for enjoyment or comfort after their field work was over. For thirty years there was not even the opportunity for a shower bath following the exercise. The most the athletic student could look forward to was the questionable pleasure of standing and dressing on the cold basement floor of Boynton Hall, and at times after an important event a rub down by some enthusiastic Freshman.

The general facilities conducive to physical development and athletic work are now, however, about to be supplied.

The desire for a gymnasium goes back to the first decade in the Institute's history. The members of the Class of '79, led by Harry D. Bush, now Vice-president and General Manager of the Baltimore Bridge Co., actually built some apparatus and had an out-door gymnasium in the pines, as it was then known.

The Class of '86 was undoubtedly the first to consider seriously a gymnasium building, and two of its members, namely, George H. Burr now a banker in New York city, and Albert A. Gordon now superintendent of





Crompton & Knowles Loom Works, actually designed one. They even went so far as to have a conference with Judge P. Emory Aldrich, then president of the Board of Trustees, who promised to take the matter under advisement. Since that time the question of a gymnasium and an athletic field is one that has been more or less before the students and Alumni.

For years the students looked with longing and covetous eyes upon the level field south of Institute Road extending to Highland Street. They saw as time went on the gradual development of this property and realized that as far as this particular property was concerned the dream of an athletic field would never be realized.

The real beginning for obtaining an athletic field started about ten years ago. Certain Alumni realized that the time had come in which to act if the Institute was to possess a field which should be located near to the present buildings.

A committee was appointed by the Alumni Association to investigate and report, with the result that in the due process of time the Alumni Association contracted to buy what was known as Bliss Field.

Probably there is not an Alumnus but has taken some sort of exercise on this old pasture field, even if it were nothing but walking out and sitting on a rock while watching others play.

This field was bought for \$40,000, and then commenced the struggle for paying for it. For six long years the committee wrote letters of solicitation, assessments were made by the Association and paid by a small percentage of the members. Finally, in 1909, owing largely to the efforts and gift of Charles G. Stratton, '75, then president of the Alumni Association, coupled with personal work by others, the field was paid for, turned over to the Institute and called Alumni Field.

Then followed a rest during which time the Alumni body settled down to a contented opinion that they had done a large thing.

This rest was, however, brief. In 1911 this Class of '86, the members of which designed the first gymnasium, had their twenty-fifth reunion, and at this meeting became convinced that then was the time to start the development of Alumni Field.

The result of their enthusiasm was that the Alumni Association authorized the Executive Committee to devise a plan and a method of raising money to develop Alumni Field and build a gymnasium at once.

The committee felt that a large plan was probably more sure of success than a small one and proposed the raising of \$200,000 before May 10, 1915, which date is the fiftieth anniversary of the granting of the charter to the Institute.

With this \$200,000 it was proposed to grade and put Alumni Field in shape for baseball, football, track athletics and tennis, build and equip a gymnasium and add probably about \$60,000 to the general endowment of

the Institute, in order that there be more income, which would be needed since there was a new building.

Acting President Conant volunteered to assume charge of raising \$100,000, which was considered to be the amount necessary for building a gymnasium.

For this purpose a selected list of Alumni was made from whom it was hoped the amount would be obtained.

From all other Alumni the other \$100,000 was expected to be obtained. This work was placed in charge of Prof. Arthur D. Butterfield, the secretary of the Alumni Association, who has made a personal canvas among the Alumni and has devoted his whole time to this work since July, 1911, with the exception of September and October when duties at the Institute prevented personal work.

The results have been most gratifying, the half that the secretary has been working for has been pledged and there is no question that Commencement Day will see the total amount pledged.

Any records of class giving at this time would be incomplete; the final returns will not be known until May 10, 1915.

The indications are that approximately the following amounts will be pledged by the different classes exclusive of that given toward the gymnasium:

'71,	\$500;	'81,	\$1,000;	'91,	\$3,000;	'01,	\$5,000
'72,	500;	'82,	5,000;	'92,	4,000;	'02,	3,500
'73,	500;	'83,	2,000;	'93,	6,500;	'03,	3,000
'74,	500;	'84,	2,500;	'94,	5,000;	'04,	3,000
'75,	700;	'85,	2,500;	'95,	5,000;	'05,	3,500
'76,	1,200;	'86,	5,000;	'96,	6,000;	'06,	3,000
'77,	1,000;	'87,	4,000;	'97,	2,500;	'07,	3,500
'78,	1,000;	'88,	4,000;	'98,	2,500;	'08,	4,500
'79,	1,800;	'89,	2,200;	'99,	2,500;	'09,	3,500
'80,	1,000;	'90,	8,000;	'00,	4,500;	'10,	3,500
						'11,	3,500

There is probably no question that May 10, 1915, will see all improvements made, and probably 95 per cent. of our Alumni will have helped on the movement, which will be a wonderful record.

At the present time no actual location or design of building has been settled upon, but the accompanying cut suggests what may be done.

Undoubtedly all the work of development from the design of the gymnasium to the construction and equipment of it, as well as the construction of the field, will be under the supervision of Tech Alumni.

What of the results?

The proposed plan will give us a field upon which one can play base-



ball or football without the thought of being injured by sticks and stones, an opportunity for track work and a gymnasium in which one can obtain good physical work, probably under a competent instructor, and equipped with conveniences for enjoyment after the work is over. Whether these developments will have much bearing upon athletic teams is perhaps an open question. Probably with good facilities more men will be induced to come out and in this way strengthen the teams. The general concensus of the opinion of the Alumni body, however, upon this whole question is not athletics, for athletics' sake; but athletics for health's sake. The Institute has always prided itself upon the quality and strength of its material sent out; these improvements will enable a vigorous mind to be carried in a sound body, and the output of the Institute in the future ought to be, all around, better than in the past.







## Tech Athletics



WITH what do I claim your attention, brave readers? What consideration prompts me to solicit your time in review of my feeble efforts? Must I give reason for my presence in your midst? If so I choose but one magic word as the passport into the realms of your thought and imagination, "Athletics!" Presto. Into what secret sanctuary would not that word find admittance?

What American with red blood in his veins has not entered into the fields of its jurisdiction to return a stronger and better man with voluminous tales of experiences and successes, or near so?

We find one or two of the most prominent pages of our daily and weekly newspapers devoted to its activities. It attracts thousands of spectators to its amphitheatres who watch with breathless interest the contests of its warriors in the arena below.

Its atmosphere turns sedate and serious men into cheering and care-free lunatics. Under its spell of interest and influence hundreds of lusty voices sound in one accord and offer their sweetness and volume at its altars, retaining merely a shell capable of a resounding croak but ever ready to add its feeble strength to the mighty sea of lungs.

Its constant followers shiver in the wintry blasts of November, heated inwardly by the never dying fire of interest, or they scorch in the blasting suns of summer, cooled by the heated contest which absorbs the atmospheric warmth. No wind is too cold or sun too hot to mar the perfect attention of its followers.

We might venture to whisper that many a strapping youth has gained a college education because the gods of Sport have smiled on him and because he is a favored warrior of its great army. But we are pleased to say that Tech has none of these within its folds.

I have said enough. But not all. Volumes could be written about the god of which I speak and yet the sands of time would have countless footprints of its battles not mentioned.

Fear not, brave readers, I will not attempt to burden you with any such accounts. But in the briefest manner I wish to bring to your attention

some of the actions and reactions of its dearest warriors, and recall to your mind mental pictures of their vital battles.

It is therefore by virtue of this word, "Athletics," that I account for my presence in your crowded halls, and it is by virtue of its versatile interests that I claim a prominent place in your midst.

I thus unfold for your inspection a monstrous banner. Its background is of crimson, symbolizing the extent to which the blood of its followers is ready to flow. Emblazoned on its folds, in colors of steel-gray, meaning strength, are letters wrought by power and determination and traced by speed and accuracy—spelling "Tech Athletics."

On the prominent places of its folds in full light of the sun of criticism are its victories, standing out in pleasing relief. While in the shadows less prominent and less pleasing, perhaps, but nevertheless of solid material and strong weave are the lost battles. They are the connecting links between the victories and furnish the shade to bring out in pleasing contrast the bright ridges of the folds.

" W " Men of 1912

Frissell	Gleason	Halligan	Harrington
Kloss	Norton	Plaisted	Potter
Sherman	Whitney		



# Athletic Association



EGINNING back somewhere in the distant past this organization took form and has brought itself into our midst. It is a being of many forms, changeable and yet constantly the same.

Of its early history we know but little for only the briefest records of its doings have been handed down to us.

It is probably the oldest organization on the Hill, though most likely its form has shifted many times before it moulded itself into the form in which we found it when we came to assume its burdens and joys. We feel sure that it is not only the oldest but is the largest organization on the Hill. For, every man who has ever entered his name upon the books of the registrar has, unconsciously perhaps, but nevertheless surely, as he is certain to realize later, affiliated himself with the Athletic Association.

A complete history of its past would be both interesting and instructive. We might learn much that would interest us of our predecessors through these halls of learning; of the men who at the present time are rolling the "mighty dollar" up Tech Hill and out onto Alumni Field, the seeds which, when planted, will develop into an imposing gymnasium, surrounded by an ideal Athletic Field. The fruit of this planting will show itself in the increased strength of our graduates, both mentally and physically. We might find out much about the men who are doing these things for Tech at the present time, for we feel pretty sure that they were staunch members of the Athletic Association while at Tech.

As before stated the Athletic Association consists of the whole undergraduate student body. The affairs of the Association are governed by a Board of Directors, which is elected annually, and consists of the officers of the Association and a director from each of the four classes. This Board acts with a committee of the Faculty, and has general supervision over all the branches of athletics which are supported by the Association.

The Board of Directors is a powerful body in the eyes of the students. In the first place it has the power of assessment. We have all felt the strings of its money bag close over our beloved American eagle. It also has the power of appropriation and oversight of the expenditure. And further



than this it has the power of awarding the laurels to the deserving team members.

We feel that we as a class have added much to the strength of this Association and to the advancement of Tech Athletics. At the present time athletics here on the Hill are on a much stronger basis than they were when we came to Tech four years ago. We have had men active in the activities of the Association and in each branch of sport which it governs. We have not only witnessed four of the best years of athletics at Tech, but we feel that we have been instrumental in producing them. The finances of the Association are on a much better footing than when we found them. The deficit which was being carried over from one year to the next and which was steadily growing has been totally paid off, and this year, for the first time in at least the recent history of the Association, a nice little "nest egg" will be passed along to start things moving next year.

This has not all been done without exertion and a struggle. Boynton Hall has been the setting for many a mysterious meeting of the Directors in the past four years. Some of the happenings of these meetings are still a mystery to us, for only the faintest echoes of the voice of this powerful body come to us, though we realize that it is a live factor in Tech life and one which represents forcefully to the outside world the activities and strength of "Tech spirit." The one thing which has always come home to us with sparkling clearness is the privilege we have of adding our small mite to the finances of the Association.

In giving up our places as active members of the Athletic Association we have nothing but a feeling of regret. In passing on to the coming classes its duties we have no misgivings as to the future strength and success of this body and the things it represents. The memory of our college athletics will linger in our minds long after we have forgotten the difficult class room problems we have been called upon to grapple with, and these memories will bring back to us in the strongest way our love for and duties toward Tech.

## Officers and Directors of the Athletic Association, 1911 and 1912

<i>President</i> , M. G. Halligan	<i>Treasurer</i> , O. S. Porter
<i>Vice-president</i> , C. C. Clough	<i>Secretary</i> , R. L. Keith

### DIRECTORS

<i>Senior</i> , E. W. Gleason	<i>Sophomore</i> , H. L. Kane
<i>Junior</i> , J. W. Armour	<i>Freshmen</i> , H. W. Bidwell

### FACULTY MEMBERS

Professors Conant, Coombs and Butterfield





FOOTBALL TEAM, 1911



# Football



CAPTAIN POWER

Under the leadership of Captain Power and Coach Donnelly the football season opened with promise and prediction. With a good percentage of old men back and a promising bunch of new material the season bade fair to be one of the best in the history of the school.

How near or how far it came to this is still a question. Judged by the usual standard by which all Tech football teams are measured the season was a flat failure. The team went down to defeat at the hands of our dearest rivals, the "Holy Hiker Bunch." And yet there is more to be said than simply the score of that game.

It was noticed throughout the whole season the inability of the team to get down to work in the early part of each game. Almost

without exception the games that were lost were won by our opponents in the first two periods, and nearly every game ended with Tech having the best of the argument in the final periods. The one exception to this was the last game of the season when we started out with a rush which ended with an explosion, the team being blown so high into the air that it didn't land that season.

At least three of the games were lost on flukes which are never productive of winning football. We still consider the game with our sister institution, R. P. I., a gift by the umpire.

One of the most pleasing and yet displeasing games of the season was that with Amherst College. Pleasing in that we distinctly out-played our opponents in every department of the game but luck, and displeasing in

that we lost by the score of 10 to 8. That game at least showed that there was "football" in the makeup of the team.

We beat our old rival, Rhode Island State, by the virtue of Clough's toe. It was one of the few games that team lost last season.

If there was one part of the team which was consistently good during the whole season it was Clough's boot. We will expect even greater things of "little Cliff" next season, when he will lead the team as Captain.

All the men might be worthy of special mention in certain games. We still fall back on the old threadbare excuse, the lack of time and facilities at Tech to develop a first-class football machine. Not that we want to crawl out of any responsibility or are not good losers. But we want to prepare the way for better things and we think we see them coming.

In closing, just a word about that last game. Not because we want to leave a bad taste in your mouth but because we have left our hardest conundrum until the last. Again no excuses but simply explanation. If the game had been played on its scheduled date without the postponement of a week what tale would we be writing now? Nobody knows, and yet we feel that the "plot" would have been somewhat different.

The reversal of form which the team suffered in that game was unexplainable, unexcusable and entirely unexpected. The thing that can wipe out that memory will be a victory next year, and to this the Class of 1912 will look forward.

#### "W" Men in Football

Baxter  
Howard  
Power

Clough  
Kane  
Roberts

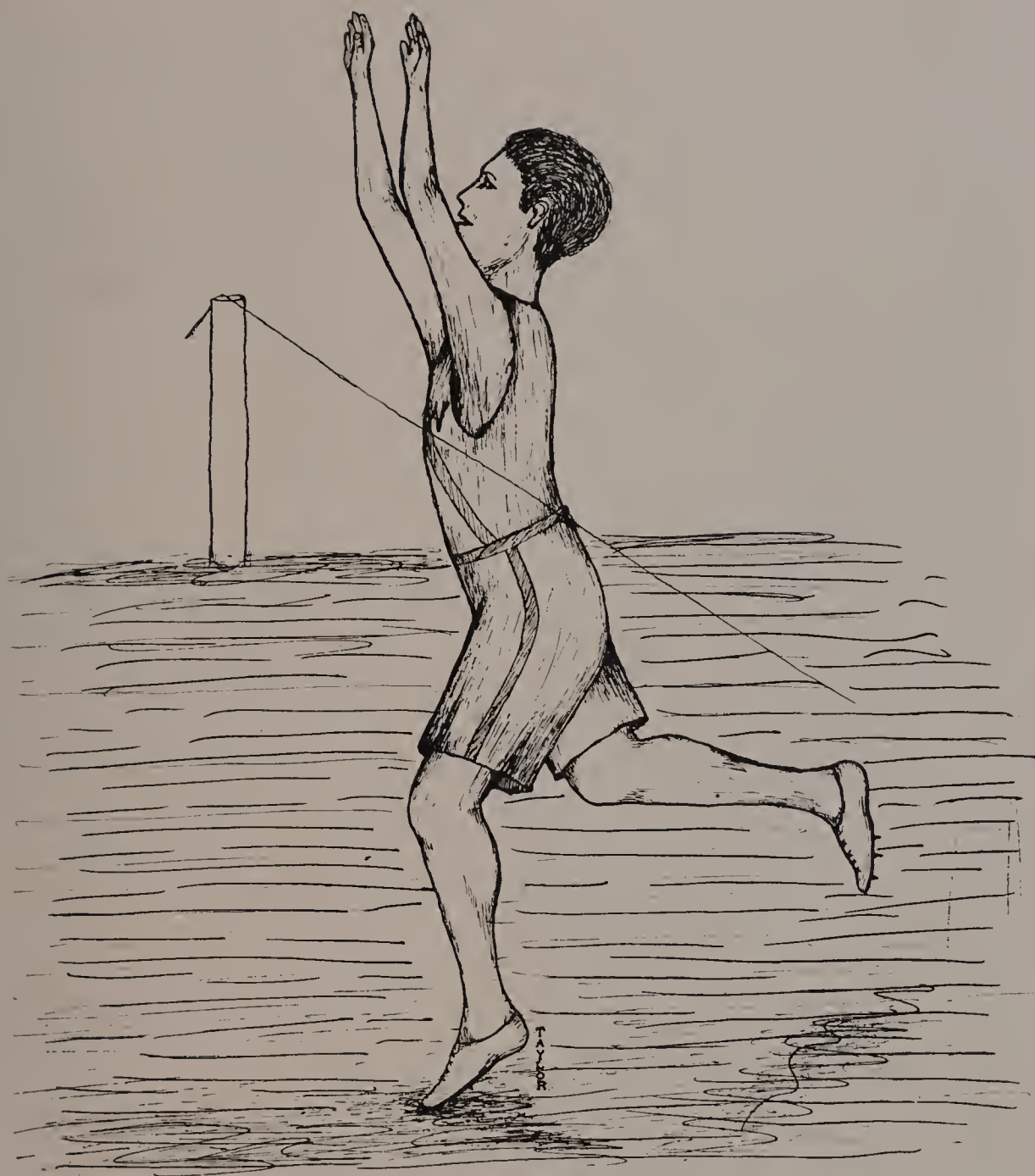
Frissell  
Kloss  
Shopfer

Halligan  
Potter, Mgr.  
Wulf

SEE WHATS HERE !



"AND I CAME ALL THE  
WAY FROM FALL RIVER  
FOR THAT GAME."







TRACK TEAM

# Track



CAPTAIN PORTER

The track season last year was one howling, ear splitting success. It really looked as though this branch of athletics was going to show up all others and win everything in sight. Such a thing very nearly happened, nearly, but not quite. Tech seemed to get some of that impetus that was evident all over the country, an impetus that swept aside a multitude of existing records and lifted up for the applause of the sporting world, such men as Jones and Craig and Babcock. That tide seems to be sweeping on and on until feats of strength, endurance and agility, once considered impossible, will be accomplished many times on track and field. Nor is Tech going to be one of the least of the schools that will furnish men to perform these feats.

The first event of the spring season was, as always, the interclass meet. This was held on April 22, and was won by the Sophomore Class by a narrow margin. The second meet of the season was a triangular affair between Tech, Brown University and Trinity College. This was a very interesting meet and brought out a wealth of good material and a few records were seriously damaged. Brown carried off the honors, leading Tech by a few points. Trinity was away in the dust and had they not been there our chances of beating Brown would have been much greater. In this meet Jack Power put fringes on the

hammer throw record and "Big Cliff" Clough battered up the discus

record in good shape. These "strong men" were once in the fold of 1912. In the high jump Taylor tied the record in a triple tie with Brown.

The week following the triangular meet the team wended its way to Troy where it met the Rensselaer team in a memorable event. Tech had things all her own way in nearly every event. Despite the poor preparation that the men enjoyed the previous night they made the boys of our sister institution look ill as far as track athletics were concerned. No records were broken, as there was no necessity for extra exertion.

The final event in which Tech figured and the one which brought her very decidedly into the limelight was the N. E. Intercollegiates. The dope was running strong for some points and they came. In the mile run, with a field of strong and noted men against him, Keith came sailing in in the lead. It was decidedly one of the prettiest mile runs witnessed that season. The best part of the event was the fact that his time was set down as a new New England record. Following Keith's achievement "Cliff" Clough did some remarkable work with the sixteen-pound pellet. He won the second place in the put and set up a fine new record for Tech.

The relay season for the winter season was not very successful, owing to a lack of men and time. At the B. A. A. meet in Boston the team lost a race against the Amherst Aggies. The race was fast and very close at the end. The spring season of 1912 began with the interclass meet in which the Juniors were the winners. One record was broken by Power in the hammer. Beyond that the meet turned out to be uneventful and rather uninteresting. The second meet was a triangular one with Brown and Trinity on April 27, at Hartford. This turned out to be less to the advantage of Tech than the one the preceding year. Brown with its team reinforced with much new material was an easy winner. Tech and Trinity turned out to be very poor second and third winners, respectively. A number of our team were unable to go to Hartford and handicapped our chances greatly. The last meets of the year were the triangular one at Worcester with Rensselaer, Massachusetts Aggies and Tech competing and the Intercollegiates at Springfield.

Altogether track is probably the most successful branch of athletics at the Institute. As there is more chance for individual achievement and personal glory it appeals to a greater number of men. The support of the student body is the only factor that can increase or diminish our future prestige on the field and track. Nineteen Hundred and Twelve firmly trusts and believes that this support will always be such that this prestige will be continually on the increase.





RELAY TEAM



## Tech Track Records 1912

Event	Record	Holder	Year Made
100-yard dash,	10 1-5 sec.,	H. L. Dadmun, '91,	1891
		S. A. Davis, '08,	1908
220-yard dash,	23 1-5 sec.,	H. L. Dadmun, '91,	1891
440-yard run,	51 sec.,	H. L. Dadmun, '91,	1891
880-yard run,	1 min. 59 1-5 sec.,	H. L. Dadmun, '91,	1891
1-mile run,	4 min. 24 2-5 sec.,	R. L. Keith, '14,	1911
2-mile run,	10 min. 32 2-5 sec.,	G. H. Slocomb, '12,	1909
120-yard hurdles,	16 1-5 sec.,	O. W. Lundgren, '97,	1895
220-yard hurdles,	27 4-5 sec.,	R. F. Hall, '11,	1908
Shot put,	42 ft. 11 5-8 in.,	C. C. Clough, '13,	1911
Pole vault,	10 ft. 7 in.,	C. E. Barney, '10,	1908
High jump,	5 ft. 7 1-2 in.,	L. W. Stanton, '03,	1903
		H. F. Taylor, '12,	1911
Hammer throw,	133 ft. 8 in.,	J. D. Power, '13,	1912
Broad jump,	21 ft. 9 in.,	C. A. G. Pease, '10,	1908
Discus throw,	111 ft. 6 in.,	C. C. Clough, '13,	1911

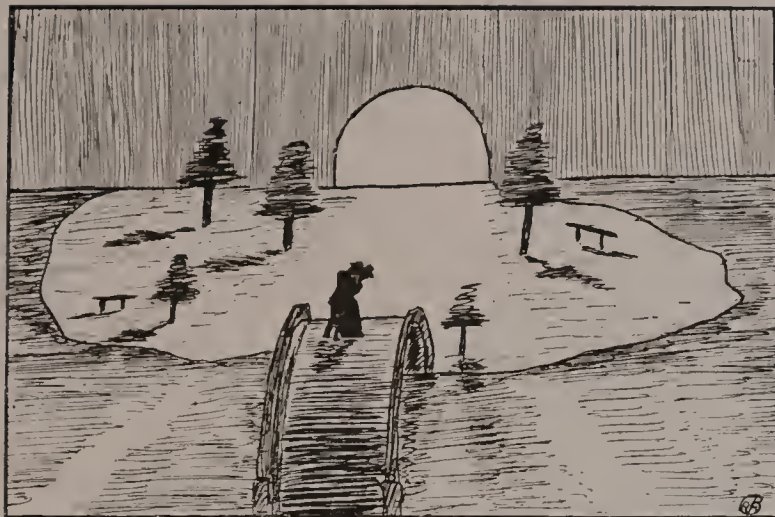
*Captain*, 1911-1912, O. Stanley Porter, '13

*Manager*, George H. Slocomb, '13

*Assistant Manager*, Edward W. Norton, '14

### “ W ” Men in Track

Armour	Baxter	Clough	Gleason
Halligan	Hartwell, mgr.	Harrington	Keith
Porter	Power	Stanley	Tuttle



## The Aftermath

Maid of Athens, ere we part,  
 Give me back my motor-cart.  
 Give me back those jewels rare  
 That I gave to deck your hair.  
 Hear my vow before I go—  
*I'll go broke if you say no!*  
 Give me back that rope of pearls  
 That doth nestle 'neath your curls,  
 And that most expensive thing,  
 Our one-time engagement ring—  
 Rubies, three, set in a row—  
*I'll go broke if you say no!*  
 By those buggy-rides we had  
 In those days so gay and glad,  
 By those wanderings so chaste  
 With my arm around your waist,  
 By the bills that still I owe,  
*I'll go broke if you say no!*  
 By those hosts of soda sips  
 I've provided for your lips,  
 By the pounds of caramels,  
 Roses, pinks, and asphodels,  
 That have cost a "thou" or so—  
*I'll go broke if you say no!*  
 I don't ask you for my heart,  
 Maid of Athens, ere we part.  
 I can get another one  
 Now that its day's work is done;  
 But return before I go:

One motor-car; 1 gold chain purse; 1 diamond tiara; 2 gold bangles; 1 gun-metal lorgnette chain with brilliants; 1 three-ruby engagement ring; 1 enamel-and-gold belt-buckle; 6 miscellaneous scarf-pins, swiped; 1 set of Kipling bound in full morocco; 1 silver manicure set; 1 filigree silver rose-box; 1 check for, say, \$2500, to cover your share of the incidental expenses of an engagement broken by yourself—

*I'll go broke if you say no!*

—A. Sufferan Mann.



## Baseball



CAPTAIN NORTON

Undoubtedly we may write "successful" after the record of the baseball season of last spring. Starting in badly the team finally rallied and swept everything before it. The old handicap of very little practice before the initial game made itself manifest when the first battle was won by our neighbors at the Academy. The score was just enough against us to put the fight into the men for the following games. The game that followed was with the Springfield Training School with its veteran nine. This also went against Tech by a small margin, but it showed a great increase in our ability with glove and bat. With the fact that this was to be the last defeat of the season firmly impressed upon the minds of the men the team returned and proceeded to illustrate the value of this impression. Not again were our forces routed and in spite of such incumbrances as school work and lack of time victories couldn't seem to fight shy of the gray and crimson.

The first of these victories was recorded against our friends at Rensselaer, and it was a decisive one. This put confidence into the men and the next game, which was with the Aggies, also turned out to be a victory. This was a spectacular game, being won in the ninth by a pretty double from the bat of First Baseman Brown. The next game was played at home, and those who went down to Boulevard Park were well repaid by the results. In a finely played game Tech walked away with the

score and showed the value of support from enthusiastic and fair spec-





BASEBALL TEAM

tators. In this game Norton, '12, was the shining light and created a goodly batting and fielding average. The whole team put up a clean and vigorous exhibition of the national game. The season ended with an out-of-town victory. St. Anselm fell an easy prey to the strong right arm of Captain Nims, as had the other schools that preceded them. Accurate work all around characterized the game, and it was felt to be unfortunate that no more games were on the schedule.

Baseball at Tech, as in all other live American schools, always has an enthusiastic following. A game in which every man has had a hand since his earliest boyhood days is sure to bring out a goodly crowd of candidates for the laurels of its ruling goddess, if such there be. Short schedules are the rule and this fact is unfortunate. Time and again the teams have worked hard to get into shape during the opening games and during the latter part of the schedule have just begun to get the swing of the team work when it became necessary to stop playing. In all the games of the past season Tech showed its fighting spirit and proved that a knowledge of baseball goes along with a knowledge of engineering in our curriculum.

The season of 1912 has every prospect of being a successful one. Under the leadership of Captain Norton and the management of Barnard there should be a good number of victories counted against our name. Kane is the Assistant Manager and will undoubtedly have charge of the team next year. Jack Sharrott has proved an efficient coach and still continues in his position, working the men for all the energy that is in them and bringing out clever players from hopeless chaos. All in all there is every indication of our school becoming a potent factor in the college baseball world and a vigorous exponent of the national game.

“ W ” Men in Baseball

Brown	Franzen	Halligan	Lancey
McKenney	Nims	Norton	Plaisted, Mgr.
Ruiter	Stickney	Tierney	Waite





ELECTRICAL LAB.



## Fifty-nine Minutes with B. A.

THE TIME: 9.55. THE PLACE: M. E. Lecture Room. THE GIRL: B. A. with a pack of catalogues, steam tables and a temperature-entropy chart under his arm.

B. A. lays his accoutrements on the bar, crosses the room to the radiator, adjusts the motor valve a la Webster, raises the window. In the meantime Hogan and Keeler pounce upon the catalogues. B. A. returns to the bar and censures the two enthusiasts for their eager thirst after knowledge.

Now follows a five-minute monologue on a proposition encountered at the Franklin Union in Boston on the previous evening. At 10.07 melodious sounds and curious cuss words are wafted to our ears from the stairway and "Nemo" saunters in. B. A. gives a reference to Power and "Nemo," to show his interest, asks for the number of the page.

"Adiabatic" requests the men to come forward, saying it is a shame to see such handsome men so far away. Greene reaches into the depths of his pocket and produces a penny, which he slides across the bar with the skill of a connoisseur. A murmur follows from the Mexican athlete to the effect that Greene is poor but honest. Prof grabs the coin eagerly, renders thanks and inquires if there are any more.

Next in order is a discussion on the Babcock and Wilcox boilers, and Paul shows his home training by asking if this is the same company which makes sewing machines. (A whistle from B. A.) "How about that, class?"

"Nick" tells of a fireman "down home" who crawls into a return tubular boiler, when in operation, and cleans the tubes from the fire box. "That's quite a proposition," says B. A., not to be outdone, "but in Scotch marine boilers they often lay a plank on the fire and the fireman goes in and jacks up the furnace. Who owns the cent now?"

From now on the interest lags. "Tap" and "Funck" enjoy their daily nap and awake in time to hear B. A.'s pathetic appeal for us to meet him half way. Stuart requests information as to the method of filling a boiler which is empty and in an isolated plant where water under pressure is not available. The Professor warns us that that is a pet question of the State Inspector's and relates another experience in New Hampshire when he bailed the boiler full from a nearby brook.

At 10.50 the bell rings, and the class gathers up their books. Gilbert and B. A. begin a discussion of the cooling tower at the South Works. "Tap" is seen rolling a cigarette, and the "bunch" waits impatiently for "the next assignment," which is not forthcoming until 10.59. The class is dismissed and files out to the tune of "Nemo's" popular rag.





CLASS OF 1913



## 1913

Knock!!! Knock!! Knock!

“What ho! Who comes here! Who knocketh without on the elusive and mystic portals of the Kingdom of Senior-dom?”

A mighty shout rent the air, like unto a thunderclap, in answerance to this challenge, “1913!”

“Get ye hence! Be gone! This is not for such as ye! But wait, methinks I see a light. Tarry a nonce and show unto me your credentials and appointments.”

So spake the keeper of gates of the Kingdom of Senior-dom, and this is what he heard:

“For three years we have strived for this honor and privilege, but it is of this last year that I will relate. Under the leadership of Tierney Porter, Burwell and Schopfer the first half passed quickly but eventfully. The Half Way Thru Banquet held in Boston was largely attended and a spirituous and lively time, thanks to Rockwell, was had. And then we entered into the work of the year with the vim and vigor so characteristic of our Class. How simple it was! Five men we contributed to the football team and two to the relay team, aside from our many other Class and Institute activities. And then, with a very mechanical insight, a kinematical imagination, with electrified spirits, with a chemical affinity for higher knowledge, and with a quantitative and qualitative appreciation of our true mental, moral and physical worth we plunged boldly into the second semester.



“ During this half Clough, Carpenter, Howard and Rockwell assumed the reins of leadership, and under their guidance we are still trending upward. Burleigh and Burwell successfully managed the Tech Show. Stanley Porter is leading the Tech track team with a score of Junior followers, while the baseball team calls for the services of three men. And so on. We could go on indefinitely, but what is the use?

“ And now? Well, here we are, deep in the intricacies of astronomy, mechanics and complex quantities and materials. But there is never a doubt of the final outcome, and we are eager to enter upon the responsibilities of the final and crowning year.”

“ ’Tis well,” spake the voice of the keeper of the gate. “ Enter, the kingdom is yours.”



# In Memoriam

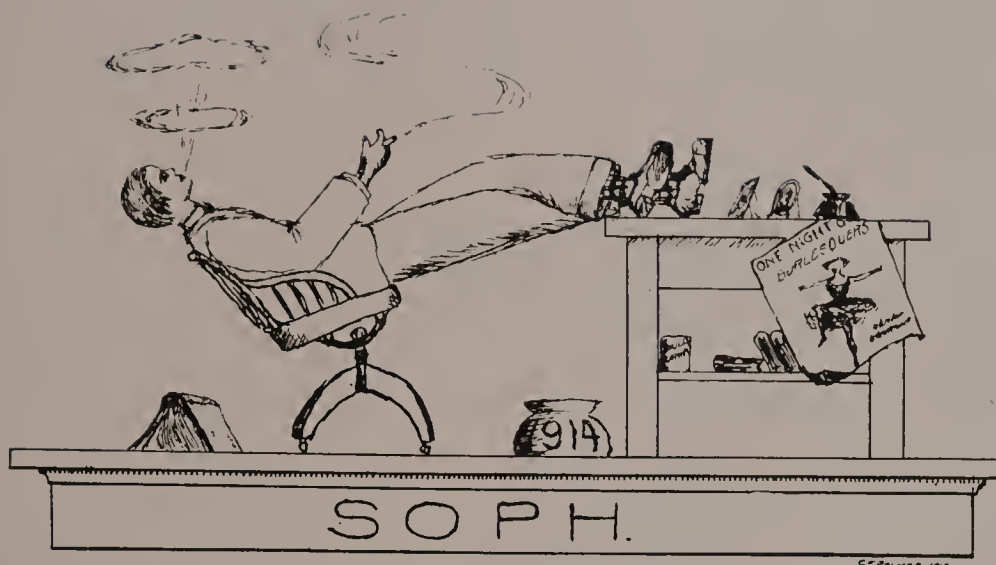
Ralph M. Finan

Died January 19, 1912





CLASS OF 1914



## 1914

“ Here, you Freshmen. . . . Stop—Look—Listen.” And like the totally unheard-of infants that we were then, we stopped. “ Turn ’em down, and Do It Now.” Oh, yes. We did. Thus our welcome to Tech.

For a few days we bowed down with due (?) respect to our “ superiors,” the Class of ’13, but there was a lack of the spirit of excitement that we had expected and we considered our initiation to the annals of Tech life rather tame.

October 10 was set for the annual Freshman-Sophomore rope pull—our first opportunity to show what we were going to be good for—but owing to an unforeseen difficulty, or the failure of some enterprising upper-class mathematician to correctly calculate the sum of the horizontal components of force on that particular rope the event was necessarily postponed.

Just to create a little interest, while waiting for a new rope, someone suggested taking the Class picture. Noble suggestion! The result is, by this time, an old story. You have heard how each member of the Class of ’14 dragged himself from bed before breakfast and how that for-once-alert Class of ’13 managed to rise a little earlier. The tale of that terrible battle of  $H_2O$  will go down in history. But the sad outcome proved unnecessary, for it was soon discovered that someone had very kindly and thoughtfully taken the trouble to expose all the plates.

On the following Monday afternoon the rope pull took place. For more than two hours the battle raged, from late afternoon until darkness fell upon the struggle. Then the strength of our opponents yielded. Slowly the handkerchief, which marked the centre of the rope, moved toward the



shore. The first man reached the water, another, another, and with a mighty yell the team took the icy plunge.

Two of our men played varsity football that season and helped to keep that tie score with Holy Cross. In our game with the Sophomores we held the score to five points, contrary to the predictions of innumerable sources of authority.

Early in the spring of 1911 we held our Freshman Banquet at the Inn in Sterling. We evinced no trouble in arriving at our destination, although a few found trouble in getting home (being due, no doubt, to the antidote for dry speaking). The Banquet was a magnificent success, towering far above all our social expectations.

The baseball team had four of our men in the spring and the '14 representative helped to pile up the score for Tech in the New England Intercollegiate Meet.

During the summer we learned that the wordly education of one of our class had ceased. It was with great sorrow that we heard of the terrible accident that took Bellows from our ranks.

The following September a few of the old familiar faces were conspicuously absent. One hundred and seventy-seven had given way to one hundred and twenty-six. With more or less success we endeavored to surpass the previous Sophomore Class in Freshman restriction. Freshman caps were disposed of in large numbers with commendable regularity. More conspicuous posters appeared on Tech Hill. By purchasing and distributing small buttons bearing the figures 1915 we instituted a scheme for the prompt payment of athletic dues, and were rewarded by the fact that the infant class kept the lead in financial statistics.

At the Y. M. C. A. Reception we broke the custom of years. In appreciation and respect for our new Secretary 1914 pledged itself to escort the Freshmen to the Hall, instead of trying to keep them away. The task was thoroughly performed and the Reception was overwhelmingly successful.

However, the Freshmen failed to take kindly to our amiable advances. One rainy day, in a spirit of recklessness, they charged from the Salisbury Lab in a most ungentlemanly way, and in open defiance to rules rushed for the front door of Boynton Hall.

But woe to the Freshmen! There upon the steps appeared the ever-present English Professor, umbrella upraised and a word for the occasion. Needless to say that no Freshman entered the door that day.

Now another week of mid-years has passed. Soon finals will once more seek to decrease our numbers, and half our course will have been left behind; two years whose memories will linger with us forever and whose thoughts for the future we hope are nearing fulfillment.



# Camp Stephenson

Fall of 1910







CLASS OF 1915



# 1915

## LES ENFANTS

1915

That Sophomore Class of Woreester Tech  
Hung up a lot of posters  
On telegraph poles and neighboring trees,  
Unlimited in numbers.

So thus we gazed in awestruck fear and  
“ Hey, take off that lid!” or  
“ Are your trousers’ cuffs turned down? ”  
Lord help us, how we hid. . . . (NOW  
Times have changed decidedly.)

No longer can those Sophs command, or  
Order us again; for the Freshman Class of Woreester Tech  
Take off their hats to MEN.

Take that and suffer, ye members of the Class of 1914, and behold, we,  
as members of the Class of 1915, no longer pay allegiance to your sov-  
eignty. We are no longer the “ indolent, verdant, irresponsible Freshies ”

1915

you proclaimed us to be a few months ago, and are quite capable of supporting our claims as we are going to show in the following short resume of the past year.

To the Alumni and upper classmen of W. P. I.: We have the honor to report one of the most successful years ever passed by an entering class. From the time we entered as "Freshies" until now, when we have passed the first quarter-mile mark, we have shown Tech that 1915 is composed of something more than "unsophisticated dubs."

In the first place we showed our prowess in the annual cross country races, romping home with the laurels in all the events. We had it our way from the start, and the Sophs didn't have a look-in from the crack of the starter's pistol until the last runner crossed the tape.

Along about the middle of October the rope pull teams of forty picked men, representing the Classes of 1914 and 1915, met on opposite sides of Institute Pond for the annual rope pull contest. The 1915 team, who failed to hear the signal to begin, had a poor start, but the men soon regained the lost ground. At the end of eight minutes the last Sophomore pulled his chilled and dripping body from the waters of the pond, and thus—score number two for 1915.

When it came time for the Interclass football game the Freshmen were right on the job and had a fast aggregation to choose the eleven from. Just about three weeks before vacation the Sophomores decided there wouldn't be time enough to play it before leaving for home, so it was declared off by them. Victory number three.

Our Annual Banquet was held in the Italian Room at P. & T.'s, and was greatly enjoyed by the members of the Class who were present. The Sophs certainly had one slipped over on them that night, as not one single man among the Freshmen was deprived of his good time by the upper class. About half a hundred members of the 1914 class waited outside in vain for the appearance of our "Prexy," and all the time he was enjoying a bountiful repast within the dining room, having slipped in unobserved under their very noses.

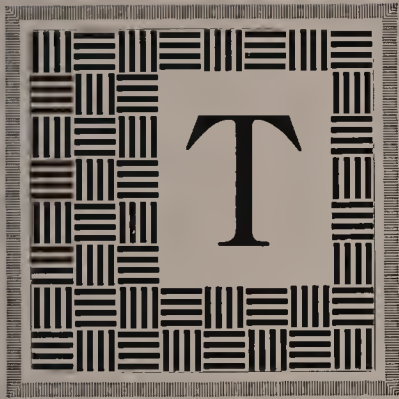
April 20 ushered in another victory for the Freshmen in the Interclass games. It is true we went in with few expectations of winning, but a final score of thirty-two points for 1915 and fourteen points for 1914 proclaimed our supremacy on the track.

Now, fellow Techmen, should we not be proud of our record, after having showed our superiority over the upper class in every department? But hold, we nearly forgot the Hill. How do we stand? Simply gaze upon the list of sharks which may be found in the roster of 1915 and you will see why we are "in strong" in the class room.

Now let us not only proclaim our loyalty to 1915, but to the Institute. May we act in accordance with all her precepts and find ourselves, as time advances, her most loyal supporters.



## The Techman I



HE Techman ariseth in the morning at the latest possible moment. He panteth into the class room as the bell ceaseth ringing and sinketh into his chair. He flunketh his lesson, since his mind stayeth afar off therefrom, and likewise are all his mates laid low like sheep in the grave.

After this manner doth he proceed all the day long until the sunset, when he leaveth the Institute standing in the selfsame place.

Then maketh he his way unto the boarding-house, where he sitteth before durable viands. Then is the wrath of the landlady visited upon him for misconduct with reference to the menu. Exhorted also is he to pay unto her his board for last month, whereupon he muttereth an oath concerning a check and hasteneth with great speed to stand in a long line of Techmen. They stand in a dark alley in the midst of the city until a door is opened unto them, whereupon they enter in the twinkling of an eye and ascend to a great height. . . . When the show hath concluded the Techman hastens home unto a cold bed. Woe be unto whoso goeth to Tech.

## The Techman II

Now it cometh to pass that at Christmas the joy of Techman becometh full and his mind o'erfloweth with fond presentiments.

Yea, now maketh he his way unto his birthplace and abideth even with the landlady of his youth. Selah!

He kisseth his kind mother and straightway maketh for the familiar blue cupboard where beameth the first fruits of her patient toil upon him.

Techman waxeth exceedingly busy therewith and remaineth concealed sometime with rejoicing. Selah!

Wherefore, as he emergeth out of the pantry, his countenance concealed with mince pie, old gray "Fluff" archly rubbeth many hairs onto the immaculate trousers and stockings in which Techman hath abundant pride. Like-

wise "Skip," being exceedingly glad, slappeth attentively the legs of Techman with gleeful propellerlike motions of his tail.

And it cometh, when dinner is over, he riseth last from the table and hastily undoeth the slippers for Pa and the things for the others, whereupon a particular package meets his eye.

Like unto a hurricane, yea like unto a "Packard 60," he ariseth and goeth unto "her" house; for, verily, it is a Tech banner together with a Tech hat pin.

He remaineth until the eventide, when she playeth unto him upon the harpsichord while he stayeth upon the sofa; after a time they both "stayeth." . . . Selah!

In the still of the evening he ariseth and maketh his departure and procureth by prolonged argumentation—one lone kiss.

Planning to demand that Durgin refund him his three pieces of silver he ploddeth homeward and muttereth, "Woe be unto whoso goeth to Tech."—*Walawala*.

## Techman III

### Celebration of the Feast of "Ex-am"

And it cometh to pass when the front of the year hath become worn off behold there cometh on the high places the celebration of the feast "Ex-am." (Ex = to get out of; am = probably contraction for amo.)

Yea, bo, the wicked flee to the secluded manifold machine and write down the order of services at great length. Selah!

The congregation is very regular in attendance, and there are several overflow meetings, conducted in the selfsame prayerful attitude. Like unto the molecules in the "ether" do the worshippers sit as far as possible apart. Howbeit they write the sacred petition with bowed heads, always continuing to squirm on in apparent agony. Selah!

Anon (three hours) are the prayerbooks collected, and then do the saints leave one by one, leaving the wicked one until the last, who proceedeth to his domain with the prayers under his arm that he may offer up the sacrifice. Selah!

Then doth the division of the sheep and the goats appear, and then doth the goats make their ways into M. I. T. or into the undertaking business. Verily, woe be unto whoso goeth to Tech.—*Walawala*.



## Civil Engineering Society

### OFFICERS

*President*, Winfield T. Potter, '12

*Vice-president*, Ned F. Nutter, '13

*Secretary*, Carl F. Fritch, '14

*Treasurer*, Norris D. Pease, '13



OR advancing an interest and knowledge in current engineering practices is the prime purpose of the Civil Engineering Society. Active membership in the Society is limited to members in the Civil Engineering Department, but honorary members may be chosen from persons of acknowledged eminence in some branch of engineering or the sciences related thereto. The interest displayed by the students this year has been very good and the attendance at nearly all of

the meetings quite large. The support of this Society has in the past fallen to a large degree upon the upper classmen. It is hoped that in the future the under classmen will to a greater extent appreciate these meetings and support them by their attendance.

This Society will ever be a pleasant memory to the Civils; for it was here that those bonds of common interest which unite the members of such a profession were first formed.





# Mechanical Engineering Society

## OFFICERS

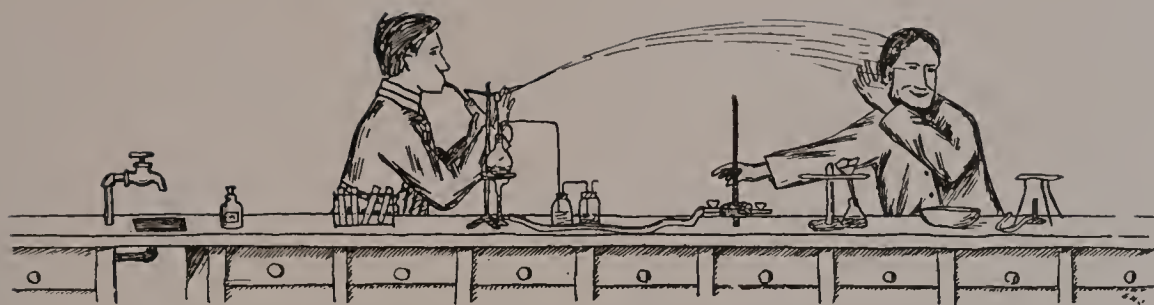
*President*, James Cunningham, '12  
*Vice-president*, Harold L. Nickerson, '12  
*Secretary*, Charles P. Ball, Jr., '13  
*Treasurer*, A. W. Peters, '14



Y PRESENTING the practical side of Mechanical Engineering and the solution of many trying and difficult problems before the student of the Institute the Mechanical Engineering Society plays an important part in the Tech life of the so-called "Greasy Mechanic."

While this Society does nothing in the way of popular lectures for the members and their friends, yet the members have an opportunity of hearing men of broad reputations in the different branches of Mechanical Engineering and thus learn many points that experience only can teach. During the past year the Society has been addressed by well-known men on the following subjects: Automobile Manufacturing, Engine Construction, Materials, Refrigeration, Transmission, and Features in the Construction of the Panama Canal.

The Mechanics of the Class of 1912 extend to the Society their most sincere wish for its success and a long and prosperous future.



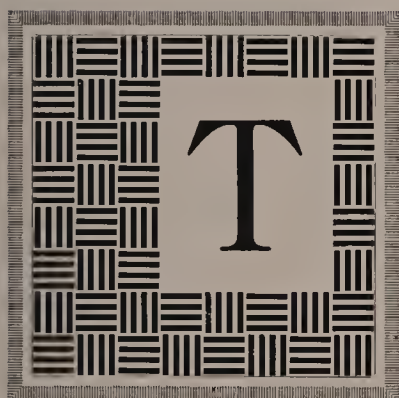
## Worcester Chemical Club

### OFFICERS

*President*, A. S. Kloss, '12  
*Vice-president*, W. G. Bullard, '12  
*Secretary*, W. J. Kelley, '14  
*Treasurer*, A. L. Brown, '13

### EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

J. M. Walker, '12  
 C. C. Clough, '13  
 L. A. Howard, '14



THE Worcester Chemical Club was organized in the fall of 1904 by the Instructors in Chemistry at the Institute and at Clark College, with the purpose of bringing together the men about the city who were interested in Chemistry. From 1904 until 1910 the Club's officers were composed of Instructors and Professors. In 1910 a new step was taken to increase the interest of the student body in the Club by making it a student organization, with students at the Institute as officers, and under the leadership of the Professors and Instructors of the Chemical Department. From the first this new organization proved to be a great success, more activity being shown on the part of the students not only in attendance, but also in the presentation of scientific papers by them. Nineteen hundred and eleven and 1912 marks another successful year, even more so than the preceding one because of the readiness of the students to respond to the delivery of scientific articles. It is sincerely hoped that the Club will develop as rapidly in the years to come as in those gone by. But the success may be viewed from another direction, viz., the social side at the informal meetings.

It is with pleasure that we can look back and remember those meetings when we could listen to those "tete-a-tete" talks with such men as Dr. W. L. Jennings, Dr. Frederic Bonnet, Jr., Prof. R. C. Sweetser, Dr. D. F. Calhane and many others.

# Worcester Polytechnic Branch American Institute of Electrical Engineers

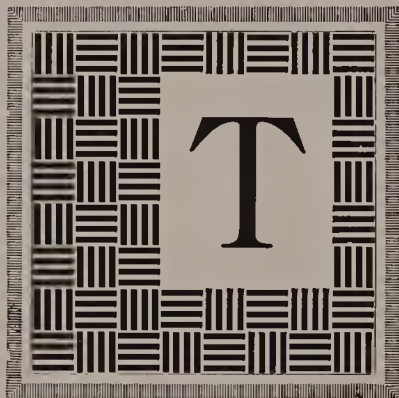


## OFFICERS

*President*, Charles F. Stearns  
*Vice-president*, Joseph L. Roberts  
*Secretary and Treasurer*, Millard F. Clement

## EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Prof. Joseph O. Phelon, Charles F. Stearns, Harry B. Lindsay, William C. Greenough,  
Millard F. Clement



THIS is the only Engineering Society on the Hill directly connected with a national organization, having become a branch of the American Institute in 1904.

Membership is open to students in the two upper classes in the Electrical course and members of the Electrical Department, those who are eligible and do not join being a very small per cent.

The Branch has always been very successful in achieving its object, namely, to bring about a closer relation between the engineering student and the practical electrical field as presented by many of its leading experts.

Not only has the Branch been the means of securing as speakers such men as Mr. Charles P. Steinmetz, Mr. William S. Murray, Mr. C. L. DeMuralt and men of our own institution who are experts in their line, but it is noted among the under classmen for its "social evenings," when dancing and refreshments have been a welcome change from the "grind."

These affairs never fail to tax the seating capacity of the Lecture Hall and the ingenuity of the Committee.



## Seeing Boston



UST as regularly as the Boston Auto Show comes every March there creeps into the bones of the "heavy toilers and future shop managers" that migratory feeling and desire for travel, which simply must be gratified. And so there resulted this year, as in past years, a "personally conducted tour" to Beantown.

After all our 8 o'clocks we found absolutely no hardship in taking the 7.55 train for Newton, where, under "Pa's" careful guidance, "we"

changed for a jerk station called Faneuil and walked from there to the Watertown Arsenal. And what a noble procession we made! There was Lester Harold Greene, "all dolled up" and looking just as sweet as when he left Ruth's house the night before. And there strode Adrian the Silent in his new gray suit, and "our Paul," looking every inch the hero that he is. After "Tread" had made the trip immortal by a snapshot of the group we slipped the sentry the password and marched on to the office.

Here we were taken in tow by Captain Case, a young West Pointer, and Major Shinkle, who made the trip through the foundry and shops very interesting. They showed us two 16-inch disappearing guns nearing completion and explained their action in detail. After inspecting the testing laboratory, which, outside of a nice young lady stenographer, has nothing on ours at Worcester Tech, and a hurried trip through the barracks, we hiked back to the station.

Noon found us in Boston, and the bunch immediately started on a still hunt for dinner, which meant for those who had never been away from home before—Jake Wirth's. Here Gillie had his ginger ale and Funkie met with a great embarrassment, inasmuch as the bunch tipped off Jake that Harold was still an infant, and as such, of course, he could not enter into binding contract for Pilsner.

We all left on an early train for Quincy, and there took an electric car for the Fore River Ship Yards, a car that would compare favorably with those on the South Worcester line at home. The trip through the shops and ship yard was intensely interesting. We saw an immense steam drop hammer forging rudder posts for battleships; also Curtiss-type steam

turbines in various stages of manufacture; we saw torpedo boats and destroyers on the "ways," and went on board of the largest battleship in the world, the "Rivederia," now building for a South American country.

We landed back in Boston about 6 p.m., and as "we" were stopping at the United States Hotel, about ten of us thought of that old saying, "What is home without a Father," and went there too, getting adjoining rooms.

After a good dinner we all met at the Auto Show, where "Pa" had a drag and got us all in free. About two hours of battling with the tide in here found all our cigars broken and ourselves pretty tired, so we "beat it" for the fresh air where there weren't quite so many machines under our feet. Now Jim Cunningham had planned a little social gathering after the Show, but we had got separated from Jim and his crowd and "Nemo," "Tap," "Hunker" Hugo and some of the real live ones had departed for their respective fraternity houses. However, about five or six of us came out together, and finding it gloomy and raining decided that a little "wetting" wouldn't do us any harm. Accordingly we started for the first place we could find where the music was soft and low and the waiters wore "O'Sullivan's Best." Adrian then dropped completely out of sight and Jim Ryder left us rather suddenly. Now we all wanted to go along with Jim but he wouldn't hear of it at all. He insisted that he knew enough to go in when it rained, and so we had to let him have his way. That left only H. Augustus, "Howaroo" Hogan and Monty, who struggled back to the hotel after making several purchases of little things they needed. Now although it was fairly lively at the hotel Gussie and Hogan hankered for more of the gay white way, and so they all sallied forth again. They had gotten pretty well acquainted by 11 p.m. and managed to see quite a little of "Boston by Night." The return to the hotel was made under some difficulties, for Gussie and Monty got into an argument over one of B. A.'s steam problems. Harold would persist in stopping every few feet and vociferating something about the safety valve being set too blamed high for comfort. But after getting into several buildings by mistake, for the night was dark, they eventually landed back at the hotel. Then they got into Sherman's room where Funkie ate all "Nick's" candy and then got cigar ashes all over Paul's bed. Now the candy didn't make Harold feel any better, so he soon went to bed, continually impressing on his hearers that he didn't mind the "lone-trees" or the candy, but if they wanted to avoid the stomachache omit the thing "that make Milwaukee famous."

A few heroes managed to arise early enough to take the trip to the United Shoe Machinery Company in Beverly on the following morning, but to many bed looked pretty good. And those who didn't go to the show went to the Charlestown Navy Yard in the afternoon. All straggled home in time for steam, Monday, except "Grif," and we can't really blame him for not wanting to leave home—they say she's a peach.







TECH ORCHESTRA

# The Musical Association

*President, E. R. Taylor*

*Vice-president, P. H. DeLong*

*Secretary, D. J. Riordan*

*Treasurer, D. Purrington*



IT WAS near the end of the first week of the school year just closing that a few, perhaps a dozen, men came together in the Y. M. C. A. room, and after waiting vainly for other familiar faces to appear, began to realize that they were the lone remnants of the W. P. I. Musical Association. Some had graduated in '11, others had become Seniors (which is a serious business) and had no time for frivolity, so it was up to the few who were left to start something at once or let the Association go out of existence.

The Freshmen reception offered the first chance for an appeal to the undergraduate body, hence it was at this function that the Association issued a call to the musicians and made an appeal for support to those who felt that they were unable to help in any other way. The response was a gratifying surprise to all concerned. Vacancies were filled by means of competitive try-outs, and the Orchestra, Glee Club and Mandolin Club began at once to rehearse under the respective leaderships of Burgess, '14, Cooper, '14, and Donovan, '13.

The first concert of the year was given in the Electrical Engineering Building. A short musical programme, in which all three clubs participated, was given and dancing followed in the Laboratory. This was the only affair of the kind attempted on the Hill this year, in spite of the fact that it received support generous enough to warrant other and more extensive attempts at sociability. Other concerts have been given in the small towns surrounding Worcester. Financially the Association has been more successful this year than ever before, and will finish the year with a surplus in the treasury.

Mid-years made reorganization necessary, particularly in the Glee



TECH QUARTETTE



Club. The quartette had up to this time consisted of Dolan, '14, Cooper, '14, Riordan, '12, and Karb, '14. Now Dolan and Riordan left school, and Leader Cooper began to scout around for men to fill their places. E. R. Taylor and W. J. Kelly were finally selected as first tenor and first bass, respectively. "Emergency" Kelly has since done such work as to render himself indispensable to the quartette.

Much praise is due the managers and leaders of the Association for the efforts they have made. A new and practically unknown organization is a hard proposition to handle and needs men who are not afraid of hard work.

This year the Association loses but few men through graduation, but those who do go are the last of the old crowd who have been with the Club since it started three years ago. They have tried to pass on to the new men their hopes for and interest in the Association and they are justly proud of the fact that the Clubs are in better condition than ever before, and that the men of '12 have had a large share in the work of putting them in that condition.

### Members of the Orchestra

*Leader*, P. W. Burgess, '14

*Manager*, E. H. Thomas, '13

Piano: C. G. Carlson, '14.

First violins: E. H. Thomas, '13; H. L. Cole, '14; M. L. Haselton, '15.

Second violins: H. M. Johnson, '15; F. Aiken, '15.

First clarinet: R. W. Wagner, '15.

Second clarinet: F. W. Smith, '13.

Flute: P. C. Howes, '14.

Oboe: R. H. Wulf, '13.

Trombone: A. E. Gale, '14.

Drums: F. M. Taylor, '15.

Cornet: F. H. Steele, '14.

Solo cornet: P. W. Burgess, '14.



## The Tech News



WITH all due respect to the efforts of those who started the *Tech News* it must be said that the *News* write-up in the 1911 *Aftermath* was certainly too rosy to coincide with the actual facts of the case. When the present management looked over the fragmentary scraps of evidence left by their predecessors it was discovered that in the two years' existence of the *Tech News* a handsome deficit had been amassed. But 1912 spirit went ahead with preparations for the publishing of the third volume and hoped and worked for the salvation of the *News*. Many rebuffs were encountered. "Loyal" Techmen (with their eyes open for glory) who had been secured to assist in the by no means easy task of running the paper, failed to make good, and things went from bad to worse. Suffice it to say that after the publication of No. 17, volume III, it was found inadvisable to continue the paper any longer. Although the deficit at the end of this school year would undoubtedly have been approximately the same as in June, 1911, the management did not have the nerve to try to hand it on to the next class. There have been steps taken to remove the deficit and thus to smooth the way for a fresh start in the future.

Without "casting the gloom" any longer it should be said that there is a chance for a *Tech News* here at W. P. I. But whenever it is started, whether it be in the fall of '12 or '13 or '20 the 1912 Board of Editors and Management advise the establishment of a "hard cash" fund to successfully launch the paper and to carry it over the uncertainties of the first few years.

# Wireless Association

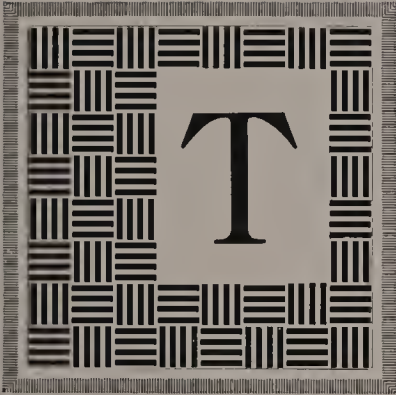
## OFFICERS FOR THE PAST TERM

*President*, Edward H. Vance, '13

*Vice-president*, Harold E. Drake, '14

*Secretary*, Joseph L. Roberts, '12

*Treasurer*, Everett C. Nash, '14



THE Wireless Association was organized in the fall of 1909 in an endeavor to promote a better understanding of wireless telegraphy and to stimulate an interest in the same among the students at the Institute. The thoughts of having a wireless station on the Hill aroused considerable interest for the time being, but the active membership soon dwindled to those who desired to take active part in the construction and maintenance of the station and its equipment.

The station and its equipment is located in an ell of the upper west end landing of the Electrical Engineering Building, with an aerial strung between the two ventilator towers. This location alone has several disadvantages, and long distance communication is almost impractical since the building is open in the evening only on special occasions. However, the Marconi Press at Cape Cod, weather reports and time signals from Charlestown Navy Yard, Boston, the Fessenden Test Station at Brant Rock and numerous other stations are within the range of the receiving apparatus.

The station gives the student, interested in wireless, an opportunity to communicate with and to do considerable testing and experimenting with different types of apparatus with the many amateurs located within the city limits.

The Wireless Association, however narrow in its scope, adds much to the student activities not only here on the Hill but to all those within reach of its signals, for many an enjoyable hour has been spent passing friendly messages "Via Wireless" from "Tech."





## The Cosmopolitan Club of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute

W. P. I. Chapter of the Association of Cosmopolitan Clubs

### OFFICERS

WILLIAM C. GREENOUGH, *Vice-president of the Atlantic District.*

WALLACE T. MONTAGUE, *President.*

CHARLES P. BALL, JR., *Vice-president.*

YI C. MEI, *Recording Secretary.*

HAROLD B. WOODS, *Corresponding Secretary.*

PEDRO M. CAPDEVILA, *Treasurer.*

### MEMBERS

Dr. Frederic Bonner, Jr.

Dr. A. Wilmer Duff

Gustav Adolf Baeslack

Stuart Franklin Brown

Vicente Diaz

Joaquim Reis Junqueira

Wallace Tenney Montague

Henry Robert Power

George Harold Slocomb

Hippolito Gouvea Souto

Prof. Zelotes W. Coombs

Dr. Walter L. Jennings

Charles Perry Ball, Jr.

Pedro María Capdevila

William Charles Greenough

Yi Chi Mei

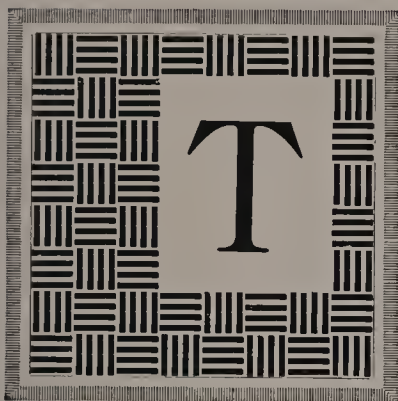
Paul Albert Porter

Hugo Fred Schmidt

Robert Ingram Slocomb

Harold Bigelow Woods

# The Cosmopolitan Club of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute



THE Worcester Cosmopolitan Club, founded in 1908 and granted charter in 1909 is one of twenty-four chapters in the Association of Cosmopolitan Clubs in the United States and Canada.

Its main object is to cultivate social intercourse among the students of different nationalities at the Institute, and thereby to foster the spirit of universal brotherhood. However, the aim of the Association and the scope of the work is gradually assuming a much larger significance than this. It is gradually merging into a world-wide organization of identical purpose, but much longer standing, namely, the Corda Fratres, Federation Internationale des Etudiants. This consolidation will mean much to the cause of universal peace, and will do much to promote a better idea of the scientific work and political conditions of the different countries.

The Worcester Chapter, although handicapped as are all Tech organizations, by lack of time and facilities, attempts to carry out the ideas of the Association by its social meetings, where professor and student meet and discuss topics of common interest. Also after each bi-weekly meeting some student gives a short talk on his native land, illustrated by post cards and the reflectroscope.

This social programme, along with Student Congresses, international correspondence and the annual convention is the humble attempt of our organization to carry out its simple motto: "*Above All Nations is Humanity.*"

## Social Meetings of the Worcester Cosmopolitan Club. 1911-1912

Oct.	7, 1911.	Dr. W. L. Jennings,	" <i>Deception.</i> "
Nov.	5, 1911.	Dr. A. W. Duff,	" <i>Chance Traveling Companions.</i> "
Dec.	16, 1911.	Dr. Frederic Bonnet, Jr.,	" <i>Experiences in Arizona.</i> "
Feb.	11, 1912.	Prof. W. W. Bird,	" <i>Labor Problems.</i> "
March	10, 1912.	Dr. G. H. Haynes,	" <i>The Life and Cosmopolitanism of Charles Sumner.</i> "



L. F. BACHBRACH  
WORCESTER, MASS.

DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, 1911





TECH SHOW CAST, 1911

# The Dramatic Association



TEMPORARY Dramatic Association was formed the last semester of 1911 in order that Dramatics on the Hill might not lack a definite governing body. The members of this Association were the cast, management and all those connected with the Tech Show in any capacity whatsoever.

Early in the present school year, however, the need of a more permanent organization was seen to be an absolute necessity, and a constitution was drawn up, amended, and finally accepted as the guide book to dramatic activities.

The membership in this Association is limited, only the managers of the Show and such men as have managed or been members of a Show cast being granted full membership. Associate members include the assistant managers and all those assisting in the production of a Tech Show not already mentioned above under full membership.

This, as can be seen, limits the deadwood to minimum proportions and makes Dramatic Association membership a privilege to be coveted even as you covet the football or baseball "W." With the membership goes a Dramatic Association fob, and when a Tech man is seen wearing that sterling silver ornament you may well make up your mind "That man has worked hard and long in the acquisition."

## MEMBERS OF ASSOCIATION

1912  
M. G. Halligan  
E. S. Jefferies  
F. H. Plaisted  
E. R. Taylor  
J. M. Walker  
L. F. Wheeler  
G. F. Whitney

1913  
W. G. Bullard  
A. C. Burleigh  
A. C. Burwell  
G. E. Chick  
A. H. Kingman  
W. E. Spicer

1914  
E. B. Cooper  
H. P. Drake  
W. P. Fay  
P. W. Prouty  
C. R. Wilcox

## OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION

*President*, Frank H. Plaisted '12  
*Secretary*, John M. Walker '12

*Vice-president*, Walter G. Bullard '13  
*Treasurer*, Anson C. Burwell '13

## Tech Show



UNDER the auspices of the Dramatic Association the Second Annual Tech Show was produced in Worcester Theatre, May 1, and like "Eldern's Uncle," was a decided success.

The play rendered was "The Flirt," a comedy of four acts written by Charles C. Gray. The plot was based largely on that famous "chapel horse" incident, so familiar to all Tech men.

The first scene opens in Professor Lustspiel's parlor on a Saturday evening. Miss Lustspiel, alias "the Flirt," alias Frank Little, has just received an invitation from Dearbon, the college grind, to attend a certain school function with him, and the note also states his intention of calling that evening for his answer. Professor Lustspiel is decidedly in favor of this young man's attentions to his fair daughter, and his greeting to him is far different from that accorded to Bill Gibson and Lennie Danbury, who also drop in to call on Millie. But Millie quite evidently prefers Bill. During the course of the evening, after an announcement by the Professor that a very important lecture will be given the following Friday, Millie and Bill are left alone for a very short time, which, however, proves ample for them to completely demonstrate how much they think of each other. Danbury and Dearbon "butt in" on this charming tete-a-tete, but the lovers are too engrossed to notice them, and the two eavesdroppers, each without the knowledge of the other's presence, attempt to sneak out of the room by carrying their screens along with them. The result is a crash, when they meet at the door. Now, each of these three young men is determined to take Millie to the same school affair; and the act ends with a compromise. Each of the three is to attempt some new line of activity in school affairs and Millie is to be the judge, and her company to the game the prize of the winner.

The second act is a school room scene, and was portrayed in a very realistic manner. Professor Lustspiel goes through a long-winded lecture and finishes by drawing aside the curtains of his special sanctuary to show them his latest achievement—only to find a real, truly live donkey a-wagging his ears at him, totally undisturbed by the hubbub which immediately arises.



Bill is accused of the indignity, and because her handkerchief is found near the donkey Millie's name enters the discussion. The president is called and Bill is put on probation.

The third act is taken up with the cross country run and Bill's utter defeat; thereby blasting his last hope of acquittal of the class room incident, the president having promised him consideration if he could but win this race. Millie and Sophia Pratt, her chum, are endeavoring to clear Bill, who they feel sure never imported the donkey, but fail signally.

In the fourth act the president is holding his reception and awards to Danbury first prize for the best essay of the year, thereby placing him well in the front of the race for honors at Millie's hands. Bill feels sure that Dearbon knows about the donkey mystery and asks him to help him out of the nasty hole he is in, and is adjured by Dearbon to keep cool and he'll come out O. K. He then confides in Bill a secret which brightens the latter very perceptibly. The president again accuses Bill of the donkey importation, which accusation is again denied. Bill demands a proof of his guilt and the fact of his having been seen on Tech hill at a late hour with a young lady during the night in question is advanced and Millie's handkerchief is produced. Millie identifies this as similar to one she once owned, but at this juncture Bill very adroitly picks a similar handkerchief from each of the fellows' pockets, and putting that troublesome one with them challenges the president to pick it from among them all. This he is unable to do, and Bill gets off with an apology from his superior. All others having left the room but Bill, Dearbon, Danbury, Millie and Sophia, the question of Millie's escort comes up, and Dearbon confesses his guilt in the donkey prank to win this privilege. But of course Millie is judge, and after they have all agreed never to breathe their knowledge of Dearbon's guilt she chooses Bill as the fortunate one in spite of his apparent undeservedness.

The parts were all taken very cleverly, Little, Bullard, Pease, Brennan, Cunningham, Walker, Kelley and Peters especially distinguishing themselves in the heavier parts.

The management and Coach Gray are certainly to be congratulated for the way in which they conducted the whole affair, and it is to be regretted that circumstances prevented a second production of this highly successful play.

## Management

*General Manager,*  
*Assistant Manager,*  
*Business Manager,*  
*Assistant Business Manager,*  
*Advertising Manager,*  
*Assistant Advertising Manager,*  
*Stage Manager,*

Arthur E. Burleigh  
Winthrop B. Brown  
Anson C. Burwell  
Ogden B. Hewitt  
George E. Chick  
Robert E. Hancock  
Walter E. Spicer

## Synopsis

ACT I—Professor Lustspiel's parlor Saturday evening.

ACT II—Professor Lustspiel's class room at W. P. I. the following Friday.

ACT III—Alumni Field at W. P. I., same day.

ACT IV—President's reception room, evening of same day.

## Cast of Characters

PROFESSOR LUSTSPIEL,	Walter G. Bullard, '13
MILLIE LUSTSPIEL, Professor Lustspiel's daughter,	Frank H. Little, '15
BILL GIBSON, Tech student,	James Cunningham, '12
PRESIDENT MABIE, president of W. P. I.,	Walter J. Kelley, '14
LENNIE DANBURY, student,	John M. Walker, '12
LAUNCIE DEARBON, grind,	John H. Brennan, '15
SOPHIA PRATT, companion of Millie,	Norris D. Pease, '13
MRS. LUSTSPIEL,	Arthur W. Peters, '14
ART HAMILTON, student,	Walter P. Fay, '14
ALBERT BRAVBOY, student,	Harry M. Sawyer, '14
REGGIE BUNTING, student,	William J. Becker, '15
CHARLIE JONES, student,	Charles O. Snow, '13
PROFESSOR MILLER,	Stuart P. Miller, '14
MRS. MILLER,	Frank W. Clapp, '12
PROFESSOR DAVIDSON,	Maurice G. Steele, '15
MRS. DAVIDSON,	Stanley W. Prenosil, '15
MRS. MABIE, president's wife,	George R. Raynsford, '15
MARIE, French maid,	Seth C. Cutler, '14
PROFESSOR KONIG,	Sherman A. Geer, '13

GIRLS—

R. J. Jencks, '14  
W. S. Jewell, '15  
A. L. Sherwood, '15  
A. McLean, '13  
R. H. Lapidos, '15  
R. M. Johnson, '15

G. J. Robinson, '15  
J. L. Wright, '15  
G. W. Smith, '14  
H. H. Babcock, '15  
A. B. Fink, '14  
S. T. Swallow, '15

RUNNERS—

C. E. Waldo, '14  
F. A. Gray, '14  
A. R. Leavitt, '14  
L. H. Rice, '13  
E. E. Pierce, '14

A. C. Farrar, '14  
H. A. Lavene, '15  
Austin Poirier, '15  
C. H. Collidge, '14

OTHERS—

W. H. Mellen, '14  
A. B. Schofield, '13

E. H. Vance, '13

HEAD USHER,

Eustis R. Karb, '13

USHERS—

Eric T. Franzen, '13  
Howard H. Chase, '13  
Nelson E. Baxter, '13  
Albert L. Brown, '13

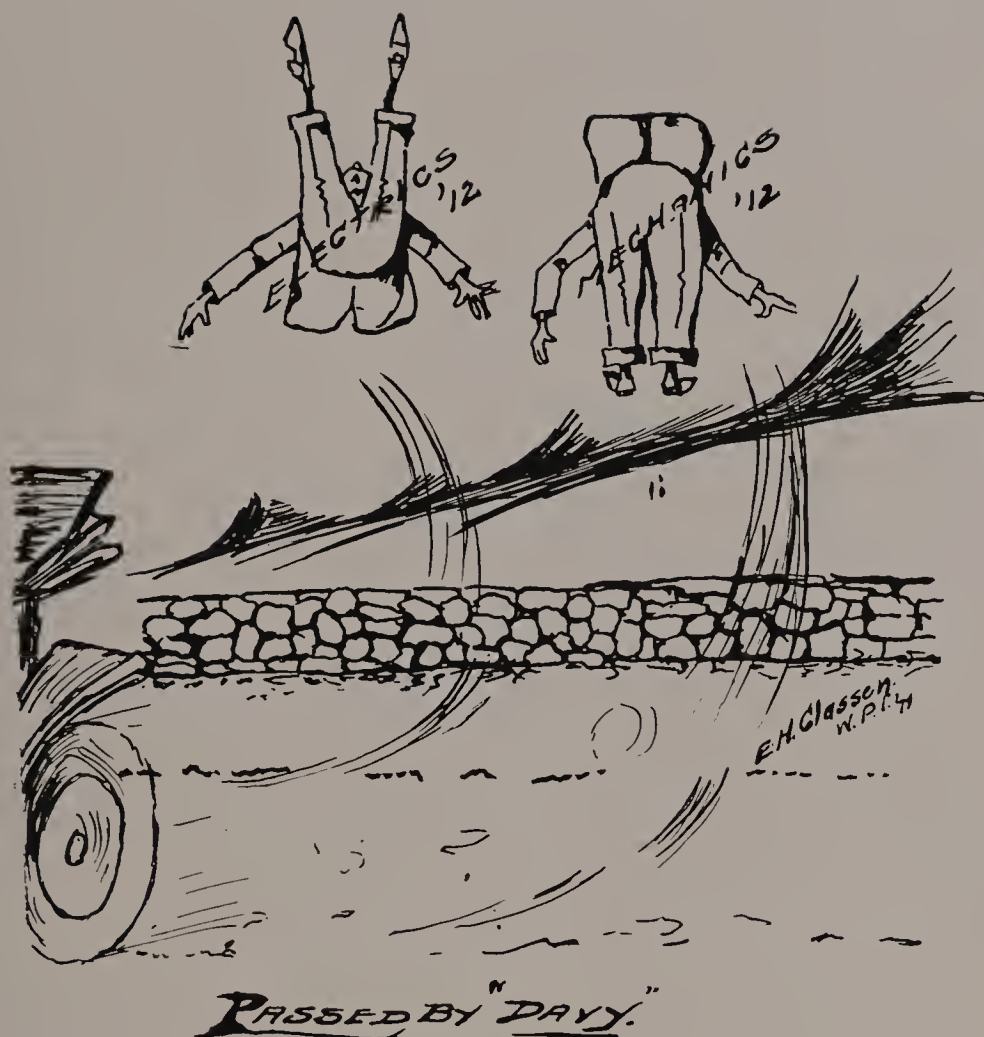
Fred S. Carpenter, '13  
Oscar S. Porter, '13  
Harry B. Lindsay, '13  
Albert C. Gowing, '13

## Musical Programme

1. "Thundercloud,"
2. "Poet and Peasant,"
3. "Grand American Fantasia,"
4. "That Awful Baby,"
5. Selection—"Mary's Lamb,"
6. "Parade of Tin Soldiers,"

*Losey*  
*Suppe*  
*Bendix*  
*Hagar*  
*Carle*  
*Jessel*





## Those Follies of Youth

In the medley of Freshman antics,  
When the newness of things was gone,  
In the hearts of a few choice spirits  
Was the passion of mischief born.

With brushes and sticky paint cans  
They came in the dead of night,  
A wall was the artist's canvas;  
The work stood out clear and bright.

The design, a pair of numerals,  
To show their lack of fear  
Of the insolent class, who's history  
Beat theirs by only a year.

Those whom the Muses had favored  
Were soon dropped by the "Powers that be,"  
But the work of their skillful fingers  
Still stood for passers to see.

In the dusk of a balmy evening,  
(It was June of the Junior year.)  
An attempt to undue the mischief  
Was made by those lingering here.

Armed with scrubbers and blow-pipe,  
They attacked the disgraceful sight;  
But acids and work would not move it,  
The art of that long ago night.

At last with a stone-cutter's chisel  
And time that cost money to buy,  
The stain on the class escutcheon  
Was destined to fade out and die.

A moral, let's have a moral!  
Held by all whom the old school has trained,  
"Honor Tech and her fair surroundings;  
Keep her sacred traditions unstained."

—*Aitch Eff*, '12.

## Resigning from Work in the Washburn Shops

And it happened even thus and so. Through the solicitations of "Pa" we accepted a position in the Washburn Shops during the summer of 1910. "We expect to do considerable outside work this summer," quoth he, "and so we're going to hire any of the students who care to work for us."

"How much?" says Fred.

"Oh, we will pay the men from \$1.50 to \$2 a day according to—"

"Their previous condition of servitude," suggests Nibs.

We accepted.

The mental strain accompanying the arduous tasks that Thure (nickel accent on the "e") gave us to perform was pathetic to the uttermost fibre. Our job (Swedish accent on the "j") was making W. P. I. drawing stands. We made money too. Yes, indeed. Eight iron men for a full week's pay. No one but Fred ever worked a concentrated week. Roger Towne only worked four days before resigning so his pecuniary reward, figured on the slip stick, was 2.00417 centimeters per kilowatt hour.

Walter Eldred managed to get an iron chip or so in his optic every day which the family doctor extracted at night at \$1 per chip. Walter figured (also by the slide rule) that on days that he entertained more than  $1\frac{1}{19}$  chip in his sclerotic membrane he ran behind financially inversely proportional to the density of the earth's magnetic field.

Nibs broke seven taps cutting threads in  $2\frac{1}{4}$  inch holes, while Sloc broke a \$5 drill using it as a lever of the second class, so they were shifted to the snagging department.

K. I. who was laboring under a magnetic attraction ycleped Amelia began work at 11 a.m. and quit at 2.17 p.m. He found that he was losing valuable time putting on and taking off his overalls; so

### WE RESIGNED

Voici also voila (as the French say) this our resignation:



August 8, 1910.

MR. LOUIS W. RAWSON, '93,

*Honored Sir:*

Owing to the lamentable, yet unavoidable fact that the hour waxeth nigh when it becomes our beholden duty to enter again into the trials, tribulations and yet many manifold interests connected with Tech activities, we, the undersigned, do hereby place our hand and seal on this our resignation from the important and lucrative positions held by ourselves in the Washburn Shops of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute, the same to take effect Saturday at 12 meridian, August 13, Anno Domini, 1910. Tempus fugit. Pax vobiscum.

(Signed) G. H. SLOCOMB

W. E. STEELE

E. R. TAYLOR

K. I. TREDWELL

F. G. MUNSON

R. P. TOWNE

To the superintendent of the Washburn Shops of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute this resignation is affectionately dedicated.

It might be stated that the Shops continued to run after our resignation.



## “WE” or How Many are There of “Us”?

TIME—Morning.

PLACE—Shop.

GIRL—Miss Kirby.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE—“ Pa,” Mr. H. P. Fairfield, A. S. M. E.

First S. G. M., a Senior greasy Mechanic.

Second S. G. M., another.

Third S. G. M., and again.

*(Curtain rises discovering “ Pa ” attired in a straw hat and blue coat in the act of wiping his hands on a piece of waste. In front of him are the First, Second and Third S. G. M.’s attired in overalls and jumpers, the First having “ a lean and hungry look;” from the overall pocket of the Second hangs the latchet string of a bag of “ Bull Durham,” while the Third furtively munches a piece of dog bread. Around them are an aimlessly busy throng of Sophomore Electrics, while in the distant office Miss Kirby can be seen industriously pounding the “ type ” and successfully pretending that she does not notice the frequent languishing glances of the aforementioned Soph. Electrics.)*

“ Pa ”: “ We would like the men to cut up this bar of machinery steel into pieces about  $8\frac{3}{4}$  inches long to be used as spindles on our sensitive drills, and determine the most efficient speed and method of cooling the saw. There are two methods which we have found practicable in cooling the saw. One of them is to have a stream of oil drop down on the saw. The other way is to keep it cool by a blast of cold air which can be piped from the forge shop. Prof. Bird and ourself wrote a paper on this subject which we published jointly; we doing the work while Mr. Bird dictated the results to Miss Kirby who typewrote the final copy. It happened that another concern was making the same experiments for publication so we had to hurry.”

*First S. G. M.*: “ You won out, didn’t you? ”

“ Pa ” (*complacently*): “ Yes, Mr. Bird won by a lap.”

*Up rushes a Soph. Elect. who says*: “ I don’t see why this tool is marked Blue Chip. I’ve been trying to get a blue chip for half an hour and can’t get anything but a gray one.”

“ Pa ” (*as he reaches towards his inside coat pocket*): “ What have you been testing it on? ”

*Soph. Elect.*: “ On this bar of cast iron.”

“ Pa ” takes out his little red book, puts a hieroglyphic therein and then explains to the Soph. Elect. that the tool cuts blue chips from steel and not cast iron. He keeps on talking to the Soph. Elect. during which time the First S. G. M. walks through the forge shop and out the door, going home to get breakfast; the Second goes downstairs to have a smoke, while the Third, who hopes to make Singer Sigh, goes to work making the test.

Time passes.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Pa ” (walks up stage wiping his hands on a small piece of waste which he has taken from his left-hand side coat pocket): “ Well, we see the men have completed the test.”

First and Second S. G. M. (who have come back in time to learn the results of the third man’s work): “ Yes, we found that we could keep the saw much cooler by the cold air blast, but it can never be used commercially.”

“ Pa ”: “ Indeed, and why? ”

First and Second S. G. M.: “ The air blast made the saw so cold that its teeth chattered.”

*Curtain.*

## Mechanical Engineering Society

—  
The next regular meeting of the Society  
will be held in the cellar of the  
Worcester Cold Storage  
Plant at 2 A.M.

Date APRIL 1<sup>ST</sup> '23

Subject HOT AIR AS I MAKE IT

Speaker HIS HONOR: KING BULLUM  
KING OF THE  
MEXICAN ATHLETES

All interested are invited to attend

Sam Ananias  
Secretary



## Harrington and the Manufacture of Ice



FTER having listened to the theory of B. A. on the manufacture of ice and refrigeration in general the Senior Electrics, with Harrington, took a trip to the Worcester *Cold Storage Plant*, where after inspecting the rooms, which were cold enough to freeze a coon, the class witnessed a stunt by Harrington. Harrington had heard how they manufactured ice, had understood that the process was not perfect in all details, realized the inefficiency of the workmen and accordingly

he took a hand in the above mentioned process. After all, was not a technically trained man to be preferred to one equipped with practice without theory? So reasoned Harrington. Now Harrie is looking for the reason why he was so unreasonable with himself.

You see it was like this. Harrington noticed that the workman assigned to removing the ice from the tanks was tired, and he, that is Harrie, most tender heartedly and enthusiastically took hold of the work and continued where his inferior sire had left off. With the air hoist responding to the delicate touch of his deft fingers Harrington *quickly* lowered the tongs, secured the 500-pound block of ice, gracefully ran the load to the end of the platform, deposited it upon the floor, where it took its place with other similar pieces; now he raised the tongs attached to the hoist and—!!! Just think of it! Our Harrie! We were not so much surprised that he should display superior intelligence in the manipulation of his work up to this point, but in his next *step* he was almost lost from view. We had been told that the water must be kept in constant agitation in order to secure pure ice; we saw the water in motion and understood the wherefor thereof. But why Harrie should take it upon himself to supply additional agitation to the water is more than we can understand. Harrie is thankful for the provisional narrow opening. It was pitiful to take the crease out of those trousers.

## An Hour with "'Fessor"

("'Fessor" = "Reddy" by Special Request)

The bells in Boynton ring merrily. "'Fessor" steps gracefully to the front and asks in a timid voice, "Er-er-are the Sanitarys all here yet?"

A wave of good fellowship passes through the room, and the "Chain Gang," augmented by the "Half Breeds," settle down for a delightful hour to be spent in the pursuit of knowledge.

"Er-the assignment for a week from next Thursday will be pages 281 to 543, also sections 640 to 658." (Groans from the rear.) "Now this is a very short assignment, but be sure to notice that it is not next to the last lesson." (A few snickers as "Get next" is heard, sotto voice, whatever that means.) "Er-er-you will also note that you are to omit the derivations of all formulas in the lesson, as we will 'clear them up' later in class." (Sarcastic expressions of doubt.) "The remainder of this course has not been blocked out yet, but we will omit everything of importance."

"Now, Mr. Beck, will you tell us what the average rate of rainfall has been for the last 150 years?"

"Well, er-it's been about er—well, between, well, er—"

"Has it been between 30 and 40 inches per annum?"

"Nine and Ninety-nine Hundredths" gets him, and replies, "Oh, yes, it has been 35 inches per yearly."

"Er-that's good. Now, Mr. Potter, what are the three classes of springs?"

"Wink" then perpetrates his classic recitation, saying, "Well, there's the first class—(bull)—, that's the first class; and the second class of springs—(more bull)—which constitutes the second class; and the third class, well that's the third class."

"'Fessor" does not see the joke and asks the class to kindly stop turning around to look at Potter as he is sure it does not bother him.

"This question of springs makes me think of the time when I was a little boy and used to have the croup. Er-perhaps some of you can remember how you hated to have your mother rub lard on—er——"

The "Gang" has become demoralized by this time. The disturbance startles Tucker out of a nap and his books land on the floor. Someone finds it necessary to push "Mac's" books off too, so we reign triumphant for a few minutes. The house is then called to order, "Mac" getting all the blame.

"Now we will turn to the consideration of the design of a water supply system for a town or city. Er-, Mr. Gleason?"

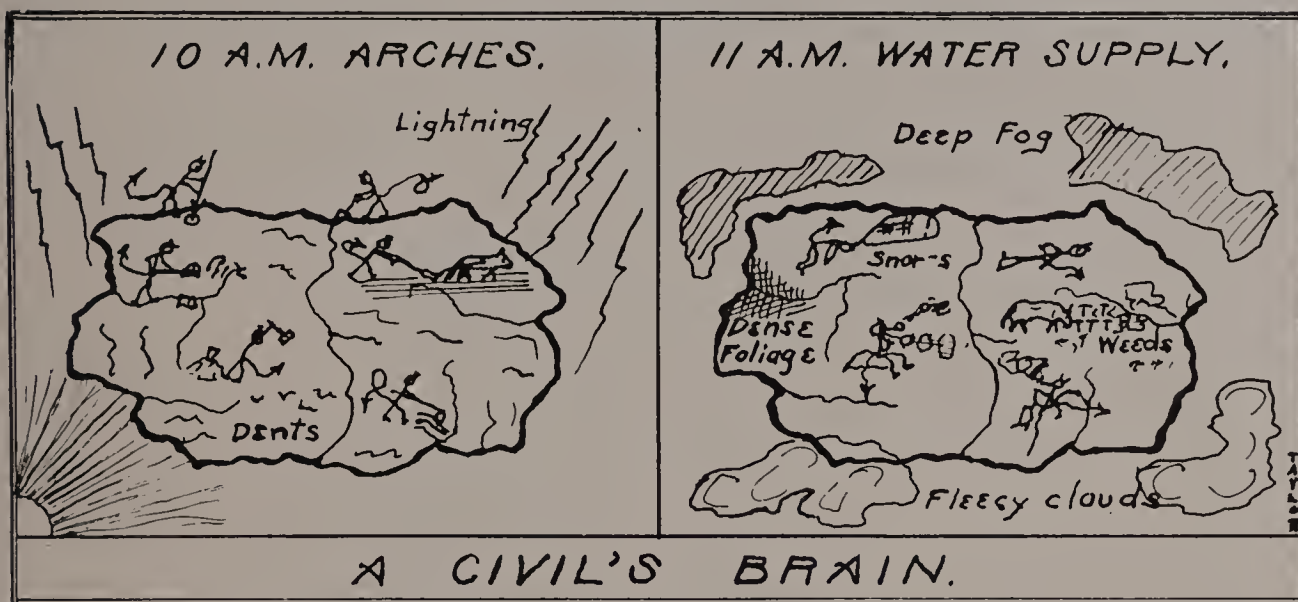
"Grike" jumps about a foot out of his chair, scratches his head and cuts loose with the following gem, "In designing a water supply system for a town we should design it so as to supply the town with water."

This does not get by, but everybody is watching "Wink" and "Herb," who are alternately patting J. H. Beck on the back, more or less rhythmically, so "'Fessor's" remarks are lost to posterity.

A few blood curdling details of the last meeting of the N. E. W. W. A. are then recounted, and we are reassured that the said Association is "perfectly all right."

"Now if you will kindly take notes on the dam design which is on the board, and pay a little attention, you may go out at twenty minutes of twelve."

Every one industriously takes notes (?). At the end of this "clearing up" spasm the "class s'cused," and we beat it down to the drafting room, where the details of the hour's "work" are discussed.

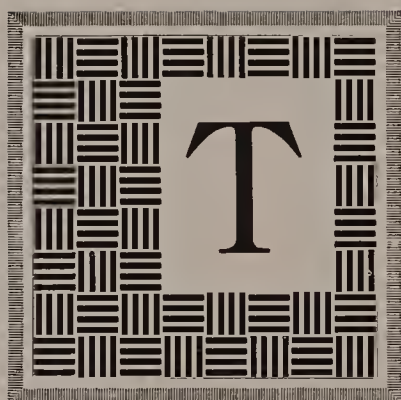




# The Y. M. C. A.

## OFFICERS

*President*, Leon H. Treadwell, '12  
*Vice-president*, Allen H. Gridley, '13  
*Secretary*, F. Allen Simmons, '13  
*Treasurer*, Harland F. Stuart, '12  
*General Secretary*, Clarence P. Shedd



THE Y. M. C. A. is the oldest organization on the Hill and at the present time one of the most flourishing. Its growth during the past year has been very marked, and its field of usefulness greatly widened.

The Association began in a small way years ago by holding weekly meetings in one of the rooms in Boynton Hall. After the Mechanical Engineering Building was erected a fine room on the first floor of that building was fitted up for its work, through the co-operation of the Institute and interested Alumni. In 1891 the Tech Association became a branch of the International Y. M. C. A. This change brought it in touch with the world brotherhood and gave a new impetus to its work. Until the past year great difficulty had been experienced in handling the work of the Y. M. C. A. due to the lack of time and wise supervision. The chief need seemed to be for someone who could devote his entire time to the work of directing its various activities. This was finally brought about, and as a result of the untiring efforts of some of the Alumni and members of the Faculty the services of a very capable Secretary were secured. He began his duties May 1, 1911, and is still with us.

Under his direction and care the work of the Association has been greatly enlarged and extended. Several new lines of activity have been taken up and carried out with great success. New methods have been used to interest the men in the work and the results have been very satisfactory. An increasing number of Tech men are becoming interested in

the unselfish type of service for which the Y. M. C. A. stands and are showing their interest by giving of themselves and of their time to the work.

The student Populars held weekly in the E. E. Building have been a great contrast to the meetings held in previous years. This new type of meeting has done a great deal to bring the student body into a closer spirit of fellowship and is a thing to be supported and encouraged.



The Y. M. C. A. stands to-day, as it has ever stood, for all that is clean, pure and upright, and seeks to help men make for themselves a life of usefulness and service to their fellows. It stands also for Tech and for Tech's best interests. "How will it help Tech?" has been the question asked and answered before any proposed activity has been undertaken.

Never before in the history of Tech has the good influence of the Student Christian Association been felt as it has been this past year, and it is with the best wishes for its success in the future that the Class of 1912 bids it farewell and Godspeed.





# The Journal of the W. P. I.

*Managing Editor*, Prof. George H. Haynes

*Editor-in-chief*, Franklin B. Furber, '12

*Asst. Editor*, Harry B. Lindsay, '13

*Asst. Editor*, Albert S. Crandon, '14

*Business Mgr.*, John M. Walker, '12

*Asst. Business Mgr.*, Howard H. Chase, '13

*Assistant Business Manager*, Arthur W. Peters, '14



AS THE official organ of the Institute, expressing the attitude of Alumni, Faculty and students in business as well as in play, the *Journal* demands the attention of every Tech man. It is to the *Journal*, as an encyclopedia of Tech life and Alumni doings, that one turns in search of memories or of valuable scientific articles. For fifteen years its copies have come to a few loyal Tech men and have constituted no unimportant part of their libraries.

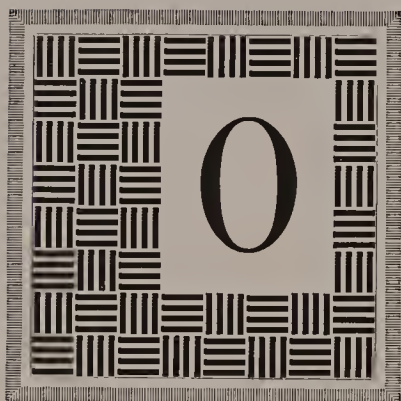
The *Journal* is not a mere luxury; it is a real necessity to the school, to the Alumni. The Institute sends it regularly to the accredited schools. Among the graduates—and here is a function too little appreciated—it forms a bond between the “Old Boys” and the men on the Hill, a bond which is of immense importance in the development of a school. After each Commencement it has gone to every Alumnus, and of late also to the men who did not graduate, with the official record of the annual Alumni Association meeting.

To those who have subscribed for the *Journal* there is little need to discuss its value. In it are found every day matters of which we want to know. When the Freshman wants to look up some scores, when the Senior wonders who the old men are whom we will meet on “the job,” and what they are doing, when the Alumnus queries whether Jim is married—the *Journal* is most apt to have the news. By no means do we wish to slight the scientific articles that appear in each issue. They come from the pens of experts, most of them Alumni, and in addition to their intrinsic value tell us something of the nature of the work of our “grads.”

There has always been a deficit in the budget of the *Journal*—lack of subscribers, lack of care in paying up and from the first a difficulty in getting advertisements.

Alumni! Undergraduates! You owe support to the *Journal*, support of every kind. You owe appreciation and respect to the man who has made the *Journal* what it is—Prof. George H. Haynes.

## Senior Electrics' Inspection Trip to the Gay White Way



ON APRIL Fool's Day some time ago the Electrics, without a trace of fear, saw the gay old Broadway, always so full of life and cheer. W. Witham led the bunch, and a good fellow is he; he showed a few the electric shops, while the rest were on a spree.

There was Hysteresis Brown, who is always lagging behind, who forgot to set his alarm clock, and of course didn't arrive on time. While we were on the Jersey side overlooking (?) various schemes "Hoggy" killed time with the telephone girls, and enjoyed himself immensely, it seems.

Bennie was another of those busy college boys; his week was one of travel, and a superabundance of joys. Mother doesn't know *all* that happened to *him* that week; for it seems that he knew girls most everywhere, that he simply *had* to seek. At times he was in an *awful* hurry, and once he wondered why the express train didn't pass the local, for he was sure it hadn't got by. But later when he saw just one single track each way he realized what a blunder he made and was "kidded" the rest of the day.

Now "Chollie" Stearns is a church man, and a church man you all know should be a goody-goody, and ought to avoid the show. But the bright lights of dear old Broadway, made too great an appeal to him, so he took in a breezy show that was full of vigor and vim. Next day "Chollie" was telling us that he heard old Eddie Foy sigh that down in Mexico the youngsters "throw the bull" when but knee high. Of course he had to tempt "E. I." for the rest of those pleasant nights to take in the Winter Garden, Hippodrome and other wondrous sights.

But Adams told the best of all the wondrous news, when he visited a place with "NOON HOUR DANCING," and gazed upon such very startling views. The Bunny Hug and Turkey Trot were meek compared with these, and now he'll certainly have to admit he was more surprised than pleased. He claims he paid his quarter, and admits he just can't see why they took him for a stranger and yanked him out by foot and knee.

And Dean J. Locke, with his ears wide open, was always on the go, and now he tells the Sturbridge boys that Brooklyn girls aren't slow.

"Charlie" Bassett, with Cap. along too, invested a dime for a trip to the beautiful Bronx Zoo. The animals looked ferocious and made poor Cap. turn pale, and then he wished he'd saved that dime for another pint of ale.

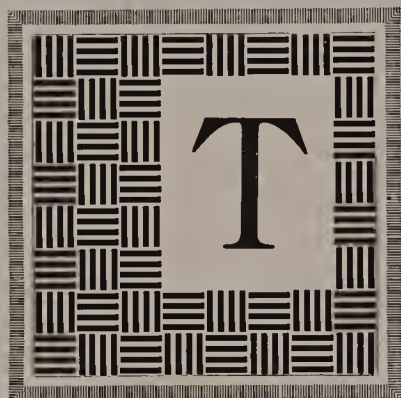
Clinton Dutcher and Reggie divided the honors one day by taking the crowd over the Brooklyn Bridge, where "Seedy" lost his way. Andy and Littell, the boys so wide awake, kept asking Witham questions; but we knew 'twas just a fake.

At the end of that eventful week the town we had to shirk and wend our way towards Worcester Tech and buckle down to work.





## Seven Civils—25 Feet of Water— One Lone Birch



HERE were seven in that famous party which made that still more famous passage of that second Red (mud red) Sea, Dawson's Pond. They were seven men of one mind that noon, to make camp in minimum time. Two courses were, from the nature of things, open for consideration—first, greater speed than had yet been attained on the homeward jaunt, or a shorter route than that usually taken. Now, in view of the fact that the speed towards camp was always regulated by the desire to “make” that much coveted seat at the table the chances for breaking the record seemed remote indeed. So when Stubby volunteered the information that he knew of a short cut across one end of Dawson's Pond he was hailed as the saviour of the situation and appointed Chief Guide immediately.

He made his choice of two possible routes with some hesitation (so he said afterwards), and the happy seven fairly “ate up” that next half mile of woodland path. In front was Stubby filled with the responsibility that was his, never speaking of the doubts which came to his mind as some unfamiliar bits of scenery were passed. Close on his heels trod the others—Bill, Spoffy, Nibs, Whit, Nelse and Frank. Not a thought did they waste on the scenery, they were eating that dinner in anticipation. The heavier wood was replaced by brush and they trod rather insecure sod instead of dried leaves. But that troubled them not a whit; for were they not nearing the pond, and were not their dinners just beyond?

“They've built us a dike, I guess,” said Bill as they “hit” an embankment which was comparatively clear of brush except along its sides. To the seven the dinner was a pretty sure thing at that juncture. Not more than fifty feet of this dike-like fill was traversed, however, when Stubby stopped short, and surprise, disgust, anger and finally (I guess he thought of the dinner) hopelessness succeeded each other on his face. The others hurried up and gazed with equal amazement at a breach in the embankment some twenty-five feet wide, through which the pond flowed three and a half to

four feet deep. They saw those seven empty places at the table with a nicety for details that was appalling.

"I reckon we'll have to hit that other path back there," said Spoffy.

"Let's cut a tree and bridge the place," suggested Whit.

This idea appealed quite strongly and axes were immediately whipped out, and after some little sweating and—and difficulty, a birch was cut. In the middle of the stream an old stump was floating, and the idea was that the birch could be dropped across the stump for greater security. The tree was brought up and dropped very, very carefully across the breach on top of the stump. But that stump was an equation with a number of roots still to be determined, and it slipped out from beneath the offending birch without the least difficulty and let the proposed bridge into the water.

A number of audible prayers were heard, and then Stubby exclaimed, in that angry determined voice he finds at times, "By the Great Horned Spoon (I think that was his expression, though I may be mistaken) "I'm going across if it costs me a soaking."

With a stick in one hand to steady himself he very carefully and slowly made his way across the improvised structure and made a safe landing on the opposite side of the breach. Frank made a like successful transit.

The other five each had an idea of his own and was pretty sure that he could traverse the stream without getting the wet feet that had been Stubby's and Frank's penalty. Whit was the first to put his to the test. He cut a birch pole some ten feet long, with the idea of vaulting across the chasm. There was no place on his shore to get a running start, so it was suggested that he go part way out on the birch and get the desired spring from the elastic properties of the wood. This he tried. Very carefully he walked out, very carefully he placed his pole and then leaped.

That vaulting plan was certainly ingenious; but Whit forgot one thing—a topographical survey of the channel. As he rose the pole sank, and with a splash which would have done credit to Piggy he found himself in midstream with one leg in the air, held there by the birch. The idea that this one dry member should escape the water now seized him and he made frantic efforts to get to shore with this foot in the air and the other on a decidedly muddy channel bottom. The result was inevitable, and he finally succeeded in completely upsetting himself. When he clambered ashore on Stubby's side he was "sure some soaked."

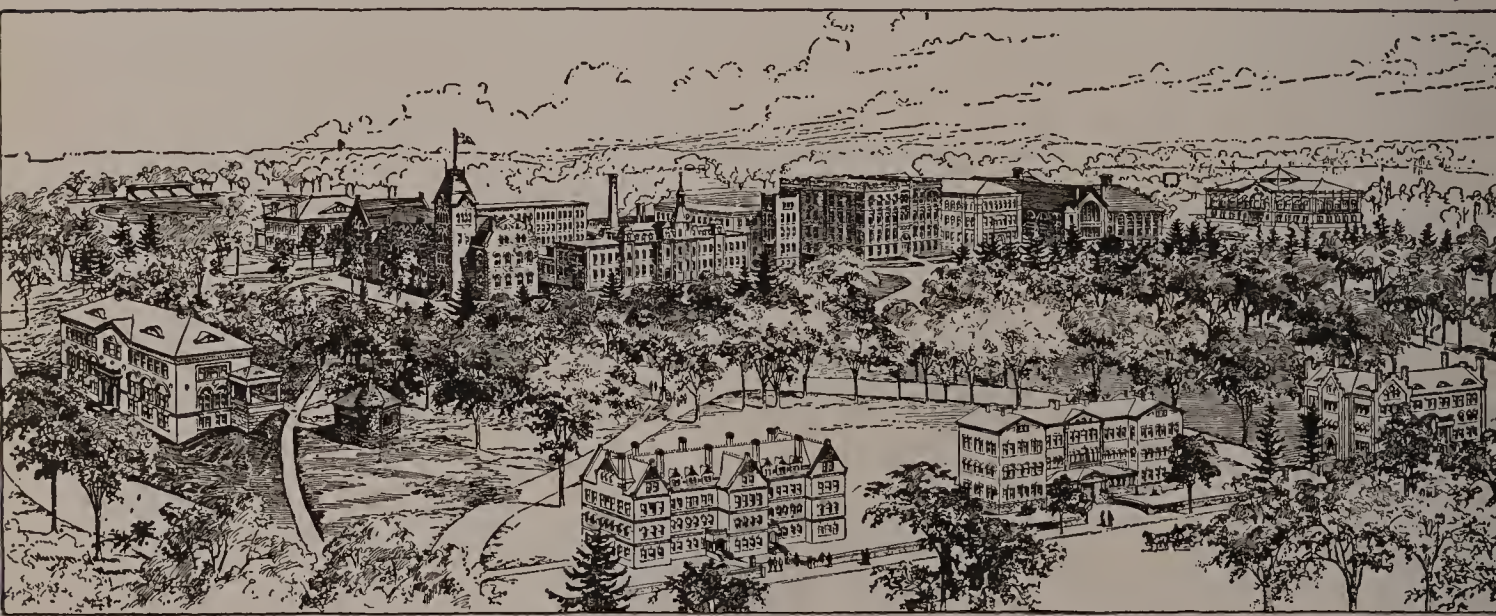
Now, this failure of Whit's plan rather discouraged the other unfortunates. Stubby again volunteered his services. That treacherous stump was still floating out in midstream, and with the greatest sangfroid imaginable Stubby vaulted (with Whit's pole) to the stump and back to shore again. This "looked good" to Nibs, and calling to Stubby to toss him the pole he prepared to make the crossing of the hour. Remembering Whit's misfortune he was careful to get a proper bearing for the pole. Then he jumped.



Nibs swears the stump moved. Anyhow, he landed astride a two by four that was floating near the desired spot of landing and there he sat, too dazed at his condition to even swear for as much as twenty seconds. Then—well, then he waded ashore.

In view of these last two failures the first two partial successes of Stubby and Frank looked wonderfully luminous to Nelse, so he decided to put his fortune to a similar test. But, sad to say, the trunk of the birch was no longer in its original dry condition and Nelse had only managed about one half of that twenty-five feet when his foot slipped and he fell in with so great a splash that the tidal wave therefrom nearly swept Bill and Spoffy from off the bank.

Appalled at this series of catastrophies, each greater than the preceding, these two now chose the inevitable and prepared to strip. They tossed such clothing as could be transported by that method across to their waiting comrades, took the rest of their clothes in one hand and waded in. Not only did they have to guide their feet in a very particular path; but they found that hampered as was one hand with clothing it was well-nigh impossible to keep both shirt tails from the murky waters of the pond. So they let the rear one go, and with this flag of truce floating on the water's surface they slowly wended their way across and made good their landing.



A DREAM!







PHI GAMMA DELTA HOUSE







# Phi Gamma Delta

*Established Nov. 20, 1891*

## Pi Iota Chapter

### Active Members

1912

Eric George Benedict  
George Peleg Dixon  
Arthur Shubert Kloss  
Lyman Marshall Smith  
Frederick Holman Waring  
Ralph Myron Wilder

1913

Anson Clark Burwell  
Eric Thorgny Franzen  
Oscar Stanley Porter  
Frank Herbert Schopfer  
Edgar Francis Tierney

1914

Edmund Burdick Cooper  
Paul Williams Glover  
Ogden Blackfan Hewitt  
Chester Moore Inman  
Ralph Joseph Jencks  
Richard Long Keith  
Harry Morse Sawyer  
Lucien Carpenter Stanley

1915

LeRoy Hussey Brown  
Benjamin Branard D'Ewart  
George Stevens Hollister  
Winfield Scott Jewell, Jr.  
Charles Edward Lyman, Jr.  
Philip Francis Murray  
Robert Henry Russell  
Myron McKee Smith  
Maurice Gaylord Steele

PHI GAMMA DELTA—99 Salisbury Street



SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON HOUSE







# Sigma Alpha Epsilon

*Established March 10, 1894*

## Massachusetts Delta Chapter

### Active Members

1912

Edward Irving Comins  
Wallace Tenney Montague  
Ralph Parker Norton  
Winfield Tuthill Potter  
Herbert Foster Taylor

1914

Mark Samuel Patterson  
Edwin Winsor Reed  
William Henry Warren

1915

1913

James Wallace Armour  
Howard Harwood Chase  
Clifton Cromwell Clough  
Merton Shumway Fogerty  
Alton Hayward Kingman  
John Donald Power  
William Stanley Reid  
Leonard Farnsworth Smith  
Theodore Corsen Wheaton  
Raymond Harvey Wulf

William Augustine Bolger  
William Raymond Brown  
Irving Towne Norton  
Sidney Thaxter Swallow  
William Gardner Very

SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON—Humboldt Avenue





ALPHA TAU OMEGA HOUSE



COPIED BY 18  
BY ALPHA TAU OMEGA FRATERNITY  
ELL CITY N. M. LA





# Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity

*Established November 27, 1906*

## Massachusetts Gamma Sigma Chapter

### Active Members

1912

James William Cunningham  
Archibald Babcock Hossack  
Ernest Smith Jefferies  
William Roberts Turner

1913

Nelson Edward Baxter  
John Nichols Donovan  
Laurence Cooley Myers  
Norris Dunham Pease

1914

Carl Fowler Fritch  
Frank Andrew Gray  
Robert Edward Hancock  
Harrison Warner Hosmer  
Paul Crowell Howes  
Donovan William Ormsbee  
George William Smith, Jr.  
Arthur Capen Torrey  
Raymond Asa Waite  
Carlos Eric Waldo

1915

Earle Edwin Andrews  
Ralph Herbert Crippen  
Philip Lawrence Donovan  
Clifford Nelson Frizzell  
Merton Luther Haselton  
Leander Russell Hathaway  
George Wesley Hayes  
Raymond Bardwell Penniman  
Frederick McClellan Taylor  
Cedric Errol Thurston

ALPHA TAU OMEGA HOUSE—24 Institute Road



THETA CHI HOUSE

1856







# Theta Chi Fraternity

*Established 1909*

## Epsilon Chapter

### Active Members

1912

Edward Earl Bard  
Philip Henry DeLong  
Nelson Emmons Frissell  
Earl Wilfred Gleason  
Ralph Emerson Harrington  
Frederick Victor Hugo  
Edwin Harold Keeler  
Frank Mitford McGowan  
Frank Harold Plaisted  
Walter Eldred Steele  
Leon Herbert Treadwell  
Kenneth Irving Tredwell  
Howard Fogg Wright

1913

John Barnard  
Arthur Allen Burleigh  
Ray Clark Crouch  
Arthur Oscar Engstrom  
Albert Clark Gowing  
Harry Bernard Lindsay  
Joel Willard McGregor  
Ernest Rufus Taylor

1914

William Clinton Blanchard, Jr.  
Winthrop Blackley Brown  
Alfred Edwin Gale  
Harvey Frederick Hillman  
Harold Lionel Kane  
Eustis Russell Karb  
Arthur Lincoln Thurston  
Clayton Roberts Wilcox

1915

Frank Aiken  
George Augustus Barnard  
William Joseph Becker  
Charles Oscar Drayton  
Frank Herbert Little  
William Hall Turnbull

THETA CHI HOUSE—1 Lancaster Terrace



KAPPA XI ALPHA HOUSE







# Kappa Xi Alpha

*Established in 1902 as Theta Chi*

## Active Chapter

1912

Waldo L. Sherman  
Vaughn D. Griffin  
Guy F. Whitney  
Albert L. Littell  
Harold L. Nickerson  
Lewis F. Wheeler  
George I. Gilchrest  
Walter G. Bullard

1914

Rodney E. Lancey  
Herbert V. Sproat  
John M. Bond  
Harold C. Edgerton  
Arthur W. Knowlton  
Philip W. Prouty

1915

1913

Walter E. Spicer  
Harold L. Pierson  
Wesley J. Gilson  
George R. Barker  
Albert L. Brown  
Earl H. Thomas  
John E. Stripp  
Charles O. Snow  
Harold B. Woods  
Gilbert S. Vernam

Stuart A. Craig  
Arthur H. Gerald  
Harrison E. Kent  
Carlton R. Smith  
Raymond W. Wagner  
Donald F. Whiting  
Joseph E. Roy

KAPPA XI ALPHA HOUSE—9 John Street



DELTA TAU HOUSE







# Delta Tau Fraternity

## Active Members

Edmund K. Brown  
Carl G. Carlson  
Bryant F. Chapin  
Ralph K. Dicker  
Elliot E. Gilmore  
Edward T. Jones  
Winthrop B. Jones  
Russell B. Leonard  
Edward W. Norton

Asa P. Nutter  
Edward E. Peirce  
Robert E. S. Pope  
Albert B. R. Prouty  
James C. Ryder  
F. Allen Simmons  
George H. Slocumb  
Emery St. George  
Henry C. Whitlock

DELTA TAU HOUSE—143 Highland Street

# Society of Sigma Xi

*Established May 7, 1908*

## Worcester Chapter

### Active Members

#### FACULTY AND INSTRUCTORS

Charles M. Allen  
William W. Bird  
Frederic Bonnet, Jr.  
Arthur D. Butterfield  
D. F. Calhane  
Levi L. Conant  
Herbert K. Cummings  
A. Wilmer Duff  
Arthur W. Ewell  
Arthur W. French  
David L. Gallup  
William C. Greenough  
George H. Haynes  
Albert W. Hull  
Howard C. Ives  
Walter L. Jennings  
Morton Masius  
Joseph O. Phelon  
Clarence A. Pierce  
Carleton A. Read  
Albert S. Richey  
Francis W. Roys  
Alton L. Smith  
Harold B. Smith  
Ralph E. Spaulding  
Robert C. Sweetser

#### STUDENTS OF THE SENIOR CLASS

John H. Beck  
Eric G. Benedict  
Harry W. Button  
Philip H. DeLong  
Lester H. Greene  
Arthur S. Kloss  
Arthur T. Larned  
Dean J. Locke  
Fred G. Munson  
Edwin F. Poland  
Paul A. Porter  
Clinton D. Smith  
Lawrence L. Steele  
Harland F. Stuart  
John M. Walker

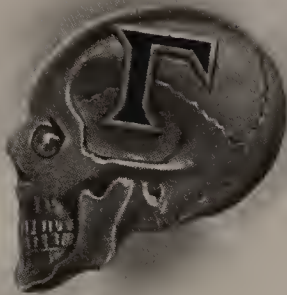
#### RESIDENT ALUMNI MEMBERS (Not Active)

Elmer H. Fish  
Robert H. Goddard  
John C. Harvey  
George F. Martin  
George N. Palser  
John E. Woodbury









# The Skull

*A Senior Society Founded 1911*

1912

George P. Dixon  
Merville G. Halligan  
Ernest S. Jefferies  
Frank H. Plaisted  
Winfield T. Potter

Leon H. Sargent  
Lyman M. Smith  
Walter E. Steele  
Herbert F. Taylor  
Guy F. Whitney

1913

James W. Armour  
John Barnard  
Albert L. Brown  
Arthur C. Burleigh  
Anson C. Burwell  
Frederic S. Carpenter

Clifton C. Clough  
Eric T. Franzen  
Harry B. Lindsay  
Norris D. Pease  
O. Stanley Porter

# Tau Beta Pi Association

*Founded at Lehigh University, 1885*

## Massachusetts Alpha Chapter

*Installed May 14, 1910*

1912

### Members

#### HONORARY

J. O. Phelon, M.M.E.

#### GRADUATE

C. M. Allen, M.S.  
C. D. Knight, E.E.  
A. S. Richey, E.E.

A. D. Butterfield, M.S., A.M.  
F. J. Adams, E.E.  
H. K. Cummings, B.S.

### 1912

Arthur B. Anderson  
John H. Beck  
Harry W. Button  
Edward I. Comins  
Philip H. DeLong  
George I. Gilchrest  
Joseph F. Granger  
Lester H. Greene  
Charles E. Hazelton  
Arthur S. Kloss

Arthur T. Larned  
Dean J. Locke  
Fred G. Munson  
Edwin F. Poland  
Paul A. Porter  
Winfield T. Potter  
Clinton D. Smith  
Charles F. Stearns  
Walter E. Steele  
John M. Walker

### 1913

Charles P. Ball, Jr.  
Roy C. Blanchard  
Peter W. Brouwers  
Albert J. Lorion

John N. Donovan  
Harry B. Lindsay  
Harold B. Woods







POST NO  
BILLS



OH YOU TECH BANQUET

W.H.

## Tech Banquet, 1912



ON THE evening of March 13 some three hundred Techmen might have been found on the top floor of one of Worcester's would-be skyscrapers. The occasion was none other than the annual Tech Banquet, and the place was the State Mutual restaurant.

Shortly after eight o'clock all were seated at the tables, and ready to commence the slaughter. But at this point "Ed" interposed with his "look pleasant, please." And so aided by "Millbury" we had our pictures taken. As soon as enough smoke had drifted away to render the tables visible everyone turned his attention to the good things set before him. For a while after this the waitresses were kept moving at double time, in order to supply the courses fast enough. Between the courses the Senior Civils added to their notoriety by shouting the praises (?) of the different Profs.

As soon as the last course was removed the worshippers of "My Lady Nicotine" produced, not the customary "bag of Bull" and the "papers," but real cigars and cigarettes. At this time Mr. "P" Shedd covered himself with glory by passing the "hat" for the waitresses.

As soon as the "vile weeds" were burning freely Mr. Plaisted, as chairman of the committee, started the real fun of the evening by introducing Doctor Bonnett as toastmaster. This gentleman held down that unenviable position in a very creditable manner. He had a big stock of jokes "up his sleeves" and proceeded to roll up his sleeves during the progress of the evening.

The speaker of the evening was the Hon. Charles G. Washburn, a member of the Board of Trustees. From his first words till he took his seat Mr. Washburn had the attention of every man present, while he spoke on "Tech." One could not fail to see his intense interest in things pertaining to Tech.

Doctor Conant was the next speaker. "Conie" told us of his experience as Acting President, and gave us an insight into his ambitions for Tech in the future. When he had finished speaking most of us realized as never

before what a valuable asset Doctor Conant is to Tech. May he long be with us.

The different classes on the Hill were represented by their presidents. Mr. Norton of the Senior Class brought to our attention the many changes which have taken place on the Hill in the last four years, and showed how 1912 had been associated with them. Mr. Clough of the Junior Class was in a humorous vein and had a host of funny stories. Mr. Kane of the Sophomore Class was very visionary, and was "seeing things." However, there was not a man present who would not want to see Mr. Kane's dream realized. Mr. Andrews of the Freshman Class created quite a sensation. His "Toast to the Man Who is Down" was something which we will not soon forget.

Prof. Pierce kept the crowd in an uproar with a steady stream of funny stories. Before concluding he gave us a "Newcomer's Opinion of Tech" which was highly flattering.

The last but by no means least speaker of the evening was Prof. Haynes. "Jinny" came near causing a panic among some of the good Techmen by announcing as his "text," "Tech is Hell." But after he had finished, a great many of us had changed opinions regarding Hell. "Jinny" taught us, in that inimitable way of his, a great lesson on "Selfishness" without leaving a bad taste in our mouths. His whole talk was in a half serious, half humorous vein, which made it one of the most interesting of the whole evening.

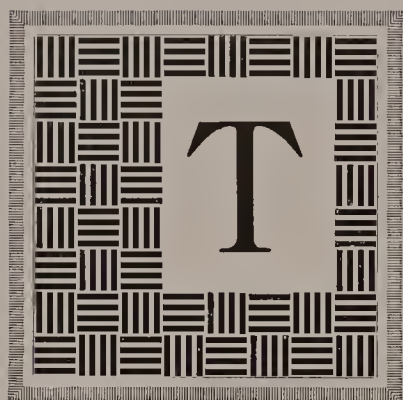
A great deal of praise was given to the musical organizations on the Hill. The Orchestra and Glee Club furnished excellent music throughout the evening.

By the time the last speaker had finished the hands of the clock had crept around to the big hours of the night and very near to the wee small hours of the morning. And so rising to our feet we cheered Tech, its Profs. and its classes, and then groped our way out through the dense clouds of blue smoke. Thus passed into history one of the most successful of Tech Banquets.





## Freshman Banquet



THE word banquet and the State Mutual are synonymous. We will recall often the scenes enacted on the top floor of the State Mutual; for there we held our Freshman and Sophomore banquets, and in our Junior year the Tech banquet convened in that place. When we think of those spreads we picture the long, white covered tables with those five Mollusks of the Genus *Ostrea* neatly arranged at each plate, the frequent sight of which caused a rumbling within the principal organ of digestion, which ceased only when we had slid the bivalves down the shute. Again in the picture we see the several packs of Fatimas, and that fellow over in the corner who is wondering how he can slip four or five packs into his pocket and thus save enough for that dramatic show down at the Franklin. We complete our picture by seeing the spellbinders of the evening standing in various poses and delivering such oratorical eloquence as had never been heard before. But, that which seems most pleasant to us is the spirit which possesses all, a spirit which causes all to leave the banquet hall feeling younger and, of course, wiser.

Our Freshman banquet was calendared for March 2, 1909. In English lecture on that date our president, "Wink" Potter, confided in us and made known the fact that the ceremony was to be carried out that evening at the State Mutual. Think of it. Already we had achieved fame by arranging for a banquet and "not a single Soph knew of it." Why, we would simply have to dress for the evening, inadvertently, as it were, and saunter up to the banquet hall. Did we? Somehow, some Sophs "guessed" that the Freshies were going to indulge in hilarities, and a few of our noble sires were indisposed with their attendance at the scene of festivities. Toastmaster Frank Plaisted had to make a clandestine escape from his abode in order to arrive at the firing line. Yes, we will remember that evening. Our first offence, it is true, but it had enough significance so that it aroused the fighting spirit that has since been manifested at many a Class meeting.

After disposing of Brigham's elaborate dinner we listened to the speeches of our classmates who had been chosen for that cherished part of the programme:

*Toastmaster*, Frank H. Plaisted

W. P. I., '12,  
Football,  
Fair Sex,  
Athletics at Tech,  
Faculty,  
Future,

Winfield T. Potter  
Mervil G. Halligan  
Eric G. Benedict  
Frank B. Kelley  
Lyman M. Smith  
George H. Slocomb

So much for the calculated speeches. Quinn, Foster, Carrington and Tommy Quirk were called upon for their best contributions, and the responses were saturated with philosophy; so much so that the contagion in the atmosphere was caught by the rest of us and it was only by some opportune move on the part of the toastmaster that we managed to adjourn without having our views changed on the subject, "Missions in the Far East."

## Sophomore Banquet

Wiser by almost two years' experience at Tech some of us put on clean collars and shirts, paid a nickel for shoe shine and with a good story hidden for the proper time we, that is, the few who had so vainly bedecked themselves, went to our accustomed banquet hall where we even more spiritedly than the year before indulged in proving that "Tech is Hell." "Jinny" has since proved that "Tech is not Hell," but that was after our Sophomore banquet; before we had acquired the training which now prepares for that \$1500 job in—? But the banquet. The least important part of the affair was the eating, for who had come to eat? What was most important was the talented sentiments expressed by the orators of the evening. Look at this:

*Toastmaster*, George H. Slocomb

Class of 1912,  
Tech Fussing,  
Grinds and Sharks,  
"The Goils,"  
Athletics,  
Joys of Tech Life,  
Hot Air,

Mervil G. Halligan  
Nelson E. Frissell  
Frank W. Clapp  
James W. Cunningham  
Henry J. McKenney  
K. I. Tredwell  
Lyman M. Smith

The most proficient of clairvoyants could not have looked into the future of these tenders of toasts than did our toastmaster. Surely "Dint" has been a strong representative of the Class of 1912, and for "Tech Fussing," well, I guess Nellie holds his own despite the fact that others are

pressing him hard. Clapp. Yes, Clapp. At times he has been called a Shark; at other times a Grind. That accounts for the fact that he spoke on "Grinds and Sharks." "The Goils." If we could only force Jim to tell us what he has learned since that night of the banquet. We know he has learned much, but we are speaking about the girls. Any man who at so early a date as his Sophomore year could show such versatility in the mysteries of womankind certainly by this time—well, what's the use of telling you when all is known about Jimmie. "Mac" and "Athletics;" another strong affiliation. "Joys of Tech Life" as enacted by K. I. Who would have thought of asking K. I. to speak on anything but the joys of life, and who would ever have asked L. M. to speak on anything but—? Enough said.

## Half Way Thru

Tuesday, September 13, 1910

After a period of separation and loneliness, during the wearisome summer months between our Sophomore and Junior years, or, after having gone Half Way Thru, the reunion and feed held at the Quincy House in Boston on Tuesday evening, Sept. 13, 1910, was an event long to be remembered by those present. There is always something in separation and loneliness which fills the human heart with a yearning. This is especially true after a separation from associates of two years at college. So it was with 1912. So picture, gentle reader, our boys from the great woods, as they congregated in the halls and lobbies of the Quincy House in order to once more take on the luxury and elegance of high life, as well as all functions of society and all the duties of gifted and popular leaders of the elite.

At the ringing of the curfew all were in for the feed. "He that hath a mouth to eat, let him eat." So we all began our feed with the advice of the dying Caesar, "Eat, Brute." Here the pen faileth; for the next few minutes a clatter of crockery and a gnashing of teeth, with an occasional greeting beaming out from some excited youth meeting a pal, was all that was to be heard.

After satisfying the desire for delicacies (solid and liquid) the after-dinner speeches proceeded. All phases of Tech life were touched upon by various members of the Class. It was truly refreshing to find such a gem of wit as our toastmaster, "Nemo" Smith. The topic of "Suffragettes" was very eloquently and rhetorically treated by Frank F. Plaisted, and still another phase, "Three Weeks," by "Wink" Potter.

Speeches ran on into time and as a result there was a hasty breaking



up of our jolly banquet in order that the 11.30 train might have the pleasure of transporting the merry ones back to Worcester. Each one, with hat in hand and merry laughter, beat a retreat to the South Station. Never before did we realize that we had with us certain members who could get lost in walking from the Quincy House to the South Station. However, it is the only plausible excuse for "Nemo" and "Tap" to miss the train. Who would dare to offer any other reason?

All aboard, and we were off for Worcester, feeling so happy over our successful banquet that a rough-house in the train was the result.

Toasts:

*Toastmaster, Lyman M. Smith*

Half Way Thru,	Merville G. Halligan
The Powers That Be,	George H. Slocomb
Suffragettes,	Frank F. Plaisted
Three Weeks,	Winfield T. Potter
Soliloquies of Summer Shop,	Walter E. Steele
Athletics at Tech—Past, Present, Future,	Wm. T. Gaul
The Rest of the Way Thru,	George P. Dixon

Committee:

Winfield T. Potter, chairman; William T. Gaul, Lyman M. Smith, George P. Dixon, Alton H. Kingman.





# Tech News Special

[By no means a Green Un]

---

VOL. 1

Published like the other college papers—about once in so often

NO. 1

---

A meeting of the "Student Popular" will be held on Wednesday next with Mother Clarence P. Shedd. Aunty Poland will read a paper on "How to be Happy Though Married," and Brother Stuart an original poem entitled "The Last Time I Was Here." Porter Norton will serve tea.

N. B. Members are requested to bring knitting and embroidery.

The *Tech News* is pleased to announce that at the recent elections of the Y. M. C. A. the following Men were elected to fill vacancies in two of the committees: Mr. "Nemo" Smith was elected to the responsible position of chairman of the Information Bureau Committee, while "Tap" Wilder was chosen for the equally important position of chairman for the Committee on Missionary Work. Both these gentlemen have at various times demonstrated their ability to fill these positions with credit and their many friends are tendering congratulations.

Again it becomes our unpleasant duty to refer to the promptness in paying subscriptions. Many of the fellows are somewhat behindhand and we would urge upon each one the necessity of prompt payment as

the manager of the *Tech News* must meet his (tailor) bills at once.

We understand that Mr. Poland was nabbed by the cop a few evenings ago while on his way to church. We heartily approve of the officer's action, for we believe that the authorities should do everything in their power to prevent the filling of our churches with such an irresponsible class as the students are generally acknowledged to be.

Evil-minded persons have been ready to suggest that Worcester officers make such arrests solely for the sake of notoriety, and have gone further and cast slurs upon the classic beauty of our policemen. This is a calumny and deserves to be so treated.

Attention: Rehearsals for the second Tech Show will begin at once. This will be open to competition from the members of all fraternities. Positively no favoritism. This opens an excellent field for genuine dramatic ability, and it is hoped that many will attend rehearsals and try to make the cast.

Professor Read said in class that he did not believe in "MOCHA AND JAVA" as far as the students were concerned.

## TECH NEWS SPECIAL

---

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

---

“ Nibs ” Taylor.—We believe you are right; a quartette should consist of one soloist to render the effective parts, with three others to sing loud on the high and difficult notes.

“ Chuck ” Hazelton.—Yes, if you love the girl.

“ Wink ” Potter.—No, we do not think modesty is hereditary, you will outgrow it.

Button.—If your popularity with the ladies bores you, you might introduce them to Brown. If that fails we fear you will have to grow warts on yourself or take to a diet of onions.

A Phew Pharazes.—“ Screwed.”  
“ How many did you get?” “ By Johnny-Horse.” “ Some Kid.”  
“ Got a match?” “ Mother Day’s.”  
“ White City.” “ Franklin Square.”

---

### WANTED

---

Eight days in the week in which to go to the Burlesque.—NEMO.

---

A position of importance.—BENEDICT.

---

The other missing link.—BROWN.

---

A position as grocery clerk; vast experience gained last summer.—C. P. NORTON.

---

“ Connie ” to become the permanent “ PRESIDENT ” of W. P. I.—CLASS OF 1912.

---

---

### FOR SALE

---

My mortgage on the \$75 prize—FRISSELL.

---

---

### LOST

---

My good name.—RICHARDSON.

---

My desire to work.—GRANGER.

---

My respect for H. F. Taylor.—REDDY.

---

My gift for “ GAB.”—PLAISTED.

---

My authority.—HOSSACK.

---

---

### FOUND

---

A new way to extract money from the Alumni.—PROF. BUTTERFIELD.

---

---

### RECENT PUBLICATIONS

---

“ Wild Animals I Have Known.”  
—H. AUGUSTUS FUNCK.

---

“ If I Were King.”—BENEDICT.

---

---

### BOOK REVIEWS

(Abstracts)

“ Water Proofing is ah-ah-ah-etc.”  
This is a marvelous piece of Scientific Literature and with one exception is comprehensive and complete. In the department devoted to modern definitions no mention is made of the long-lost definition of Water Proofing.

## Five Hundred Thousand Dollars



AT LAST the Powers that Be in the old Bay State have unloosed the official purse strings, have awakened to the latent possibilities of technical schools for developing valuable citizens and have smiled on one of the finest of these institutions. In other words and avoiding further unintelligible, unpronounceable circumlocution the Legislature of Massachusetts has just voted to award annually to the Worcester Polytechnic Institute located in the city of Worcester the fabulous sum of \$50,000 per annum. We all sat down and gasped when the good news came trickling over the wires. Half of us pinched ourselves to be sure we weren't somnambulating, and the other half were so sure they were asleep that they refused to pinch for fear that they would awake.

It wasn't just a matter of the good men smiling sweetly and handing us a certified check for the amount. It was a good hard fight from the beginning, and brought out the sterling characters of our Alumni and supporters. In our hilarity over the successful passage of the measure we mustn't lose sight of the fact that more than one man spent sleepless nights going over arguments in favor of the old school. This was the way it started: Hon. Charles G. Washburn, president of the corporation and a descendant of one of those sturdy men who years ago made the Institute possible, has always been one of Tech's most active Alumni and has always had his eyes open for every possible chance of helping his old Alma Mater. Having held responsible legislative positions in the State he has had a good idea about the support given educational institutions by the State. A long time ago he became convinced that Worcester Tech was getting only a very meagre portion of the world's goods from that august Commonwealth. On Jan. 25, 1912, having decided to make an attempt to get a larger portion, he appeared before the Committee on Education, of the Legislature, and proceeded to give that body some of his ideas on the subject. In an able and convincing address he summed up the situation and made a petition for the increase of the annual appropriation from \$15,000 to \$50,000. In his speech he outlined the history and financial standing of the Institute, made comparisons with the appropriations made by the State to other like insti-



tutions, and then proceeded to boom Tech and her graduates as she was never boomed before.

The arguments presented made an excellent impression upon the legislators for they immediately sent a goodly delegation to the school to investigate the conditions. They were cordially received and went away with a much heightened idea of our standing. Then came days and days of debating. Those in the opposition wanted to make us raise an equal amount, namely, \$500,000. Our friends fought this down to \$350,000, and that was the way the final bill went through both houses. In the afternoon of the thirtieth of April the Governor signed the bill, and the good news came to Worcester. The substance of the measure is that we are to receive the sum of \$50,000 annually for ten years on conditions that at the end of five years the trustees of the Institute shall have raised the sum of \$350,000. That sum looks like a big load, and one that will be a terror to the trustees, but as Doctor Conant says, "They've just got to raise it."

When the men heard about the signing of the bill something had to give way. Professor Bird was the first one to pass the word around. Assisted by Mr. Roys he got word to the fraternity and boarding houses that there would be a big time that evening. There surely was a big time. About eight o'clock a crowd assembled on Alumni Field and started a miniature bonfire. Believing that there were not enough of the student body present to control such a blaze some arduous youth rang in an alarm of fire. This brought out the required numbers and also the quenchers who did their duty. As soon as they had dispersed after said duty the students, under the leadership of prominent members of the Faculty, pulled down the old barn on the Field and sacrificed it upon the altar of appreciation. It made a blaze worthy of so great an event and warmed the hearts of all present. Following the fire the crowd got a lot of torches and started to parade the streets. They went from the home of one professor to another, starting with President Conant's. At each of them they were greeted with an enthusiastic speech which brought forth volleys of applause.

Altogether it was a great night in the history of the Institute. Realizing what the new bill means to us and to those who follow we believe that Tech is now in a position to compete with any other American school in prominence, efficiency and adaptability to the needs of the engineering world. We feel an increased reverence for the wise, far-seeing State in which this Institute claims birth and residence.

GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.



## A Little Tale



“ALL ABOARD!” Young 1912 springs up the steps of the train leaving his mother on the platform. She follows him with her eyes, that is, as well as she can, for the watery curtain in front of them. And somehow the kid can’t see his mother so well as he could a few hours ago, when everybody was packing up his things and happily joking him about his future. He falls into his seat, his eyes are turned straight in front of him, his derby is nattily askew. Quite cosmopolitan! Only as the wheels begin to grind he finds an uncontrollable desire to attend to that sudden cold, and immediately buries himself in a newspaper.

“Tickets, please!” “Bananas, apples, oranges!” “Next station, Worcester!” These phrases are the only ones that force his attention to outside matters. For the rest he is buried in thought. Solus: “I wonder if there’ll be Sophomores near my room. Perhaps I’ll forget to get up at seven to-morrow. I bet those books’ll cost more than twenty dollars.”

Somewhat later the inner man fortified by “ham and,” he strides confidently up to a three-decker and after an intensive study, deciding that bells are made to ring and speaking tubes to speak into, he crosses the Rubicon and addresses his future landlady with winning politeness: “Yes ma’am, I’m going to Tech-uh-, that is, I’m going to go—well, I think I am. An’ I’d like to look at your rooms. Oh! this is fine! No, I don’t mind pianos, and I don’t smoke. Yes, I’ll take it now—if my references are all right for you. What, you don’t need them? All right, I guess I’ll go up and look at Tech!” He leaves with a pleased look on his face—he thinks *that* must have been his reference—his mother always said so.

This inspiring picture of goodness and innocence should make a Senior hark back to the old days. But he won’t think of former virtues. Comparison, a little, but contrast most of all, comes into play.

If there is an accelerator more efficient than any other it is Tech. Can you realize that nearly four years ago we came here. It has been one

rush of quarter- quarter- quarter- lap; eight of these, if you stop to figure, perhaps three or four if you look back to the seventeenth of September, 1908, when first we gathered in the old chapel.

The only way in which you can measure the time is by the changes that have been wrought, and when you come to consider them you begin to figure again—is it possible that eight terms could include so many transformations? It is true that some have remained just as they came. Al Humphrey is the same easy-going good fellow that he was then. Ted—but that's too long a story. Yes, changes in men, changes in courses, most of all changes in the school itself have marked deeply the story of the class. Can one picture now the cherubic Ralphie Spofford of that September as the modern Imperial-consuming dictator of 36 Boynton? How about Jim Cunningham and "Nellie" Frissell? On our arrival could the most imaginative have conjured up the Senior Chemists smoking on the hillside under the pretense of learning to run a transit? Could one foresee in the final gift to the Institute of Alumni Field an augury of Butterfield's ten-thousand-a-month campaign?

If a fair day can prophesy a fair journey 1912 should have set up on her birthday a little tin figure of the God of the West Wind. For a fair morning it was that greeted the reckless ones who rose early to tear down posters. Not but what everyone was over for breakfast that day! Being fresh from the farm we had not yet discovered what a crime and intrusion on our beaty sleep an eight o'clock could be. (Which is another evidence of change.)

At three-thirty we climbed to the chapel. Prexy amused himself for an interminable half hour by a repetition of the ritual for young men about to enter the ministry. Then a curly-headed assistant to the Great High Mogul handed out small slips and advised us to sign them with "commendable regularity."

Out to the stairs we trooped. But you couldn't just say we trooped *down* them. We found some sixty or seventy Sophs all firmly convinced that it was fitting and essential that just one hundred and fifty-three Freshmen should purchase queer caricatures of caps. By sundry methods they persuaded certain of us to part with four bits, and promptly misfitted a button to our heads. That button raised rebellion and riotous thoughts in the part it was supposed to cover. Half of us refused to don it. The other half wore it with comments unprintable. But to whichever half we belonged there can be no question of the benefits. It gave us a chance to recognize friend from foe.

Anon came our first encounter with the hero of the victory over the Beetle-browed Villain. (That villain story is worn threadbare, but the History wouldn't be complete if it were left out.) We *did* scribble that Tuesday. Every precious word of those repeated phrases was set down on block paper—to be recopied, of course!





CLASS OF 1912, FRESHMAN YEAR

After defining Fortnightlies and Weeklies and telling us how Tech beat Brown in '98 the lecturer introduced "Cag" Pease, then Junior President. And it is part of this story to say that in our four years the man who has probably loomed biggest upon our vision has been the man who came to form our class that day. The officers elected were:

*President, Blanchard*  
*Vice-president, Potter*  
*Secretary and Treasurer, Benedict*

The duly elected President took the chair and the first action was to call upon the Class to come en masse to the social at the Pleasant Street Baptist Church that evening. Not that anyone ever accused Dick Blanchard of "havin' religion," but custom had it that that social should signal the first Class rush.

The scene at the church after the festivities of the evening was an odd one. Remember thirty odd girls helping ambitious Freshmen to tear up broken chairs in the cellar? Remember their disappointment when the Sophs sent in word that sticks were tabooed? And do you remember the unkind gentleman who assumed that if sticks were forbidden we would at least be safe from unsavory missiles? The column formed in the church vestibule and plugged steadily down the steps and up Pleasant Street to West through the mob that had waited for it. At West Street the Sophs stopped their attempts to cut out men and challenged us to a rush on the Common. It is merely incidental to remark that Ellis of the Class of '09 announced '12 the winner. Our first flush of pride in victory was forgotten in what followed. In the first rush a man was laid aside on the grass. What was thought to be merely a loss of consciousness turned out to be a mortal injury. Let that night be remembered only with sorrow.

George Orr of Harvard coached the football team that year, and he found in the youngest class material that stiffened the team to no little extent. Clough, Power, Gleason, Halligan and Blanchard were his chief "finds," with Curly, Cleveland and White helping to keep things lively. One of the great things to which 1912 can lay claim has been a vast improvement in athletics since our arrival at the Institute. Not that the God of Things as They Ought to Be has always been on deck with a P. I. record on his phonograph and a Tech banner in either hand, but the percentage of victories since our advent has certainly increased, an increment often easily traceable to '12 men.

One of these victories came that fall when Trinity came down 4 to 0. A jubilant crowd met the 8.32 at the station and, swelled by contingents from Poli's and other places, marched to Prexy's house. We tunelessly referred everybody in Tech to the bottomless pit—at least everybody worth consigning—and then waited for Prexy.



When he came he didn't know what to say, so a bright mind called out, "Tell us how good we are!" But that was not in his line. It was forest fires in Maine this time—and we had just heard about that Paris mob.

At the Y. M. C. A. Freshman reception that year Orr, and Taylor of the City Branch spoke, and Goodwin, '11, did some banjo work.

In the cross-countries 1910 won, as they did every time they entered. The scores ran:

1910,	277	1912,	210	1911,	143
-------	-----	-------	-----	-------	-----

Slocomb did some fine work for us, easily getting first, with Hawkins and Griffin as his chief helpers.

Later in the first half we had our first real opportunity to see many of the Profs together, when the Ladies of the Faculty, led by Mrs. Engler, Mrs. Kinnicutt and Mrs. Jennings, entertained us for an evening in the library of Boynton Hall.

On the twelfth of January the Class adopted the resolutions of 1910 and 1911 abolishing rushes, and providing for other forms of interclass contests.

Freshman year—midyears! We trembled at the word; except for a few who had no exams, and those other spirits to whom, even so early in the course, had come the blase, devil-may-care attitude. And yet why we should have given that slight festivity more than a passing thought is difficult to see. Why, after it was all over, there were only six dead ones, and the wounded didn't have to hire wheel chairs. And so we attacked the second half, lacking one hundred and fifty by three.

Tech Night, the twenty-first that year, came on a convenient evening for the Class of 1912. That afternoon at the Oval the class football team had trodden under cleat and knee the valiant warriors of 1911. Whitney, Power, White, Sherman, Engstrom, Gleason, Poole, Halligan, Cleveland, Curley and Blanchard had rollicked around that field to the tune of 17 to 0. That was a grand day for the Class. We had beaten the oppressor in the cross-countries. Now on the field also we found them an amusing play-thing. So we cheered and laughed, and went to Poli's in the evening with the spirit of the man who invented the place and whose middle name was Lord.

Those were the days of Ted Coy's leadership at Yale, so we elected our fullback to the position of athletic director—that was Dick Blanchard.

In that year '12 contributed to the men of the varsity Power, Clough Halligan and Blanchard.

In the school cross-country team we were represented by Slocomb and Griffin, and in basketball the varsity took Blanchard.

The election that half placed "Wink" Potter at the head of the Class, with Slocomb for vice-president, and Benedict again in office as secretary and treasurer.

In indoor track Slocomb was taking to the relay team more proof of the athletic prowess of 1912, and down at the dingy, narrow court of the Boys' Club K. I. Tredwell, Halligan, L. L. Steele, Beck and Mungall were doing good work at basketball.

In the Class meeting of December 1 it was voted "that the President appoint a committee of three to make arrangements for a Class banquet to be held outside of Worcester sometime before the Christmas holidays." It is unfortunate that these records do not give the name of the originator of that motion, for verily he was one venturesome person—to go outside of Worcester. "Why," said the moralists, "that would be like going out into the rain!" So the moralists filibustered and succeeded in pushing the banquet on till March. By that time it was decided to hold it on ground which was guaranteed high and dry, so Dixon, Halligan and Slocomb chartered the big room of Captain Brigham's establishment. On March 2, with due secrecy and preliminary manipulation of boarding-house grub (for the benefit of the Sophomores), the Class easily made the top floor of the State Mutual. At the head table Frank Plaisted presided, calling on the men for the following subjects:

The Class,	Potter	Athletics,	Kelley
Football,	Halligan	Faculty,	L. M. Smith
The Fair Sex,	Benedict	The Future,	Slocomb

Moffatt, Quinn, Foster and Carrington spoke informally. Many were the extras on the programme. None of us will ever forget how "Salome" Quirk stood on his head in a flagon of malt. At least it is a fond recollection that the dear boy emerged from his rookery under the balcony in no dry condition.

Soon after our own first banquet came the first Tech banquet of our course; on the night of March 25, it was, and at the Worcester Automobile Club. Professor Coombs held forth as toastmaster and Potter spoke for 1912.

At the Class meet in April Power smashed the Tech record for the hammer by eight feet, and Dodge, Halligan and Slocomb rolled up points for '12. We did not stand so high here as in football, but the results were such as to gladden Coach O'Connor's heart, for the men who did win points all showed signs of speed which later has broken more than one Tech record. The points stood:

1909,	6	1911,	36
1910,	43	1912,	32

In baseball Cleveland made the varsity, and on May 27, on a field of mud and in an extremely moist atmosphere, we trembled before the Sophs 13 to 6. The Feature of the day was Otso Foster's pitching. It may not have been the finest baseball, but then—Otso was some boy, and his Southern drawl made us forget that at last 1911 had found one place where they could beat us out.





CLASS OF 1912, SOPHOMORE YEAR

## Sophomore Year

With much certainty that the incoming class at least should have ample supervision in their *first* scenes of college life one hundred and twenty-one survivors strutted back to Tech in the fall of '09. Had we not more precedent to back us now than had any other class! When we arrived only one class before us had been expected to carry a queer little red button on the back of its head as a sign of immaturity and an expression of desire to be properly instructed. But now that we had undergone the process, now that the weight of our example had been added to the slim authority given when 1910 inaugurated the custom, that custom had become of the deepest value. Any idea to the contrary was absolutely absurd!

So we proceeded to convince reluctant Freshmen that caps were to be worn. And, be it said, the caps provided were far too good for the scrawny mortals supposed to wear them! We held indignation meetings at the corners of buildings when Prexy sent John out to tear down the emblems of our Lordship. And when some verdant Freshie questioned whether he would have to wear the cap if they beat us in football, why we laughed and repeated the words of those posters:

“ You pusillanimous, insignificant, unheard-of child of 1913, remember to respect, honor and obey your superiors, the great and glorious Class of

1912.”

And continued: “ Why you queer, odd-looking, crook-necked, talon-fingered, fork-heaver, toddle back to the farm and stow hay! You don't stand any more chance of beating us in football than an ice cream Esquimo would of beating an asbestos South Sea cannibal in a wrestling match in the underworld, with the Devil for a referee! ”

One of the first things that greeted us when we came back was the organization of the *Tech News* by the class above us. The *News* has had a short life on the Hill—it only lasted till the middle of our Senior year, but it filled a great need in Techman's life—here's hoping it will start again, and for good.

In the same year Furber and Walker were taken for the Literary and Business needs of the *Journal*, the oldest publication on the Hill.

Potter was re-elected Class President, with Waring as Vice-president and Steele as Secretary and Treasurer. Potter appointed for the enforcement of the Freshman rules a committee consisting of: Chairman, “ Rev.”



John Quinn; L. M. Smith, Carrington, Kloss, Walker, Frissell, "Sammy" Stearns. The Class records show no reports of that committee, but then 1913 never was *over* obstreperous.

At the seventh Class meeting of the term, held on October 13, the Class voted to challenge the Freshmen to a rope pull, the contest to be managed and judged by the upper classmen. Five days later, after English lecture, Yu Shu Chin of 1911 reported from the upper classmen the conditions for the pull. The Class decided on forty men to a team, set the date for Friday, October 22, at five p.m., and elected Jack Power captain and anchorman.

When the twenty-second came the toss-up gave us the south side of the pond, and the teams took their places accordingly. It was the first affair of the kind at the school, but things went smoothly when all was considered. The difficulty lay then, as it has since, in the choice of positions for the contesting teams. Institute Pond does not offer any position where a rope can be readily stretched over water of safe depth and where the land is evenly sloped on each side. That year our team was clearly at a disadvantage, to begin with. It had a position where a V-shaped grade made part of the ground impossible, and the last twenty men were forced to pull up a steep slope. The Freshmen, on the other hand, had a drop on their side, pulling down an easy incline. About thirteen minutes after the starting gun our first man entered the water, and the Freshmen were able to pull the rest through the pond.

In the cross-countries the scores stood:

1913,	369
1912,	200
1911,	58

Slocomb and Cunningham won most of our points.

Panin, Tredwell, Wyman, DeLong and Trumbull represented us in the Glee Club and Panin led the band.

Tech Night was again arranged for the eve of the Class football game. In the afternoon Power, Dodge, Cleveland, Frissell and Sherman helped roll up a 20 to 0 score. Cleveland played quarter in place of "Dint" Halligan, who had been hurt in the Holy Cross game, and old "Stuke's" worries over signals were not the least interesting part of the performance. Some of his comments even reached the grandstand—but they were not meant to.

That Tech Night at Poli's was far from a success in some aspects. So far, as a jubilant expression of Tech spirit went it could not have been surpassed. But the character of the performance, the spirit shown by the management tended to spoil a complete enthusiasm. However, it is fortunate that it was so, for in a Class meeting on December 1, 1909, the President of our Class was given power "to appoint a committee to investigate

the question of a play for next year, and to report to the Class, said play to be written by some Tech student or selected from some other source." That was the origin of the Dramatic Association, of which more will be recorded later.

Just before Christmas L. H. Treadwell and R. G. Gold, '10, brought out the first annual Y. M. C. A. calendar, well arranged, and the original for what has since become a regular feature in Techman's Christmas shopping.

The officers for the second half of the Sophomore year were Halligan, Waring and Walter Steele.

At basketball the Freshmen beat our team 35 to 34 after an overtime period. The game was a bitter one all through, the lead seeing-sawing from side to side till the tie at the final whistle. Kloss captained for '12, and was ably assisted by L. L. Steele, Halligan, Treadwell, Beck and Walker.

It was in this same year that Kloss starred on the varsity, playing against Trinity and Maine an even more sensational game than his brilliant mate, Fitzpatrick. But in spite of the ability of the individual players the facilities to practice were so poor that it was difficult to produce a winning team. There was much bitter feeling and a noticeable political movement, but finally basketball was dropped from the list of Institute athletics.

At the Tech banquet on March 7 Professor French sat in the Big Chair. Prexy's response to the call of Jinny's double was one of those never-to-be-forgotten affairs.

After sundry remarks the venerable head of the Institute decided to surprise us—to give us something out of his ordinary repertoire—so he sang, and the song was "Old Dog Tray." It is reported that "Scotchy" cocked his lungs and "da-da-da"-ed as artistically as in his classic lecture on "Sound," forthwith pronouncing the tones correct and the timbre excellent. But then, all the world knows that "Scotchy" is a patron of the Muse. There was a lecture once—but that's another story! None of us will ever forget Prexy's solo—it will always be handed down as a proof that he *was* versatile.

At the Sophomore banquet George Slocomb was the main squeeze, ably aided by Perex Clapp and others.

Captain Brigham is recorded as responsible for the statement that his small banquet hall had been at no time so completely blocked as on that February fifteenth. After the atmosphere had been given time to cool it was found necessary to clear out a deposit fourteen feet thick composed of settled smoke and solidified dope. The process held up operations for three days, and necessitated the importation of ice cutters from Hinsdale and other backwoods towns.

The speakers were:

Class of 1912,	M. G. Halligan
Tech Fussing,	N. E. Frissell
Grinds and Sharks,	F. W. Clapp
Athletics,	H. J. McKenney
Joys of Tech Life,	K. I. Tredwell
"The Goils,"	J. W. Cunningham
Hot Air,	L. M. Smith

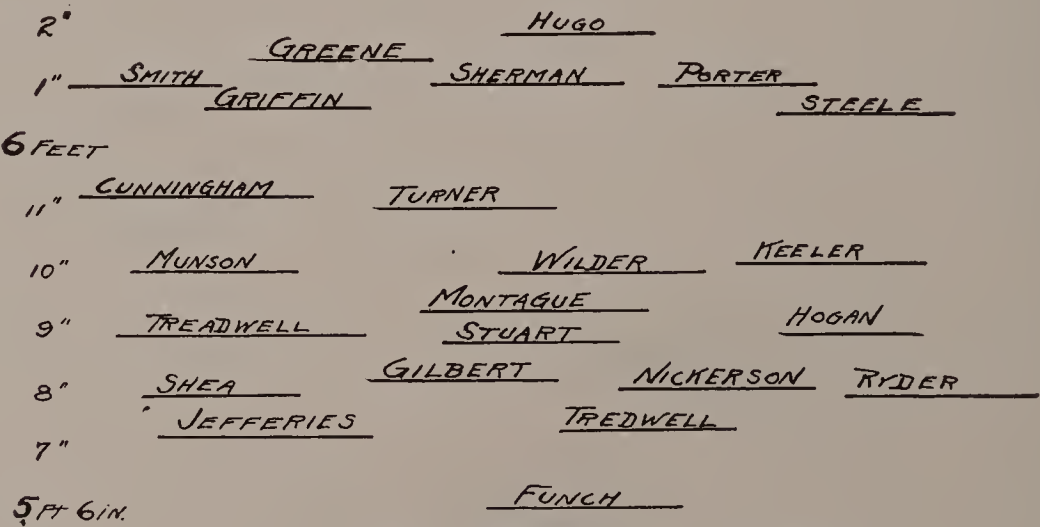
Committee: F. H. Plaisted, W. T. Potter, F. H. Waring, H. F. Taylor, and C. R. Hall.

During the spring Halligan headed the relay team, Plaisted was chosen Assistant Manager of the baseball team, and various members of the Class helped push the star of 1912 toward its proper position (the zenith, of course).

In track Power, Slocomb and Halligan developed such point-getting capacity that we applied for readmission to the intercollegiates. When the team went to Springfield "Clif" Clough was the only successful man, and 1912 can claim some of his glory.

H. M. McKenney starred as usual in baseball with the varsity. In the Class game we wiped out our basketball defeat by a 4 to 3 victory—giving us a fair claim to supremacy over the upstart '13.

ELEVATIONS.



1912  
MECHANICS

## Junior Year

Just short of two-thirds of our original number, one hundred and one men strong, we registered for the Junior year. Everyone naturally looks forward to his third year in college as *The Year*. At Tech there is little reason why it should be so. Socially—but what’s the use? Practically—it’s no different! The greasers have no reason to worry—they never have to work anyway. The open-air artists from Boynton Hall still have Framed Structures to anticipate, and a few of Prof’s other little jokes to look forward to when Junior year is deceased and interred. The wire-twisters have an especially virulent P. Lab and a few other troubles all their own. The Gods of the Kipp Apparatus loaf around during the first half and cuss the second half that is coming to them. The second half they violently anathemate Tech and all connected with it, but vent their hatred cheerfully against the man who originated Physical Chem., and everyone who has since contributed to it, from the Calculus sharks down to the linotype man who set up Punk’s Book.

Nevertheless, the hundred odd toddled back to Tech, and, by way of celebration, donated more or less cash to Georgie Dixon for the privilege of riding from Boston to Worcester on an early morning car. The point may have been “Half-way Through,” chronologically speaking, but as has been remarked before, “Time’s a liar.”

In Boston some didn’t get through at all, others got the exact proportionality indicated on the menu, and another class made up for the first bunch indicated and went all the way. To cut a long story short after we had returned, and everyone had had opportunity to become happy again, the Class elected Halligan, Gleason and W. E. Steele, officers, and prepared to enjoy “*The Year*” as indicated.

In cross-countries Slocomb and Cunningham did good work, but their support was poor, and two men can’t make a team. The scores were:

1912,	108
1913,	371
1914,	150

On the *Tech News* Tredwell and P-Plane chewed up what happenings were worth recording (and much that was not), and handed out the product to a long-suffering patronage.





CLASS OF 1912, JUNIOR YEAR

In football Sherman, Frissell, Halligan, Power and Whitney represented us.

At a Class meeting in January the *Aftermath* Board was enlarged to include Jefferies, E. R. Taylor, Kloss, Comins, Halligan, L. M. Smith and Whitney.

The matter of the Junior Prom was carefully discussed and ballots taken in the various divisions. In view of the returns from the voters and records of failure of similar attempts made by other classes it was decided not to try the experiment. It could not have been a really general affair, and would probably have incurred a heavy Class debt.

The officers for the second half were W. E. Steele, Whitney and DeLong.

At the Tech banquet on March 16 Professor Haynes was toastmaster, and Steele spoke for '12.

On April 28 the Dramatic Association presented "Eldern's Uncle," a play written by King, '12, and the result of our Class activity in hunting for a truly "*Tech* Night." Early in December the play committee of the Class had decided to accept King's play, and had chosen a cast to start rehearsals. It was found that without an outside coach little progress would be possible, so C. C. Gray was engaged to manage the stage end of the production. Real "try-outs" were held in January, a permanent cast selected, and rehearsals held regularly till the night of the performance.

The play was judged good, and a crowded house put the actors at ease by an enthusiastic support from the rising of the first curtain. The management was wholly Junior, and comprised F. H. Plaisted, E. R. Taylor, G. F. Whitney and M. G. Halligan. The '12 men on the cast were: Bullard, Riordan, E. R. Taylor, Walker, Wheeler, Jefferies, Whitney and Kingman. Much of the action of the play itself was due to the recasting of the weaker parts of the original by Coach Gray.

The financial success of the venture proved rather unusual for a "Tech" affair. It had originated in the Class of 1912, and its completion was due almost wholly to our men. Those directly connected worked, during the preparation and after the presentation, for a form of organization which would insure permanency and tend to consistent production of good work. Certain members of the Class felt that, as a Junior function, the profits should be directed to filling the gaping hole in the Class coffers, but more careful judgment was voiced by a committee to look up the organization of similar bodies in other schools. The result has been a soundly formed association which should make the "Tech Show" an annual affair, surpassed by none in importance to the school.

At the spring election of the *Tech News* Association DeLong, W. E. Steele, Porter, Bullard, C. D. Smith, K. I. Tredwell and Nickerson were chosen to head the various departments for the season of 1911-1912.

McKenney and Norton made good with the varsity nine.



At the Class games Power raised the hammer record to one hundred and twenty-five feet and seven inches. H. F. Taylor and Gleason also made points for the Class. The scores were:

1911,	3
1912,	36
1913,	65
1914,	22

At the Tech-Brown-Trinity meet H. F. surprised himself and everyone else by forcing the star jumpers from the other schools to share first with him in the high at the Tech record, five feet seven and one-half inches.

And so passed the Junior year with no great social whirl, but distinguished chiefly from the two preceding years by the ending of lower class contests. However, during the year was accomplished what was probably our greatest contribution to the school, a contribution for which we will longest hold claim to fame—the foundation of the W. P. I. Dramatic Association.





CLASS OF 1912, SENIOR YEAR





1912 MECHANICS

## Senior Year

At the beginning of Senior year our Class registered just seventy-nine. Of these fourteen were contributed by classes above, leaving of the original one hundred and fifty-three only sixty-five survivors, about  $42\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. The number ought to be increased to sixty-six—if we are allowed to reckon in a certain addition—at present writing it should be sixty-seven, for there's a 1912 Junior now.

The officers for the year were: H. F. Taylor, Frissell, Whitney and "Stubby" Nevens.

In football Halligan, Kloss and Frissell made the varsity.

The fall and winter saw a protracted contest over the "*Aftermath* or no *Aftermath*" question. The committee got out pledges for the assessments, and as many of these were late in settlement the advisability of publishing a book was seriously considered. It was shown that the book could be put through safely and late in the year the final work of preparation was completed.

Early in the year the Senior Society known as "Skull" was founded by 1912 men, to unite men of unusual distinction and popularity.

Professor Butterfield asked the support of the Class for the Gymnasium

Endowment Fund, and after much discussion it was decided to have the men pledge individually a sum equal to twelve dollars a year from the time of their graduation till the time set for the completion of the Alumni scheme in 1915.

At a Class meeting on January 15 Professor Coombs floated into the meeting room on a breeze from East Hill. Zelotes feels keenly our need for more social life, so he proposed as a solution an acquaintance with the Normalites. Thirty odd Seniors, supported by sundry callow under classmen, and some







1912 CIVILS



1912 CHEMISTS





1912 ELECTRICS

sub-instructors, followed the Professor to the Normal School, retailed various and sundry anecdotes, and scattered to the extreme limits of Worcester's seven hills, returning with promptly forgotten telephone numbers on the back of their dance orders.

Mid-years cost us four more men, and, with two who had gone in the fall there remained but fifty-nine of our first Freshman Class, a grand total to start the last lap, of 39 per cent.

The elections for the permanent officers of the Class were hotly contested. A committee was appointed to receive nominations. From the names they selected the officers elected were:

*President, C. P. Norton*

*Vice-president, E. G. Benedict*

*Sergeant-at-arms, C. L. Nevens*

*Secretary, J. M. Walker*

*Treasurer, L. H. Treadwell*

The last half-year of our course has been chiefly filled with preparation for graduation, picture arrangements, discussion over Commencement, even down to that Baccalaureate Sermon.

And so our four years at Tech have passed. We have made no little contribution to athletics. Our men have made their value felt in many other forms of activity. We have given to the school the real "Tech Show." In other ways we have been just like other classes, the average number of sharks, grinds, even down to the same mathematical percentage of those who could not or would not last. We have cheered for the Profs or cussed them, as time or merits of the case demanded. We have loved and hated old Tech by turns. But, as the last days go by, we come to the feeling that "No more Tech" doesn't go quite as well as we thought it would when four years ago we looked up and envied the



## *Happy Married Life*

men who were finishing their theses. The years have gone more quickly than one would believe. We have made friendships that are going to last. And most of all we have become a part of Tech. All hail, Tech 1912!

# The Scientists

In the dim far-distant ages,  
    When the wants of man were few,  
They were satisfied by Nature,  
    And the man had naught to do.  
But a higher man developed  
    From this leech upon the Earth;  
He observed and went to planting,  
    And began to show his worth.

This same gift of observation,  
    Handed down throughout the race,  
Is the backbone of invention  
    Which marks Advancement's pace.  
And the men who, through the ages,  
    Setting thoughts of self aside,  
Have thought and toiled and argued,  
    Have become their Maker's pride.

They're the ones who've built the world up,  
    They're the ones who've done the work;  
Though they've failed to win the money—  
    These the ones who never shirk.  
They're the highest type of manhood  
    Who work for the world at large;  
And if the Lord takes a vacation,  
    You may guess they'll be in charge.

The scientists, who with patience,  
    Try the things the rest have tried,  
Not merely to prove old theories,  
    But to see if the facts have lied:  
To try new interpretations  
    Of the work that was done of old,  
And they do these things for the people  
    And not for the love of gold.

—R. H. T





# THE SOLE SURVIVORS.



# Class Officers

## FRESHMAN YEAR

### FIRST TERM

*President*, Richard H. Blanchard  
*Vice-president*, Winfield T. Potter  
*Secretary-treasurer*, E. G. Benedict

### SECOND TERM

*President*, Winfield T. Potter  
*Vice-president*, G. H. Slocomb  
*Secretary-treasurer*, E. G. Benedict

## SOPHOMORE YEAR

### FIRST TERM

*President*, Winfield T. Potter  
*Vice-president*, F. H. Waring  
*Secretary-treasurer*, W. E. Steele

### SECOND TERM

*President*, Merville G. Halligan  
*Vice-president*, F. H. Waring  
*Secretary-treasurer*, W. E. Steele

## JUNIOR YEAR

### FIRST TERM

*President*, Merville G. Halligan  
*Vice-president*, Earl W. Gleason  
*Secretary-treasurer*, W. E. Steele

### SECOND TERM

*President*, Walter E. Steele  
*Vice-president*, Guy F. Whitney  
*Secretary-treasurer*, P. H. DeLong

## SENIOR YEAR

### FIRST TERM

*President*, Herbert F. Taylor  
*Vice-president*, Nelson E. Frissell  
*Secretary*, Guy F. Whitney  
*Treasurer*, Waldo L. Sherman

### SECOND TERM

*President*, Carleton P. Norton  
*Vice-president*, Eric G. Benedict  
*Secretary*, John M. Walker  
*Treasurer*, Leon H. Treadwell



## Carlton Porter Norton

### Civil

Born Whitman, Mass., March 23, 1890

Baseball, '10, '11, '12; Captain '12

Prep. Whitman High School

Class President, 4 (2)

Carlton Porter Cosine Norton hails from Whitman, Mass., a place unknown to geographers, but Carl is "prima facie" evidence that the place exists. Carl tried selling shoe strings in Whitman for a living, but everybody in Whitman wears boots. He soon decided that he might as well try to sell B. V. D. union suits to the Esquimaux, hence he is with us. He is a dreamy looking youth with a subdued-before-taking expression. Butter, as the expression is, would not melt in his mouth. He occasionally drops to earth (from a dream) and comes sidling up to you with some savory bit of advice on the Y. M. C. A. He is a great stickler for accuracy in details, and nothing vexes him more than to be bothered during the design period; but his chief characteristic is his fondness for argument, when—like a Scotchman the world over—his views are always explicit. Carl isn't fretful, peevish, petulant, irritable, headstrong, willful or obstinate, except, of course, at times. He smiles frequently and expansively; for he has some very fine teeth. He is in fact what the country editors would call genial. Some day he will be great, and the weekly newspaper in his town, if they have one at that time, will allude to him as "our genial postmaster," or "our genial station agent," or by some other such title to which geniality is the prime requisite. In response to earnest entreaties of Carl's friends who are interested in his welfare he sturdily announces that he is going to take up railroading. Do you know why? Because that seems to his economical mind a good way for getting a pass between Boston and Whitman and causing a consequent saving of carfare. Sharp boy, Carl is, for all his apparent innocence. In a few words, gentle reader, as implied from above praises, he is a man of exceptional ability, in spite of his dazed and far-away expression. He is one of those fellows whom you compliment by saying, "He isn't such a fool as he looks."



Arthur Bowdoin Anderson

T B II. Electric

Born Ware, Mass., June 4, 1888.

Prep. Ware High School, Springfield Technical High

Born at Ware, Mass., June 4, 1888. Andy attended Ware High for two years, but due to his remarkable thirst for learning he quickly acquired all that little town could offer and hiked for the tall spires of Springfield. Here he entered into the Technical High School and after three years of toil he budded forth as a Freshman at Tech.

During Andy's sojourn at Tech we have all been influenced and perhaps amused to a greater or less extent by the remarkable state of coma from which our hero can be aroused only by the repeated efforts of a Prof.

In the Junior year Andy surprised some of his more alacritive classmates by appearing with a Tau Beta Pi pledge button.

Andy was never greatly excited over athletics and such slush, but one phase of Tech life he has supported well, namely, the "Tech box" at the Worcester.

Once during our career at Tech a member of the Faculty thirsted for Andy's blood; that being when Olshausen camped on his trail at mid-years of our Junior year. Perhaps it would be well to add, however, that Andy's here to tell the tale and Olly is not.

John Henry Beck

T B II, ΣΞ. Civil

Born Leipzig, Germany, Dec. 21, 1890

Prep. Hartford High School

The wise man is quoted as saying, "Great is he who, though popular, can keep others from knowing it." According to this sage "Teddy Africanus" would not be classed among the great, but John Henry Beck would. John is popular, but who would know it? He has never been known to give credence to such a belief of his own volition, neither to allow anyone else to. Of course he is perfectly open and frank, and shall I say, justly proud of his outward accomplishments. He has much to be proud of, too. He was born at Leipsi', and also he must have been born at the time of one of those famous Leipsie "fairs" which meant so much good luck to the city, for John is a lucky boy. Nobody knows how he squeezed into this country, because the German government was still looking for him a year ago to do parade duty for the "frauleins." You see he hadn't told the Kaiser of his "intentions," and indeed he has not told us of them, although he has repeatedly denied what the other party admits.

In spite of learned associations in Tau Beta Pi and Sigma Xi John still clings to many of his natural instincts. John's "neun-neun-neun's" and his synonymical jokes are by-words among the fellows.





Eric George Benedict

Φ Γ Δ, Σ Ξ. Electric

Born Waterbury, Conn., Sept. 7, 1890  
 Prep. Crosby High School, '08, Waterbury, Conn.  
 Class Secretary and Treasurer, Freshman Year (1-2)  
 Vice-President, Senior Year (2)

When that vision came to us in the fall of 1908, outlined in a most striking gray suit, we hardly realized the fact that we had another representative from that pugilistic city of Waterbury. We never could understand whether he had entered into pugilistic encounters during his early life or whether it was that "one cross-country run" that prevented him from further growth. He had the desire to be athletic, and his royal support of athletic events (especially Yale-Harvard football games) assured us of the fact that he was game to the finish. Such social prominence did he have with the "fair sex" during his Freshman year that "Red Mac" became jealous and imposed a most wicked "E" upon his final report. To prove that it was entirely a misunderstanding he came back strong, yes, so strong, that he didn't forget to test the melting point of various types of electrical instruments, watt meters, especially. They say that there is no such thing as "coming back," but we admire this gentleman because he did "come back" in his work. Further, we admire him because of his stability of character, his conscientious work on the Hill and his royal Tech spirit, ever ready to do the right thing.

Edward Irving Comins

Σ A E, T B II. Electric

Born Worcester, Mass., March 12, 1889  
 Prep. Worcester South High School  
 Aftermath Board

Ed is a worthy exponent of the "Order of the Green Bag." In other words he is a Worcesterite. After preping in Europe and the Worcester South High School he came to Tech to round out his accumulation of knowledge. His middle name is Accuracy. If Ed has "three times four equals seventeen" on his paper, copy it; it's right. He is somewhat of a grind, yet oddly enough, he is a favorite with the fellows. You will have to go far to find a better combination of a hard plugger and a mighty good fellow, for he is the sincere friend of every one of us.

Of late he has developed a cough which is a cross between a bark and a snort. It even rivals a "Kimball sneeze" for individuality. However, we are sure no harm will come of it and it will be outgrown.

Ed expects to remain at the Institute a couple years more as a "half-timer," assisting Prof. Richey. He certainly means business, and we know he will make good. If he doesn't, Lord help the rest of us.





Harrison G. Brown

Electric

Born Lowell, Mass., Dec. 30, 1889  
Prep. Lowell High School

Harrison G. always has plenty to say in both theory and stories, and this probably accounts for his being popular with the ladies. "Please sit up" would be the greeting H. G. would get from B. A. the morning after a late session at the home of a lady friend of his the night before.

Even though Brown usually managed to get to school at the last minute it often took him the first period to get awakened.

Harrison has a good baritone voice, although we haven't heard much about it at Tech. He has been active in church and Y. M. C. A. work, and has tuned his voice up to good advantage several times since coming to Worcester.

"Hi! to our baby elephant!" If weight counts for anything Harry ought to be able to hold down "some" job.

H. G. is best known as "Hysteresis," by which name he will probably be always remembered. It is not all of us that are so fortunate in acquiring such a grand sounding nickname.

Harry Warren Button

$\Sigma \Xi$ , T B II. Electric

Born Hartford, Conn., June 18, 1884  
Prep. Connecticut Literary Institution

It's quite a few years back since Harry first pulled the Tom cat's tail. This chubby youngster caused so much nuisance in Hartford that they had to bring him "to the dear old farm." Before going to Tech he tried his hand and head at various occupations, thereby obtaining valuable experience, and enabling him to pass through Tech with a "cinch."

In his spare time "Curly"—the girls liked to call him that—went fussing, or if the weather did not permit he would "shuffle the pasteboards" at Beck's den. Harry claims that he never went out more than twice with the same girl—Oh, yes, he's a firm believer that "Variety is the spice of life."

In his Junior year "dare-devil" Harry realized the height of his ambition, namely, that of taking innocent Howard P—to see Girlies at the Worcester theatre. On one occasion Harry outdid all the machines in E. E. Lab for noise. Reggie, in front of the board, closed a switch, and immediately after, Harry, who was tinkering in the rear, let out an unearthly yell such as we don't dare to print.

As for the future Harry says he'll go anywhere where they'll give him enough money; so there is no doubt but that we shall hear from him again some place or other.



Raymond Irving Chapin  
Electric

Born South Hadley Falls, Mass., December 12, 1887  
Prep. Holyoke High School

As the narrative runs "Chap" set his aim to be a "Real" Electrical Engineer, when back in those youthful days in which he was first confronted with such terms as amperes and volts. With the careful training received while a "P. G." at Holyoke High he easily made Tech. Even here he did not develop the love for study, and a "jinx" followed him from "Calc" on.

The art of dreaming was his, and his greatest pleasure afternoon naps. And it was even once whispered that he was the most frequent offender in the "bunch of sleepers" in the "Poly Sci" class.

The fair sex and their pretty faces amused Chap considerably at times, with the pencil and crayon and again with the camera. With the latter he was a sure artist. Canoeing on the "Charles" he says is fine, but the attraction now is stronger for the "Wild Woolly West."

Nevertheless, there are great things in the line of modern electric railroading in store for Holyoke and Mt. Tom when Chap returns to his home town.

Frank W. Clapp  
Chemist

Born Scituate, Mass., Sept. 21, 1891  
Prep. Scituate High School

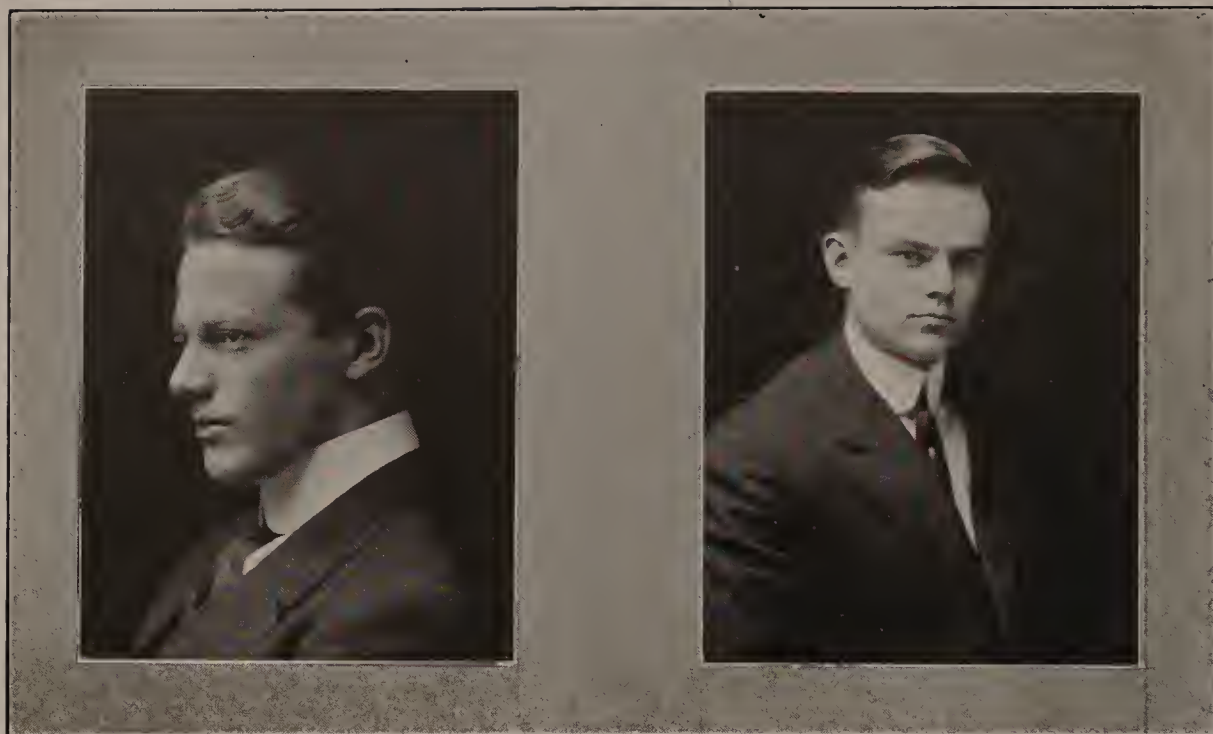
If you see a short being with a phenomenal development at the waistband and some receptacle of Dill's Damnedest hanging from its face, and if that object fills the further requirements of extremely slow motion, then it's Perex. Why Perex? That's a long story. When first Greenbush or Scituate, we never know which, decided to trust its young so far from home the new recruit was hailed as Percy, but do not figure the conventional Percy. After trimming "P. Plane" in the cross-countries this was reduced to P. We (his own spelling). The name of Pericles was earned by the expression of wisdom on the face of the man who never got by a bunch of Sophs in their first glory without being held up for a cap. That was too long for so short a man, so Perex it has become, and ever shall be.

We will guarantee that the youngest man in the Class has earned better marks with minimum grind than any other. If he had ever applied himself Tech would have had to install an "A+."

Close communication with the clams of the Cape has taught him to look wise and say nothing, but once he opens up, "Oh my, that reminds me——."

But when all is said and done there is not a better man in the Class, a more faithful friend or a better antidote for "Tech's tired feeling" than Perex.





James William Cunningham

A T Ω. Mechanic

Born Fitchburg, Mass., Oct. 12, 1890  
Track '11, '12

President Mechanical Engineering Society

Yes, this is James William. If you can't tell from the picture (he was chairman of that committee, and made the artist depict him as handsome) he's the man you call "Jim" or "String" or "Spike." When J. W. took those Electrics from Fitchburg in search of an education he surely needed it. His early pictures show a most innocent physog., surmounted by hair brushed in a most peculiar fashion. Freshman year he tagged the cross-countries and other things. In Sophomore days P. We, under the direction of "Red" King, taught him to smoke and say, "That reminds me——." Under these past masters he developed a pompadour and became SOME man. He can now get over any obstacle except a hurdle. But just watch him laugh. "Ha!" once, metallie, and then cock his head with that knowing grin.

Jim is of the entrepreneur type. You can always depend on him to start something, and then, "Being in, why don't we have things our way?" Not that he says that, OH, NO! but in his own quiet way he gets there. He has been a really BIG MAN in orchestra, track and dramatics. He rules the Mechanics, which is easy; and our hearts, which is hard. We predict him a few years hence ruling affectionate minions from a luxurious office chair, and handing out ten thousand dollar donations for the Tech Dormitories.

Philip Henry DeLong

Θ X, T B II, Σ Ξ. Civil

Born Worcester, Mass., May 21, 1890  
Prep. Worcester High School  
Class Secretary and Treasurer 3 (2)  
President Tech News Association

De "Long" and de "short" of it is that Phil is a howling shark and doesn't know it. It is universally admitted that Phil is a shark in his studies, but not alone in these does he shark, for with his customary ability in passing exams he passed the rest of us in one phase of life during our last summer vacation. It was then that he took unto himself a blushing bride, and now Phil is sharking an elementary course in music, namely, "Rock-a-bye-baby." Only think of it, not one month old, and she can say, "S'matter, pop?" real sweetly at the hour of 1.30 a.m.! Ask Phil if it isn't so. He'll tell you it is.

Speaking about grinds Phil is such a grind that he has worn himself thin, so thin in fact that he hardly casts a shadow. It is rumored that Phil is keeping thin in order that he may become a second Prof. French. Leaving aside all joking with the "little" start he has Phil is certainly going to make a success of his life in the engineering profession. Long life and a profitable one to our first "pater-familias."



Nelson Emmons Frissell

Θ X. Civil

Born Hinsdale, Mass., July 31, 1890  
 Prep. Pittsfield High School  
 Football, '09, '10, '11  
 Class Vice-President, 4 (1)

"Nellie" is one of our big boys, one of the "corn-feds" from the Berkshires. He is one of the venturesome kind, and was even willing to take a chance with the new course in Sanitary Engineering.

During the fall Nellie's chief pleasure was pulling the little boys' hair on the football field, and the name of the "great Frissell of Tech" is well known even as far away as Northampton.

But there are other reasons for this as Nellie is one of the advocates for moving Tech down near Mount Tom, and since this seems impossible bi-weekly visits and daily letters seem to be in order from what we have observed.

Nellie has had his little tiffs with the Profs, especially with "Piggy" in Mechanics, but he is still here to tell the tale, and although they may have kept him on the anxious seat a little bit he has fooled them all. He is slow but sure, and when he has once got a thing nothing can get it from him.

No doubt some of the Freshmen wonder where he is going when he boards the car with all those bottles. We know, but we'll never tell.

He is spending considerable time just now in applying for positions in New Jersey (others not considered), and we hope that next year he will be sporting round that State in his Chinese Mercedes.

George Peleg Dixon

Φ Γ Δ, "Skull" Civil

Born Worcester, Mass., Jan. 29, 1889  
 Prep. Worcester South High  
 Aftermath Board

This fair-haired son of '12 is, like so many others of our noblest and best, a habitant of the "Heart of the Commonwealth," and holds up his end of the responsibility in most commendable style. George is one of those rare souls who sees the comique in everything, it being his particular delight to turn any or all of "Reddy's" solemnities into ludicrous mimicries of the joke. His impulsive, precipitous manners endear him to all of us and give evidence of a restive active brain. His diplomacy is one of his most salient characteristics, and all the Civils remember how he gained them access to certain premises out in Dawson. But George has another side which but few of us really ever see at its best. Just a trifle willful, you forget the fact in the really magnetic personality of the man as he puts forth every faculty to make you feel at home. He is an ideal host as many of us will testify. A true-blue friend, he is loved by most of us and admired by all of us. All wishes for success go with him to the West.

"None but himself could be his parallel."





### Harold Augustus Funck.

#### Mechanic

Born Bristol, Conn., Aug. 15, 1888  
 Prep. Bristol High and Pratt Institute

Harold comes from the town where "New Departure" things are made and is different from the other "New Departure" manufacturers in the Class of 1912. A look would easily convince one that the framework is built for stability, but not for high speed. Conditions have passed to and from him without causing a wrinkle on this chubby countenance. Perhaps the fact that his nearest ancestor is an undertaker explains his quiet smile which is never audible.

Quiet he is, with a strong inclination for rest, i.e., if a job can be done sitting down it is good, and if it can be done reeling on one's back it is better, and if someone else will do it it is best of all. Far be it from us to call him lazy, but Harold believes work is the invention of the devil and would like to form a club of "never sweats."

No habit or mannerism of his will remain with us longer than his one and only cuss word. (He used others in Boston, but that was a special occasion.) "By Gee," for Harold, may be merely to attract attention or it may express joy, sorrow, surprise, disgust or condemnation.

He cares naught for the fair sex, less for study and most for sleep (with or without gas), but he is with us yet and a living example of a tired, carefree, anti-work enthusiast.

We feel, however, that after a year's rest Harold will be able to take up his work, and we wish him all success.

### Franklin Butler Furber

#### Chemist

Born Westfield, Mass., Oct. 3, 1890  
 Prep. Westfield High School  
 Journal Editor, 2, 3, 4. Editor-in-Chief 4  
 Class Prophet

Were it not for "Frady" we would never have known of Westfield. But when our six-foot devotee of the manly art threw up his guard arm and assumed the "eave canem" expression of the veriest grouch we had to learn all about even that small precinct. We introduce the Latin because that is Fra's favorite tongue. We even think (a posteriori) he could put it over S. H. and that's going some.

When Frankie first arrived he was as uncouth as pugilistic, but three years at Tech have almost made him a sport. Witness the "pomp" and the buttoned shoes. But he's no near sport. He's the real article once you penetrate that guard. It happens to be his pleasure to make us all think he is a grouch, grind and scab. But like his exterior the real man improves on acquaintance. Some day, old man, when you are sore and "nobody loves you" you'll find Frady's arm on your shoulder, right with you, and right on time.

He loves Dill's better than anything else, and can inhale a whole barrel of straight Perique without winking. He's president of the Atheist Club. He's the biggest fake on the Hill; for he really wants you to think him a boob when he's all true-blue. Chemikers could not live without him. Lord give us some more fakes like Frady.



Adrian P. Gilbert

Mechanic

Born New York City, N. Y., Dec. 10, 1887  
Prep. Bayport High School

From down among the lobsters, sand crabs and clams of the hamlet of Bayport, L. I., comes Adrian, though in truth he has none of the qualities attributed to the above mentioned fish. For to liken him to the lobster would be erroneous; he is certainly far from crabbed, and far be it from us to even think of comparing "Gillie" to that bird they call the clam. No, sir! If he isn't swapping yarns with "Tred," or telling Monty how to get married on \$3.90 a week or showing up some new corrupt practice of the "powers that be" or telling how to heave the-er-anchor from his 22-foot sloop he is sure to be vociferously expounding the merits and points of the French bulldog. He is already the proud owner of two blue ribbon winners at the Paxton Dog Show, and perhaps the biggest engineering feat in his mighty struggle for the degree of B.S. (Bull Science) is when he installed an automatic feeder and electric heater in his dog kennel. He is a neat little chap and his short curly auburn hair is the pride of all who know him, although it is a source of constant worry to Monty that he will get it caught in their shaper. Withal, he is a hearty fellow, well met, and when you see him hurrying along you can be sure of one of two things—either he is going out Main south way, or going home to feed the dogs.

George Irving Gilchrest

T B II, K Ξ A. Electric

Born Lunenburg, Mass., Nov. 13, 1891  
Prep. Lunenburg High School  
Commencement Week Committee

"Gil" disembarked in Worcester in September about four years ago. Things began to liven up in this dear old "burg" when Gil and his roommate, Stearns, who has departed along the path which many follow, hit the trail. The theatres raked in many "shekels" from these live wires, and the girls discovered that life had not been worth living until Gil became a fixture in Worcester.

Gil, Zeke, Wop and Organ Grinder, these are some of the names that he has enjoyed since taking up his Tech life. Gil's early life was spent on the farm in Lunenburg, where he gained a supply of strength that helped him win many rough-houses of which he is a great lover. No ball game, rough-house, dance, Chink restaurant reunion, Jew picnic or bean supper ever finds him absent.

The feminine gender has always been one of Gil's chief amusements. Each fall he has spotted a new town in which to spend his week-ends. This fall he spotted his last town and he intends to spend all future week-ends in Leominster. A peculiar thing about Gil is his wonderful ability "to get away with it."

As a friend Gil is the best ever! He is always looking on the best side of everybody and everything, always ready with word or deed to help a friend and wears the smile that puts starch in your backbone.





Earl W. Gleason

Θ X. Civil

Born Shelburne Falls, Mass., Aug. 23, 1890

Prep. Arms Academy

Vice-President 3 (1)

Football '08, '09 Track '10, '11

A. A. Director '10, '11

One day early in the fall of 1908 a meek little fellow put in his appearance at Boynton Hall and nearly brought disgrace on the fair town, whence he came, by selecting the Mechanical Course. Luckily he saw his error in time to partially correct it. As time went on this little chap expanded, and in his place we now have a great overgrown, headstrong boy whose specialty is "fussing." It is evident that to "Grike" "Variety is the spice of life," though we know that he hasn't completely forgotten a certain school teacher. Time has surely worked its wondrous changes. Gone is the filthy cigarette and in its place is what resembles a fullgrown garbage bucket with a sap spigot for a stem. Time has also brought a thorough mastery of the Tech vocabulary. Grike believes in strenuous exercise. In football he was unsurpassed as a lineman, and the way in which he followed the ball has added several touchdowns to Tech's credit. In the spring Grike's exercise is pole vaulting, and the way he takes that one hundred and eighty pounds over the crossbar is astonishing. To look at the number thirteen shoes he wears one would say, "Absolutely impossible."

Joseph Francis Granger

T B II. Civil

Born Worcester, Mass., July 18, 1890

Prep. Marlboro High School

Why "Farley" chose Worcester Tech as an institution fit for the rounding out of his educational career we have not been able to discover, although three possible solutions to this problem have suggested themselves: First, because the State Normal School is situated in the same locality; secondly, because Marlboro is such a short distance from Worcester, allowing Joe, as he is familiarly called by his classmates, to spend week-ends at home and also visit quite regularly his former school chums, mostly of the gentler sex, we fear; thirdly, because of Tech's reputation. We are inclined, however, to favor the first two suggestions as the real reasons for his matriculation with the Institute.

Joe's two main hobbies are study and "fussing." To one well acquainted with Institute life it would seem impossible that these two characteristics could be attributed to the same person, but such is the case nevertheless. To prove our first contention all we have to do is to refer to his record as a student and his associations with Tau Beta Pi; while the second contention is based on a little personal investigation by which we have drawn confessions from more than one member of the fair sex relating to evenings made pleasant by his presence. It is rumored that Wellesley and Boston University also have charms for this demure "shark" of the Sanitary Civils.

However, Joe has produced the "goods" which tend to lay the foundation for a successful career, and no matter what line of work he chooses he is bound to be heard from later on in life.



Vaughn David Griffin

K  $\Xi$  A. Mechanic

Born Henniker, N. H., August 28, 1889  
Prep. Manchester High School, Manchester, N. H.

Behold the man who wiped out the United States Postal Deficit! Yes, he certainly has been doing Uncle Sam handsome for four years.

"Blondy" or "Jonah" as Vaughn David is called, arrived here a bashful Manchester boy; one of a trio. He soon opened up, and in two weeks was the "champeen" rough-houser of the bunch. Vaughn was built for greater things though, so these furniture destroying acts soon ceased.

He tried the cross-countries, and then tennis, but finally dropped out to give the others a show. Griff's long and hasty is a "hike," or a swim through the ice at the lake.

When it comes to having a good time Griff is just the boy who knows where and how to have one.

Griff displayed *some* common sense by coming to Tech, but he will display *more* of it by returning to God's Country. Whether he will become a politician or a pillar of some church is a mystery; but whichever it is we need have no fear for Griff—he will make them all brace up.

Griff's emblem is the Lambskin. His ideals are the best and his efforts to live up to them are sincere.

Lester Harlem Greene

$\Sigma \Xi$ , T B  $\Pi$ . Mechanic

Born East Taunton, Mass., March 18, 1887

On March 18, 1887, East Taunton's liabilities were increased by the appearance of one whom it later was found out was Lester Harlem Greene.

We do not hear much of his early life, except the reports of his many pugilistic encounters in which, we should judge, he was fairly successful.

He first came into the real limelight in September, 1908. His constant fear of being "screwed out" has kept him busy most of the time since his arrival. He has, however, found time to be chosen a member of the sacred few in Tau Beta Pi and Sigma Xi; for which we are justly proud of him. "Les" could always stop to tell a new story, especially when "Gloom" was too evident in the Design courses. When that smothered chuckle suddenly developed into a boisterous "ha, ha" we all knew Lester had sprung a "new one."

He has always been a "good fellow," kind hearted and willing at any time to impart any or all of his knowledge to the less brilliant.

In the social line he has of late been very prominent, and has been rightfully called "The Eighteen Hour Limited," which is, of course, going some for a Tech man.

As to the future no comment is necessary. We wish him the best of luck and know success is bound to come to one of his ability and character.





Merville George Halligan

"Skull." Civil

Born Shelburne Falls, Mass., Sept. 2, 1889

Prep. Arms Academy

Football '08, '09, '10, '11

Track '09, '10, '11 Captain '11

President W. P. I. A. A. President Class 2 (2) 3 (1)

Chairman Commencement Week Committee

Aftermath Board

Here is something from Shelburne Falls catalogued as Merville George Halligan. "Beautiful as sweet, and young as beautiful, and soft as young, and gay as soft and innocent as gay," such is "Dint" Halligan. Among football, track and social duties Dint is sore put to it. He served as chairman of the committee for the "Clam Bake" ("a very merry, dancing, drinking, laughing, quaffing and unthinking time") "for he, by gastronomic scale, can take the sizes of kegs of ale." He is a rosy-cheeked lad who has held down the presidency of the class for two terms as a successor to "Wink." When he came to Tech as a Freshman he was a moral child and a credit to his native town, but four years of college life have so corrupted him that he is now seen at the Franklin as often as once a year. However, Dint is a shining star whose brightness has its culmination in Shelburne Falls. Who can not foresee in that sanctimonious expression and that sarcastic grin the semblance of a mighty man who is destined to bring honor to old Tech or to his beloved home, where his true loved one awaits him with anxious and expectant glee?

Charles Edward Hazelton

Φ Δ Θ, T B II. Civil

Born Montague City, Mass., Sept. 20, 1887

Prep. Greenfield High School

Williams College, Ex. '10

"Chuck," alias "Charlie," alias "W. P. I. Hazelton," alias "Eddie" is the silver-tongued orator of 1912. He has, since entering Tech, developed in the line of public speaking, and only by force was he prevented from talking us into eating "Water Proofing" for supper during one of his forceful and dramatic speeches recently. When Chuck gave this oration he raised the roof of Boynton Hall half an inch, and some of his sharp consonants may be seen to this day firmly imbedded in the woodwork. The salient thing about Chuck is his grin. It made him famous before he had been at Tech a week. See, he is pleased. His eyes button up. Little horizontal creases wrinkle his face fore and aft. His mouth broadens, spreads, increases, reaches from one ear unto t'other. His face falls into this wide slit. By and by he will close his mouth, then you can see this "Grand Old Man." Why that title "The Grand Old Man"? Because the hairs on his head are numbered, the number varying inversely as the number of censuses.



Herbert Temple Pratt  
Electric

Born Ayer, Mass., 1889  
Prep. Ayer High School

Herbert Temple Pratt, born in Ayer in 1889, attended kindergarten, grammar and high schools, as these are requirements for entrance to Tech, either in Ayer or Fitchburg, where he now lives at 67 Pacific Street. He entered W. P. I. in 1907, but during 1910-11, becoming tired of his associations with the Class of 1911 and desiring a change for the better he decided to favor the Class of 1912 with his presence. He was with us in September, 1911, when Doctor Conant tried to impress on his few scattered brains that he was again a dignified Senior and must prep once more.

Pratt did very well through mid-year exams and got well started on the second half when it was discovered that he wasn't taking Hydraulics, but was only a visitor. Prof. Allen got his goat one day when Pratt blundered and as the Prof. couldn't see where Pratt (though present) had been during several previous recitations he thus wasn't taking the course. POOR H. T. P. ever after when he entered a recitation was greeted with, "Well, Pratt, are you taking this course?" But he probably will get through somehow, and mostly on his own exertions, though the close proximity of some other "Electric" may help to some extent.

He came here for business, and as he lived at home and traveled daily his frat and other activities are limited. He, however, consoled himself by joining the Electrical Engineering Society, a branch of the mighty A. I. E. E.

Ralph Emerson Harrington

⊗ X. Electric

Born Portsmouth, N. H., March 24, 1889  
Prep. Whitefield High School  
Track '09, '10, '11

This ever moving little imp is the nearest production of continuous motion we have, certainly we hope it will not be perpetual. In such a case some would die from lack of sleep, for we hear that Harry is an ardent lover and if he were to live forever he would have a large collection of scalps of former wives.

A native of northern New Hampshire once remarked that "the little devil was too con-sarned lively for him." We don't know what Harry was doing with this presumable tiller of the soil, but we do know that it was no mission of peace.

A eulogy of this sort should contain a reference to the subject, "Student's Life." In this case it will be enough to say that his five years at the Institute were not due to a limited amount of intellectual power. Rather it was due to a desire to broad jump for his Alma Mater, and in return they handed him a few "screws" at the end of his Sophomore year. He has made his letter every year since then in track.

Of course he is included in our list of married men, and his only reason for not closing his nuptial deal now is that as yet he has not gotten his little pay envelope for twenty per. When this happens we imagine it won't be long until—well, can't you guess?





James Patrick Hogan

Mechanic

Born Winchendon, Mass., March 25, 1888  
Prep. Winchendon High School

Archibald Babcock Hossack

A T Ω. Civil

Born Perry, Iowa, Jan. 23, 1889  
Prep. Worcester Academy  
Aftermath Board

"Jim" was born March 25, 1888, up in that big township of Winchendon, Mass. So important was the event that the record book of that town gives him a whole page. One of the important facts mentioned there was that before April 1 of that same year Jim was able to swing a shillaly as well as the best of them. After nineteen years the town could not stand him any longer and gave him the grand bounce, and when Jim landed he found himself at Tech. Nothing of importance happened until the first half of the Sophomore year when J. P. found his name on the honor list. We fear that too frequent trips over to see May were responsible for the non-appearance of his name on it the next semester. Jim always kept the Mechanics alive with his store of wit and any disturbance in Machine Design was pretty sure to be caused by one of his funniest.

There is no doubt in our minds that the people of Winchendon would welcome Jim back to their fold after graduation. We fear that they will be disappointed as he says that Funck and he have firmly decided to settle down in Boston or some other big place where there is something going on. We might add that this resolution was made during the Senior Mechanics' trip to Boston.

"Archie" is the real and original rover. Even in his prep school days he refused to be cooped up in the Academy and lived across the city in order that he might roam at will. When he first came to Tech he found the confinement monotonous and so combined movement and a study of the "hoi poloi" by experiment in railways at first hand. And, by the way, if there is any particular "plebe" in town that you want to know ask Arch.

Archie, however, always moves up. He started with 1911 and rose to the presidency while with that aggregation. That was not enough, so he climbed still higher and joined a good class.

Between times Archie combines business and pleasure and moves around for the American Appraisal Co. Aside from change of scenery his favorite pastime is appraising the fair sex—but enough said on that subject.

Always ready and willing to give time and energy to class and classmates he has been the moving spirit among the business heads of the *Aftermath*, and we owe him much.

We expect to see him in after life always moving up in the world.



Fred Victor Hugo

Θ X. Mechanic

Born Worcester, Mass., June 11, 1888  
Prep. South High School, Worcester, Mass.

First fellow student (introducing Mr. Hugo to a second fellow student): "Let me introduce you to Mr. Hugo, better known as 'Freddie,' 'Mahoney' or even just plain 'Mull.' He is a member of the Mechanics crew, the tallest man in his division, measuring 6 feet, 2 inches over all."

Hugo and second student (in unison): "Pleased to meet you, Mr.——."

First student: "Say, Mull, shall we go to the Franklin this week?"

Hugo: "Can't do it. Gotta date."

Student: "How about to-morrow night?"

Hugo: "No, gotta date."

Stude: "Same place?"

Hugo: "Yes, same wom'n."

Stude: "That looks bad."

Hugo (feigning a sore head): "Say, fella, you want me to bounce one off your bean?"

Student: "You're all right, Mull, but your feet are out of proportion for the rest of your stature. What are they, tens?"

Hugo: "Say, fella, you want me to land one on your map?"

Student: "I rather guess 'Dingtoe' got to you when he said that there was too much 'Playing Horse' in Design class. You wanta stop matching pennies and stop scrapping with Hogan."

Hugo: "Say, you speakin' to me, or one of the help?"

Student: "Both the same."

Ernest Smith Jefferies

A T Ω. "Skull" Mechanic

Born Alliance, Ohio, July 18, 1887.  
Prep. Worcester Academy  
Business Manager Aftermath

Resembling Bud Fisher's hero in name, stature and an innate dislike for that which the "Powers that be" prescribe as the proper training for the young engineer "Jeff," early in his career on the Hill, developed a strong aversion for the large amount of unnecessary horse work which his course incorporates. By judicious application of the gentle art of "Bull-heaving" he succeeded in dodging summer shop, drafting and lab work, while the rest of us plodded along.

His earlier life, spent in various parts of the country, has left with him a roving nature which inspires him to talk of future work in far away Australia, in the lands of the awakening yellow nations, or amid the new and rapidly developing industries of Canada. As a matter of fact, however, we expect him to soon forget the ethereal, settle in this vicinity and give as his reason "family cares."

Never a favorite with the Profs he has encountered considerable difficulty with the so-called Culture courses and others.

"Jeff" sprang into the limelight as Bertha in our first Tech Show. Here he made his voice heard above the multitude, while playing the role of a shy little lass.

As a practical man and business manager of this book he has wisely divided the work among his assistants, thus disproving the old adage, "If you want a thing well done, do it yourself."





Albert Lewis Humphrey

Electric

Born Rochester, Mass., May 5, 1889  
Prep. Tabor Academy, Marion, Mass.

We wish that there would be an enlarged map of Massachusetts made large enough so that Rochester would be visible to the naked eye. "Down on the Cape" is rather indefinite, but is the only direction we can give for locating the place, and we have to take "Al's" word for that, as no one has been able to find it.

Albert has rather sharked "Jinny's" courses, which may be easily accounted for as he always brought the *Boston Herald* to class, is in the insurance business, and went way home to attend town meeting. There is a rumor about that there was another reason for the trip, due perhaps to the dreamy expression noticeable for sometime after his return.

Although we understand that the picture committee's duties are ended, Al still finds it necessary to make frequent trips to the photographer's rooms.

Al is always willing to help those in trouble, and much of his time before "make-ups" is spent in assisting those less fortunate than himself.

Edwin Harold Keeler

⊕ X. Mechanic

Born Shelton, Conn., July 28, 1890  
Prep. Shelton High School

"Wild Bill" first saw the light of day down in the Nutmeg State, and hails from that much tooted (by him) town of Shelton, on the Housatonic River. During his early school-days it was noticed that the "childe Harold" had a strong leaning toward the fair sex and was a sturdy champion of their cause. The four years' course in High School were LINKED with many pleasant good times, yea, even so pleasant that a P. G. course seemed necessary. We wonder why?

Plans had been made for him to enter Yale, but W. P. I. offered greater inducements to this aspiring youth, and the result was that he matriculated with the rest of us. His career at Tech has been marked with his strenuous attempts to do—well, just enough to get by, but his sunny smile has always been good for at least ten points in an exam. Keeler's chief pastime especially during the past year has been that of avoiding some of Worcester's fairest, and in writing GRACEFUL letters. Due to the unusual demand for stamps in Shelton and Worcester Uncle Sam has decided to declare a dividend.



Arthur Schubert Kloss

$\Phi \Gamma \Delta$ ,  $\Sigma \Xi$ , T B II. Chemist

Born Millbury, Mass., Feb. 12, 1887  
 Prep. Leominster High School, Leominster, Mass.  
 Varsity Football, Sophomore and Senior Years  
 Varsity Basketball, Sophomore Year  
 President Chemical Club, Senior Year  
 A. A. Nominating Committee, Sophomore, Junior,  
 Senior Years  
 Aftermath Board

Twenty-five years ago the world, as well as the city of Millbury, Mass., was honored by the arrival of a future genius. Of his early life we know but little, except that his time was spent playing basketball and breaking hearts in Leominster. In the fall of '08 "Sherbet" packed his grip and with a bottle of methyltetramethylenemonocarboxylic acid came to Tech to be a Chemist. With the ever constant fear of being screwed out he has gone through his course, pausing only to win his "W" in basketball and in football, and to make his name resemble a Greek alphabet. We shudder to think how near we came to losing our Sherbet while taking his course in Door Bells. One evening he informed us with much pride that he had received the full force of 500 OHMS. Much of his athletic success has been due to the conscientious training he has kept up, even while in New York, we are told. When all is said we can but take off our hats to him and wish him the success that is sure to come to a man of his calibre.

Arthur Thomas Larned

$\Sigma \Xi$ , T B II. Civil

Born Worcester, Mass., Aug. 12, 1889  
 Prep. Worcester South High School

Born and brought up in Worcester "Itty" is a prodigy even for that burg of brilliant minds. Such an innocent face and winning ways! Why, they've even got "Prof" roped in. Yet his laugh is ever to be heard above all others when DeLong springs one of his touching stories and 'tis whispered among the Civils that for "real live class" in the story telling line Larned has them all beaten two ways. That he is some shark is evident from the letters that follow his name. It is said by someone who ought to know that he won't look at the girls, and was even so inconsiderate as to turn down the Normal School bid. Yet, strange to say, he yawns as badly as any of the "married" men, Mondays. Quite evidently he plays the same quiet game in this direction that he plays in all others—and with equal success.

"A hard worker, yet a jolly good fellow withal."





Fred Grant Munson

Σ Ξ, T B Π. Mechanic

Born Webb City, Missouri, Sept. 9, 1888  
Prep. South High School, Worcester, Mass.

A smooth-faced, shaved-once-a-month youth stands waiting ten minutes before a recitation with a pink glow of a healthy two-mile walk on his cheeks, watching the rest of the bunch "checking" their problems and drawing squares around the answer. A cynical smile may flit across his face, but his thoughts of other joys than study may have caused it. He is the shark of the Class (unanimously elected), but he is not stingy with his knowledge. He has held a full scholarship all through Tech, and his spare time has been filled with remunerative employment, newspaper office, machinist, snow shoveler and librarian for the M. E. Dept. library.

He left Missouri while yet a child, but his questions directed to the Profs sometimes betray his origin.

Fred had little time for pleasure, but his appearance Monday mornings ever since the middle of his Freshman year puts him in the rapidly growing group of men who all want jobs in Worcester. It is known that he was not afraid of the fair sex in High School, and Tech can not be blamed for his downfall.

Evidently lots of work is good for a man, and when Fred gets out ten hours a day will seem easy compared to sixteen. The string of letters after his name would show he knows a thing or two, and the fellows will vouch for it, too. We prophesy that with his industry success will surely grasp him by the hand.

Frank Mitford McGowan

Θ X. Civil

Born Swansea, Mass., March 5, 1890  
Prep. B. M. C. Durfee High School  
Commencement Week Committee

The "Kid" hails from Durfee High. What! You have never heard of Durfee High? "Goyrie," but your education has been neglected.

We feel sure that the Kid must have been endowed with the most gentle of gentle make-ups when he first arrived on this earth, for in looking back upon the past four years we find that of all the men on the Hill he was the meekest, most quiet and most unassuming of us all. The only way to know when he was around was to get in the very middle of a rough-house. When one got there he was sure to find the Kid.

Kid's one and only desire seemed to be to get "screwed" out of the Institute, or at least get some conditions in order that he could "get" the Prof that "screwed" him or "tell him a few things."

Of course everyone knows that Kid has had his little love affairs, just like the rest of us. During the last summer, though, came the climax. The question arose about his taking half interest in a certain "forest" that he was well acquainted with. First he decided that he "Wood," but upon careful consideration and more or less correspondence concerning the "forest" he decided he "Woodn't."

Guess you'll know if Kid doesn't make his mark in this world it will be because he failed to obtain that half interest in the "forest."



Hilaire G. Bouchard

Electric

Born Worcester, Mass., November 23, 1888  
 Prep. Worcester South High School

Very little seems to be known about Bouchard. This much is known, that after graduation from Classical High he decided to become an engineer, not an ordinary engineer but an Electrical Engineer. Early in his career at the Institute he became attached to the name "Flywheel," due to the fact that he considered it necessary to attach a flywheel to a single-acting pump in order that it might complete its cycle. Due to his quiet and unassuming manner none of his classmates has found it possible to become well acquainted with him. It is most generally conceded that in a few years Flywheel may be expected to loom up on the horizon sporting one of those little black French moustaches and a big E.E. after his name.

Wallace Tenney Montague

Σ A E. Mechanic

Born Worcester, Mass., July 2, 1889  
 Prep. Worcester High School  
 President W. P. I. Chapter Cosmopolitan Club (1912)  
 President Tech News Association, '09, '10

One of "Monty's" chief virtues is his suavity. He can hand out that smooth line in a most convincing manner, and his business-like attitude at the same time is really impressive. We are not sure whether his influence in the Class has been a benefit or not, for dark rumors have been afloat concerning him and the downfall of H. Augustus Funck on the Mechanics' trip before the Easter vacation. Monty has a weakness for the fair sex which is quite in evidence, but let it be said that consistency has been his watchword throughout.

He is a conscientious and untiring worker, and experience has shown that it is good policy to place a bet upon anything that Monty is in back of and pushing. That this fibre in his makeup is appreciated can be seen by the offices he has filled. Withal he is a good sport, and this combination ought to be a winner when he hits the high places after June.





Charles Leroy Nevens

Civil

Born Lewiston, Maine, Dec. 31, 1889  
Prep. Lewiston High School

"Stubby" has the distinction, one could hardly say honor, of being the only man from Maine in the Class. However, this is not held against him as he escaped as soon as possible and couldn't very well help being born there.

Since his first night here, when he organized the "Midnight Crew," Roy has been a busy man. Many a late hour has he spent, sometimes alone, walking up Main Street, to send any wandering classmate home to his studies.

His ability to keep order has been clearly recognized, and Charles is the only member of the Class to hold office continuously throughout the four years. The presence of our sergeant-at-arms assures the best of behaviour.

Roy is generous to a fault, the fault being that the refreshments, etc., with which he is so free usually belong to his neighbors.

His bashfulness in the presence of ladies is deplorable for it has been the cause of his never having learned to dance, and so he has missed the many enjoyable times which the rest of us have had at the lake. It is said that he has never been seen to even speak to one of the fair sex.

Although by no means a "grind" Roy has made a record for scholarship of which anyone might well be proud.

Harold Lawrence Nickerson

K  $\Xi$  A. Mechanic

Born Falmouth, Mass., Feb. 25, 1890  
Prep. Falmouth High School

"Nick," "Boob" and "B. A." are his most prominent handles, and the description implied in the last is not at all far fetched.

Nick first came to light in one of the sand dunes down on Cape Cod, and since then he has spent a good share of the time digging the sand out of his eyes.

You can always spot Nick by that reciprocating walk.

During his first two years at Tech Nick occasionally went down and "shot up" the lights of the town, but now he has calmed down and does not go out but six nights a week. There is a reason for this, too, camp on his trail to Piedmont Street and see for yourself.

Be that as it may Nick is still with us, and it will be found after all exams that Nick checks the "good men" and then throws the bull to the rest of us.

Nick's beaming countenance is always seen with the "Mechs," and with them he can be relied upon as an authority on most all subjects.

Nick will probably settle down in Worcester soon, and we wish him happiness and success.



Ralph Parker Norton

$\Sigma$  A E. Electric

Born Manchester, Conn., August 23, 1888  
Prep. Manchester High School and Worcester Academy

"Ralphie" wrote his first report in Manchester and spent his tender years there in constant study preparing himself to be a Professor of Business Law at the Manchester High School. While at Worcester Academy he was told that among the courses at the Institute, Business Law and Political Science were firmly established. This and the eleven-lap cinder track decided the matter, so Ralphie entered with the big Class. What little time Ralphie can spare from his research work in his two favorite courses he uses on some ingenious labor-saving device. His last efforts, by means of weights, an alarm clock and battery connections, coaxed his windows to fall of themselves on those cold wintry mornings at whatever time his alarm had been set the night before. We have always wondered where he used to go those evenings when he went out with his arms full of books and then left them under Ely's hedge until his return. Ralphie's ingenuity and practical nature insure his making good when he gets out into the big game after graduation.

Howard Newton Pascoe

Electric

Born Colebrook, Conn., July 10, 1891  
Prep. Enfield High School

Look who's here! This exhibit is "Newt" just in from the tobacco fields of Warehouse Point. This youth with the (de)parted hair was sent to the wilds of Worcester with many misgivings, but as far as we have been able to ascertain he has contracted no bad habits other than a desire for adventure. His noisy demeanor in the classroom is, of course, lamentable, and the fact that he spends too much time on athletics is to be deprecated. Those of the gentler sex who will scan this volume are advised that never again will be found such a golden opportunity to gaze upon such an agglomeration of manly graces and good qualities of mind and heart. Spinsters, beware!



Frank Harold Plaisted

Φ X, "Skull." Civil

Born Worcester, Mass., August 15, 1890  
 Prep. Worcester South High School  
 President Dramatic Association  
 General Manager Tech Show, 1911  
 Baseball Manager, 1911      Aftermath Board  
 Class Orator

"Why, all it is, that is to say, all you have to do, merely-er" again Frank H. is off on one of those exploitations of correct and ornate English which renders his demonstrations of otherwise abstruse and uninteresting problems a delight to the auditory organs of the most exacting and fastidious listener. This, too, is the man who in Piggy's own class room raised Piggy's own battlecry, "Answers is answers," much to that individual's disgust. It is recorded that our worthy Prof shrank several sizes before he discovered a knothole large enough to let him out of his embarrassing position. Frank gets up and claws the air too, on certain occasions. Who does not remember his efforts in leading the "little band of Czars" Junior year? Certainly the Dramatic Association owes its existence chiefly to the determined stand he made for what he thought was right.

Joking aside, here is a man who has kept the best interests of the Class at heart continually, and it is this, coupled with the willingness and ability to "do things" which has won for him the respect and admiration of every last man in the Class.

Edwin Flagg Poland

T B II, Σ Ξ. Civil

Born Jersey City, N. J., June 7, 1890  
 Prep. Newark High School  
 Class Photographer

On the seventh of June, 1890, Edwin Flagg Poland started on his strenuous journey through life. After eighteen years in varied climes and occupations Ed came to Millbury and Worcester Tech. He then reformed—probably because of a certain fair-haired maiden. Since then Ed, in turn, has tried to reform about everything going, especially the use by some of his classmates of expletives and "Piper Heidseck." But to return—when Edwin reached Boynton Hall on that memorable sixteenth of September, 1908, all were impressed by that look of determination and that elusive, yet self-important swagger which distinguishes Ed. The wise ones said: "That Poland will do just what he pleases. He will make good at anything he tackles and will do it without any waste of time or money." And the feeling is that Ed has done just this and will continue to do it after he receives his little "B.S."





Winfield Tuthill Potter

Σ A E, "Skull," T B II. Civil

Born Orient, Long Island, N. Y., November 23, 1889  
 Prep. Greenport High School  
 Class Vice-President, 1 (1)  
 Class President, 1 (2), 2 (1)  
 President of Civil Engineering Society  
 Aftermath Editor-in-Chief  
 Manager Football Team, 1911

Surrounded by a copious quantity of aqua impura in the little town of Greenport by the sea we found him, 'mid moss covered, sea-green banks, gazing with longing eyes across the broad expanse to the mainland. Thence came this fair, unblemished son of Adam, with, "you know me, don't you?" "You bet ya ma life," and similar expressions which have stuck to him throughout his four years at Tech.

At times when the duties of society called in their deepest and strongest lure "Wink" sojourned from his beloved "Poly Si" and Economics out into the realms of the fairer sex, among whom he was known, yea well known and treasured, for his wit, humor and smooth-tongued epitaphs.

Wink never failed to have on hand a large store of ready, fluent repartee, never failing in a crisis to show that he had something up his sleeve. His blandness of manner was ever present, never failing, never diminishing.

Wherever he sojourneth Wink will have a bevy of friends. We wish him the same success in life's work that he achieved here at the Institute.

Paul Albert Porter

Σ Ξ, T B II. Cosmopolitan Club

Born Naugatuck, Conn., August 22, 1889  
 Prep. South High School, Worcester, Mass.

"P-plane" (derived from the ancient subject, Descriptive Geometry), descended on Tech in September, 1908, and immediately started to take all honors possible. In this he has been very successful. Track was another line that he tried to conquer, but in this he was unable to shine. Why? I can not say, he surely had the build for a second Tommy Longboat. He was editor-in-chief of the *Tech News*, and showed marked ability in giving his assistants work enough to keep them busy.

It always gave Paul great delight to get to B. A. in steam. Being one of the few that studied the daily assignments he was able to trap many of the smooth-tongued Profs.

Since his High School days Paul has been a regular Saturday night attendant at "Ma Day's." His excursions after these parties have led him to nearly all parts of the city. At present the report is being passed around that he has been seen taking the last car for Greendale after these nights of frolic, and it is said that he often walks home in the early hours of the morning.

Among his fellow Mechanics he is known for his generosity in helping along the less brilliant student, and for the painstaking and thorough way in which he does all of his work.



## Eugene Hayward Powers

### Civil

Born Worcester, Mass., Feb. 27, 1889  
 Prep. South High School, Worcester, Mass.

It was back in ninety-one  
 That this, my tale, begun.

It was back in our Sophomore year that one of our Physics Instructors told Gene to "think it over once and for all," and since that time that is what he has been doing. He has even come to the conclusion that statues are a "form utility." But he tells once in a while that he gets "all balled up" over some little technicality. You have certainly got to hand it to him for industriousness. Why, when we were out at summer camp Gene wasn't satisfied with putting in ten hours a day, but he used to take charge of a night party. His industrious hunt one night for "station seventy-one plus" in tent number one was the talk of the camp. After finding "station sixty-nine" in the middle of "Nibb's" back and then performing a "high dive stunt" out of the upper berth in one of those double deckers he thought that he had located the long lost and diligently sought for "station seventy-one plus" only to "wake up" to the fact that it was the tent pole he had found.

Gene is a good entertainer. He is pretty well versed in that "light talk" that often passeth seriousness in the eyes of the gentler sex. He also has developed a sweet tooth that is almost impossible to satisfy. He has a mind which, when once made up, neither you nor I can change. But when all is said and done he is a fellow well met and a "powerfully" good friend to have.

## Robert Garfield Putnam

### General Science

Born Spencer, Mass., May 23, 1888  
 Prep. David Prouty High School

"Hey, 'Put,' ", "General Israel," thus hailed was always ready to converse, be the topic Physics, music or nurses. He started out right: Up to the second half of the Sophomore year he was a Chemist. Somewhat plodding, but successful, and always patient and good humored he endeared himself to us so well that the "We shall meet but we shall miss him" brand of song was much in evidence after he joined the cohorts of Prof. Duff. We feared that the course in Qualitative was disagreeable to him—we don't publish his exact words. Still Put retained affection for us. He took Quantitative and Phyzze Chem afterwards to keep us company—the latter with the Juniors—but it's all in the family. Put was always able to be sufficient unto himself, but Floppy and Fra and a few other intrusive "spirits" found out some things about him and in this way managed to worm themselves into his confidences. Ted (the Chemist's goat) once considered Put his understudy, but deceived only himself. Put is still but runs deep. He may work when he gets out; he may be a teacher; he may be a virtuoso, but anyway, he won't feel lonesome if he continues to be all things to even a few men.





Earle Wayne Richardson

Civil

Born Gorham, N. H., October 26, 1889  
 Prep. St. Johnsbury Academy

August J. Reinhard

Electric

Born New York City, N. Y., Jan. 23, 1890  
 Prep. Brooklyn Manual Training High School

Earle Wayne comes from Vermont, where the snow falls six feet deep and the farmers tell yarns round the corner grocery store. "Dick" is an innocent looking youth, but the "devil" marked him for his own. His chief delight is to place a cigarette in one corner of his mouth with a line of "hard sounding talk" rolling from the other extremity, turn up his coat collar and then walk Main Street and shoot an occasional chirp of "Hello, fellers." This is Dick's idea of being tough. It is extremely safe also. Dick has eyes of exceptionally dark color and a jaw that betokens an obstinacy that no persuasion can budge. He is fond of fish, lamb stew, shredded wheat, sawdust and all other Scotch delicacies (solid and liquid), even if he does hail from St. Johnsbury, Vt. But above all things he is fond of anyone who calls him Dickie-bird.

The twenty-third of January was no hoodoo for the gentleman from the great city of New York, and as gay the city so gay the youth. Before Mr. Reinhard had reached the height of his father's belt his abode was transferred across the river to Brooklyn, in which burg he has existed ever since.

"Reggie," sometimes "Reiny," often answers to the name of Dutchy, but when one is in a hurry simply "Reg" draws his attention. Reggie's nationality is not known definitely, but the mere mention of a German scientist causes the little man to turn "pale." (Ask Harrington.) Another characteristic of Reggie is his tendency to hide behind the diminutive Putnam when "Jinny" calls for a man from New York. The future of this Brooklynite is going to be interesting. His success at Tech has not been marred, and with his great supply of "stick-to-it-iveness" he will keep the dust off his heels. Already his demand in the business world is evidenced by the repeated ring of the telephone, 3062-4. The author of this writeup can say no more since Reggie wants to retaliate.





Henry A. Rickett

Chemist

Born Newark, N. J., December 24, 1889  
Pr-p. Arms Academy

"Hen" was born in Newark, N. J., but soon after "went to the farm" in Cohain. It didn't take him long to clean out the whole town, and so his folks moved him to Shelburne Falls. This place was too much for him and he settled down, so to speak, and went through High School and Arms Academy on the jump. It was at Arms that Hen became a football player of renown, and although the smallest fellow on the team he certainly could lay 'em out. He finally decided to come to Tech, and after fooling them for four years he has become a Chemist. Hen has to go home about every other week to get something to eat, as he says, but we think that there are stronger attractions than that. Well, a Chemist can settle down in most any place, so we expect to hear more from Hen later.

Joseph Lyle Roberts

Electric

Born Center Ossipee, N. H., June 14, 1888  
Prep. Beverly High School

"Joe" never liked the idea of plugging books, but somehow, perhaps by mistake, he got into one of those boats that landed him at Tech. Hard luck, Joe, but cheer up, it's over now and besides B.S. looks good after your name.

Married? On no, not just yet. He's saving up to buy Davy's new machine (after it's wrecked) to go West in, so he has cut out the expense of fussin' for a while. He expects to do great things out West.

Joe is a very quiet fellow. Just now he is cussin' Thesis to his heart's content and letting out his spite on the typewriter. "On the fifth page and only forty more to go. Thesis is great dope," says Joe.

He once worked for the Telephone Company. From that time to this telephone girls have looked good to him. So if you ever find him talking over the 'phone for more than three hours and sixty minutes you'll know it's a telephone girl. Strange as it might seem the telephone company he worked for is still in existence.

Joe has one great ambition—to run the crane in the Electric Lab. When he builds his new home he is going to have "crane" service there too.

At the present time Joe is writing a song entitled, "Simultaneous." It will certainly make a hit, for as its name implies it is one of those heart-softening love songs, in thirteen verses, that elevates one's soul to the seventh heaven.



James Craig Ryder  
 $\Delta$  T. Mechanic

Born Meridan, Conn., December 14, 1888  
 Prep. New Bedford High School

"Jim's" earliest days were spent in Meriden, Conn., but when still very young he was transferred by his parents to New Bedford. It is a well-known fact that Jim, or "Pop," as he is familiarly known, has had a more varied career in his twenty-four years of existence than any other student in the Institute. He has taken a "whirl" at everything from music to aerial navigation, including wireless, gas engines, motor cycles, motor boats, automobiles, sail boats, "fussing," girls without number and brush manufacturing. It is rumored that he and his side partner, Shea, have discovered a process whereby high speed steel may be produced from cast iron, and that they are attempting to drive the United States Steel Corporation out of business.

Starting out as an Electric it did not take Pop long to realize that he was in the wrong "stall," and he immediately changed over to the course which is his natural bent. He has also the reputation of deriving the best results from the smallest amount of study of any man in the Class, and we often wonder where Pop would leave the "sharks" if he really applied himself to the limit.

His most striking qualities are his happy-go-lucky nature, his changeable disposition and his originality of ideas. It is due to this combination of attributes that Pop is bound to succeed and prove that there is an exception to that well-known proverb, "A rolling stone gathers no moss."



Edward Earl Bard  
 $\Theta$  X. Chemist

Born Adams, Mass., Oct. 6, 1887  
 Prep. Palmer High School

We wish to express our gratitude in having had with us one of the benzine (or benzene) series from Palmer. "Pete" is an ardent chemist, notwithstanding his interesting experiments in "cut" engineering. However, a more idealistic person would be hard to imagine, for he has been known to discuss such subjects as "Applied Osculation," and claims to have put time into an extensive research of such a subject during his college career.

Pete has lent his ambitions for a year in determining the relative difficulties of chauffering automobiles and water wagons. His concise report indicates the automobile to be the speedier craft and entirely safe with the proper application of the brakes.

Earl yields reluctantly to the epicurean instincts which attack him between sundown and the early morning hours. As a result this high frequency eater finds himself grasped in the hands of Morpheus at the other end of the day. By arranging his feet in spirals far above his head and wasting considerable tobacco he finds excessive comfort. Bachelor songs and "stein" songs in sotto voce represent his most gleeful moods, and yet we do not hesitate to prophesy an early fall from the bachelor ranks.





James Joseph Shea

Mechanic

Born Cambridge, Mass., August 18, 1889  
Prep. Rindge Manual Training School

"Jim" is the only representative of "Rindge Tech" at Worcester Tech in the Class of 1912. This Mechanic realized the far superior instruction given in his chosen profession at Worcester Polytechnic Institute and so came here in preference to M. I. T. There were some strenuous objections to his doing this, but we are sure that he must have appeased these by his week-end visits home (?). We feel sure that he was able to study much better here in Worcester than he would have been if he had remained at home among all the fair attractions of Cambridge. He did not spend all his time studying, for he was a great baseball man, and although he didn't make the varsity we feel sure that one of the most important reasons for his not doing so was his desire to return home Saturdays. He played on his Freshman team and captained his Class team to many victories in the Sophomore year. Jim is an unassuming fellow whom one can not help but like. He always attended to his own affairs and got along well with everyone. He was always willing to do his share of work and ever ready to help a fellow student, no matter how difficult the task. We feel sure that Jim will be a successful Mechanical Engineer as he is a worker.

Lyman Marshall Smith

$\Phi \Gamma \Delta$ , "Skull." Mechanic

Born Camden, N. J., April 12, 1890  
Prep. Brattleboro High School  
Commencement Week Committee  
Aftermath Board

"Oh, what may man within him hide,  
Though angel on the outward side."

(With apologies to proper poet.)

Lyman Marshall Smith.

(Pause.) The very name is awe inspiring, and well it may be. It has become known to a certain select few that the spirit of research has enveloped "Nemo." He has studied and exhausted with infinite pains and judicious exertions all the possible gaseous compounds, organic or metallic, that can be formed from the wonderful element, sulphur. Impetuous, and ever firm in his convictions, his eloquence in Class meetings, charms and burns, startles, soothes and wins by turns.

Did you ever hear Nemo in an exam? If not see if you can follow this:

Rap, rap, rap (pencil on desk, followed by careful scratching of the cranium and epileptic squirming in chair). "Damn." Short vocal selection, "Everybody's Doing It." Rap, rap, rap (same pencil). Whistling selection, "The Moon Shone Down." "Hell, I haven't any yet." Shuffle, shuffle, shuffle (meaning a miniature clog dance). This is followed by a short pause to oil the bearings of his slide rule. One more rap, and he is on his way, and so on ad infinitum.





Waldo Leonard Sherman

K  $\Xi$  A. Mechanic

Born Harrisville, R. I., January 16, 1889  
 Prep. Worcester Academy  
 Football, '09, '10 Class Treasurer, 4 (1)

Did you know that Waldo (alias "Buck," "Jumb" and "Sherm") decided to give up four years of his valuable time to the study of Engineering in order that he might receive better wages and be thereby better able to support himself and family? He migrated from the little farm house (with the big barn) on the outskirts of the hamlet of Harrisville, R. I., to Tech, via the Academy. For the first two years Waldo was one of "the village cutups," but now he is the bestest boy in the Institute. Within the last few years Sherm has quit smoking. This change was caused by a sort of combination of events all centred in one, a fair one. You see Sherm is "getting as unpopular as hell" in some parts of the country because of his frequent visits and lengthy stops in New Hampshire. Strange as it may seem his favorite brand of Melon is of Northern production, hence his travels are-ticward.

A good judge of human nature and true blue to the core, he can give many of us pointers on "looking the man" and "getting away with it."

William Roberts Turner

A T  $\Omega$ . Mechanic

Born Bridgewater, Mass., February 7, 1889  
 Prep. Whitman High School

"Bill" was born in Bridgewater, wherever that may be. He claims Whitman as a place of residence, always adding, when asked where he comes from, "the place where the Regal shoe is made."

Little is known of his early life except that he has shown from his youth a great fondness for music, especially singing. By great perseverance he has cultivated his voice so that now it is a remarkable bass, in fact about the basest ever. It is even said that Bill decided to become a Mechanic because his voice blended so harmoniously with the roar of the machinery.

In his earlier days at the Institute Bill ranked as one of the sharks among the Mechanics, but the pace proved too fast for his increasing weight, so he dropped from the roll of fame and devoted his time to other activities, mainly of a somnolent nature.

But beneath that thick layer of avoirdupois there lies the man, who, when you get to know him, will always remain as one whom you gladly call classmate and friend.



Clinton Dutcher Smith  
 $\Sigma \Xi$ , T B II. Electric

Born Harrison, N. J., June 27, 1888  
 Prep. Kearny High School

Clinton Dutcher, alias C. D. (pronounced a la farm, "Seedy"), hails from the land of the "Skeeters." It was in the good old summertime of 1888 that the Jersey suffragettes first gazed upon this youngster. It is rumored that his mother tried to force young Seedy to take Castoria, and while struggling in his high chair he fell out, landing on his head and has never been able to grow to a proper height since. He is a diligent and bright student, probably due to the fall's enlarging his wisdom bumps, and also that "crop of wool" he has gathered—just look at it!

By the way, did you notice that middle name, Dutcher? He earned his first money by letting his uncle give him that name, and after this start in life he came to Worcester and "cinched" money by working evenings at the public library, and rising on time, Sunday mornings, to pass the collection plate at the Old South, whereupon, after the services, he would meet Miss X and thenceforth be lost from view for the rest of the day.

Seedy expects to return to the Jersey side, and after he increases his "roll" will probably return to Worcester to get his—er—business (?) of course.

Ralph Oliver Spofford  
 Civil

Born Amesbury, Mass., September 17, 1890  
 Prep. Amesbury High School

"Ralphie" is no longer the pink-cheeked, robust, retiring youth that we knew in those far away, idyllic Freshman days. Pink-cheeked is he yet, and altogether robust, but who would venture to qualify him with that other adjective? Truly, time and environment have wrought marvelous changes on his character. Packed in a long line that ascendeth to great heights or comfortably settled in row B in the Techman's favorite theatre he frequently demonstrates his love for the histrionic muse. A gracefully drooping "BBB" claims his attention during such parts of his waking hours as are not spent in "looking them over." School work never bothered Ralph very much. It was granted early in his course that he "had a good bean on him," and everyone took it for granted that he would be in at the finish. Once he stubbed his toe against a big hunk of masonry in the form of Stereotomy, but that was only a temporary discomfort, and everyone knows how he demoralized the makeup. Blessed with a wonderful memory few subjects have permanently stuck him.

Ralph's honest face and his sincere, generous nature have won him many true friends wherever he has been. To the Class of 1912 he will always be the same "old scout," and everyone will be ready to congratulate him in his future successes, be they personal or financial.



Charles Franklin Stearns

T B II. Electric

Born Worcester, Mass., April 2, 1889  
Prep. Worcester South High School

Laurence L. Steele

Σ Ξ.

Born Bristol, Conn., April 11, 1891  
Prep. Bristol High School

In the spring of '89 Charlie came into this world of troubles, and after the long climb up the Hill of learning landed at W. P. I. Here his scholarship has won for him membership in Tau Beta Pi, and his directing ability has been shown as president of the W. P. I. branch of the A. I. E. E. During his Junior year he was a member of the Tech Glee Club and took part in the Tech Show. He has been a member of the party on the E. E. inspection trips during the last two years, and has had varied experiences. Don't ride in an express car, Charlie, take a passenger. Also, don't pay for the whole car.

Charlie is known to some as the "Human Clock," but to tell time one must know his meal hours. This clock has run down only once during the last four years, this being on the New York trip. We hope C. F. will never become a teacher. How could he stand it to be asked questions?

Insidious—that expresses him. He learned subtlety under the constant care of "Beily," but it was not of the loud cymbal, beating variety so much admired by our Professor. We felt, we heard and sometimes we saw L. L., but it was always in a dim quickly forgettable way—one might feel the trickle of water down his neck; he might miss apparatus; he might hear as from a great distance remarks about the beauties of Europe or Organic Chemistry—it was "Stahl," but he could not prove it. "Meyer" has certainly become a past master in the art of deviltry, but this is only a side issue of his character. He has us all stopped when it comes to accurate analysis. (Have you ever heard the remark, "I checked exactly"?) Withal he is a deep individual who considers outward expression of inner feeling entirely superfluous. We believe that he is yet to meet his affinity (not chemical affinity, for that to his mind means glass blowing). When that day arrives he may develop the outward exuberance which hides heartbeats better perhaps than Sphinxlike calm.





Harland Francis Stuart

Σ Ξ. Mechanic

Born Holyoke, Mass., October 3, 1889  
Prep. Holyoke High School

This youth of rosy cheeks and curly locks is claimed by the Paper City as one of her sons. His childhood and youth were spent in that town, during which time he attended the public and High Schools. As a child he had a fondness for building things, and many a piece of wood was transformed into a wind-mill by his deft fingers. After graduating from High School he took a P. G. for one year, and then joined our ranks in 1908 at Tech. During his Freshman year he aspired to track athletics and won his numerals in a cross-country run. His work as a student has been spasmodically brilliant, and it is safe to say that he has the "goods."

Stuart has been a devoted worker in the Y. M. C. A., and has filled the office of treasurer for the past year admirably. He has ever been a dreamer, and it has been rude to have so often to awaken him from his reverie and to remind him of things mundane. Whether his mind was centred on some fair maiden or off in some foreign clime it is difficult to say. It might be either, for he has a failing for the former and is planning to spend his life in some sort of educational work in the latter.

Walter E. Steele

Θ X, T B II, "Skull." Mechanic

Born Worcester, Mass., November 2, 1889  
Prep. Worcester South High School  
Class Secretary and Treasurer, 2 (1), (2), 3 (1)  
Class President, 3 (2) Aftermath Board

"An owl never sleeping at night; not an owl, for he is never sleepy in the daytime." If such a thing be possible then we have an example of it here. His movements are harmless at night as well as in the daytime, but somehow he always has something to do. The strangest part of it is that he does not indulge much in that mental exercise known as studying. He is an unabridged directory for Worcester's maids, and it is rumored that there are four girls in the city whom he doesn't know.

His favorite pose is an upright one with a broad, lovable smile upon his expansive face. He is neither an orator nor a story teller in the minds of those who do not know him, yet, nevertheless, the Class was well satisfied when he served in both capacities during his Junior year. As a student he has done some excellent bluffing, and was one of the first squad to make an honorary society. In the future he bids fair to make a hit with some manufacturer of mowing machines or micrometers.

Socially he is all that we could wish, and he has always been among the foremost to maintain the few shreds of finesse that exist at the Institute. His literary ventures were successes of the first order, and in these as in all other things the Class has benefitted. In the future we wish Walter every chance of a merited success.



Herbert Foster Taylor

$\Sigma$  A E, "Skull." Civil

Born Amesbury, Mass., March 7, 1890  
 Prep. Amesbury High  
 Class President, 4 (1) Track, '09, '10, '11, '12  
 Aftermath Editor Class Poet  
 Commencement Week Committee

On March 7, 1890, the population of that quiet little town of Amesbury was increased by one who is known to us as "H. F." In defiance of the rule that the "good die young" he continued to exist, and in due course of time was prepared (?) to come to Teeh.

He first turned his attention to track and jumped into the work with such vigor that he landed a record in the high jump. Even this failed to satisfy his craving for excitement, and so we next behold him trying to start something in the literary field. The intense interest taken by a certain Prof in a little poem entitled "Originality" by "Aitch Eff" recalls to our mind his success in that field.

All would have been well if he had stopped here. But no, he must needs talk, and what better place than in Class meetings? This led to his being elected president for the first half of the Senior year, in the hope that he would observe the parliamentary rules and not talk from the chair. But it was of no avail.

Finally as a last resort he was elected cheer leader, and as such was a howling success. How well we remember his plea of "hold 'em" when the Tech line was doing its best to advance the ball.

Roger P. Towne

Electric

Born Topsfield, Mass., June 1, 1890  
 Prep. Chicago High School

Born in Topsfield, Mass., June 1, 1890, and bred in Chicago. The latter town, however, proving a little too slow, our hero moved to Westboro, Mass., from whence he attended W. P. I.

"Big Beef," "Weary Willie," "Fat" and other well-earned titles have been borne without signs of malice by this good-natured comrade. He has one very marked fault, his loving disposition—before everything else this big fellow does like to shake hands.

Few are they who have studied more deeply into the science of Economics. During his four years at W. P. I. he has never been known to have been less than two days behind in his college work. For this reason we believe "Jinny" Haynes camped on our comrade's trail at the end of the Junior year. Such things were but as footprints on the sands of time to Towne, and we know him at the closing of his career as the same Big Noise as when a blushing Freshie.

Twice during the past four years our friend turned to athletics for fame. First in his Freshman year, when he vacated "Chick's" Pattern shop for the division games in baseball, and last, yea last, when he started out to win the tennis tournament. His ambitions in the latter were terminated at the outset when he ran up against the one-armed member of our instructor squad.





Kenneth Irving Tredwell

Θ X. Mechanic.

Born Bristol, Conn., March 23, 1890  
Prep. Bristol High School

"Tred" or "K. I." first saw light on March 23, 1890, down in Bristol, Conn., or otherwise known as the "wooden nutmeg" State. At the age of eighteen he came to Tech giving as his main reason that he was tired of looking them over in Bristol and would like to take a chance in Worcester.

Some Greek philosopher has said that a man's worth varies as the three halves power of his size, and in Tred's case he hit it about right. His "bean" has served him well in all the regular school work, and then he has had time left for the following: Basketball, '08 and '09; baseball in '08, '09 and '10; athletic editor of the *Tech News* in '11, and we are told that there was still a little time left for some "fussing" over on Westland Street. Tred's favorite song is "Put Me Amongst the Goils," and his frequent trips up to "Hamp" only go to show that his wishes are gratified. Ever since making that trip across the "Pond" last summer he has been in demand as an entertainer, and along with his sleight-of-hand tricks he has worked up quite a performance. If you ever see him spinning a quarter and then trying to knock it over with a needle don't ask him what he is doing, but just keep quiet and watch for further developments.

Tredwell was a shark in all those courses that required any real thinking, especially steam, in which it is said that he could tell the difference between an "adiabatic change" and "short change."

Leon Herbert Treadwell

Θ X. Mechanic

Born Bethel, Conn., October 11, 1884  
Prep. Bethel High School  
Class Treasurer, 4 (2)

Leon, a man of many accomplishments, fusser, business man, Y. M. C. A. worker and erstwhile student. His ability as a student is attested to by the fact that he early captured the heart of a fair Worcester damsel, and easily eliminated a long list of rivals. This due to a pleasing personality and a sweet sense (scents) of wistaria, as well as many precious hours spent in the preparation of his physiognomy.

"Tread's" business turn of mind early saw the advantages of the W. P. I. book and supply department, and it is through his scientific management that the store is now in such a flourishing condition. Strong co-operation between Faculty and manager made the book business more or less good about twice a year.

Tread has been untiring in his efforts for the Institute branch of the Y. M. C. A. During his administration as president the membership greatly increased, and the Association was given an enthusiastic boost.

But with all his cares, social and business, Tread has always been able to maintain the required standing in his studies, and in fact much better. And with all these accomplishments we can not but predict that Tread will be highly successful in his engineering work.





John M. Walker  
T B II, ΣΞ. Chemist

Born Brooklyn, N. Y., April 16, 1890  
Prep. M. T. H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y., and Sanford  
School, Redding Ridge, Conn.  
Business Manager Journal, 4 Class Secretary, 4 (2)

Ye gods, what wonders Time (and Tech) hath wrought. Would you recognize in this sedate and learned Senior the freshest Freshman in our once verdant Class. Nay, that you would not.

"Johnny" went in for everything with a loud crash and much oratory, but withal he managed to get there just the same. We must give him credit for more versatility than is usually allotted to a Chemist. His friends are few but loyal; they must indeed be given some merit for understanding him at all.

But John has become imbued with the true Tech Spirit as few men have, and has showed that same in many ways. To wit, in Dramatics, only those who were behind the scenes really appreciate what he did for the first Tech Show. In athletics we must credit the will if not the deed. Besides supporting Tech activities in proper style, personal characteristics (viz., an aroma of "Dill's," a diction rather sulphurous) stamp him a good type of Techman. And to boot, a Chemist Misere. He has done more to arouse enthusiasm and work among the Chemists than any other man. Not always school work, but always work for the school.

John's enthusiastic loyalty for his Class was finally rewarded with the office of Class secretary, and we doubt not that he will perform the duties of the office with the same vigor that he has shown in his undergraduate days.



Edward Joseph Tucker  
Civil

Born Worcester, Mass., April 6, 1890  
Prep. St. John's Parochial High School, Worcester

Amongst the select "big Four" Sanitary Civils Ed is appreciated greatly for his exquisite oratorical accomplishments. Many a dreary afternoon in the Sanitary Lab has been lighted up by the illustrious boy orator whose dissertations, campaign speeches, suffragette ravings never failed to bring howls from the Sanitariums, including "Doe" Powers, and even caused smiles from solemn Prof. Sweetser who sometimes inopportunely appeared upon the scene of battle.

Ed's skill as a bacteriologist and chemist is far famed. As with some of our distinguished Chemists who have trained their noses to recognize all kinds of gases, so E. J. has established a reputation for a peculiar sense of taste. If he can't remember whether this thing or that has been added to the media his delicate taste serves him far more accurately than his copious set of notes scattered here and there.

One more accomplishment worthy of note is that our friend is some danseur. My! But those "turkey trots" and "bunny hugs" he and Nels Frissell used to pull off were some stellar acts! His fame was so far reaching that even "Prof" was induced to take lessons from Ed's teacher, and tear off a few down at the Antiquarian Society Hall. No doubt other fame will come Ed's way along engineering lines if he applies the "bunny hug" there!



Theodore Corsen Wheaton, Jr.

Σ A E. Chemist

Born Millville, N. J., September 30, 1888  
Prep. Worcester Academy

"If you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs and blaming it on you." Ted is a quiet boy, if left alone, but he— isn't. In the early days under a grave misapprehension Johnny Walker tried to convert him, but found "Ted" too old in crime to learn new tricks. As Dennie says, "it would be footless here" to give a detailed account of Ted's cast, so we will attempt to outline the leading features in his eventful career and leave the reader to supply the details: 1, Precipitation into Worcester; accompanying phenomena contributed by R. H. Neal, ex-'12, (a) "There's always hope," (b) "Please turn off the steam." 2, Partial degradation by J. Cline (a) Privileges of a room mate. 3, Qualitative epoch, (a) Inquiries concerning a certain blond. 4, The automobile sale. 5, "The Beloveds" (Philadelphia, Boston and New York). 6, The killing of J. Walker. Thus we could go on and on and yet we could hardly do him justice. After all Ted is the sanest one of the bunch on some subjects and he certainly has filled his little niche to perfection. His choicest expletive is a most euphonious combination of the consonants G. D. M. and T.

Frederic Holman Waring

Φ Γ Δ. Civil

Born Saratoga Springs, October 5, 1890  
Prep. Lowell High, Worcester High School  
Class Vice-president, 2 (1) (2)

For four long years Holman has been a strong advocate of that old adage, "Better late than never" with emphasis on the "Better late." In fact all the Profs are so accustomed to his never failing habit that if, by mistake, he is on time they look him over carefully to see if he has any appearance of ill health. The only time Holman was known to be on time was the day following a little talk by Prof. French on the necessity of being present before a recitation was entirely over. Talk with Holman any time and ask him how his work is coming and the invariable reply is "all pushed up—two lab reports behind and haven't looked at Water Supply for two weeks." Holman often comes into class unprepared, but his practical nature comes to the rescue and he gets by as well as those who put their two hours on the lesson. Holman is a fellow who can be depended on to stand by his friends through thick and thin. We wish him the success that will surely come to him in the future.



Guy Frank Whitney

K  $\Xi$  A, "Skull." Civil

Born Brisbin, N. Y., January 7, 1889  
 Prep. Collinsville High School, Worcester Academy  
 Football '10, Class Vice-president 3 (2) Secretary 4 (1)  
 Aftermath Board

Do you hear that rustling as of silk petticoats? It is "Whit" coming, he always rustles more or less and, speaking of petticoats, reminds me of the fact that Whit is one of the few men in the world who knows how they should hang, or rather how they shouldn't.

He is an unsanitary Civil. In this branch of Engineering his greatest difficulty is in deciding whether sewer pipes should be built according to theory or practice. This is not a real difficulty though, for of those he has none.

Whit's motto has always been, "Look out for the little things and the greater things will take care of themselves." This he has done and will continue to do "until death do us part."

His favorite brand is Scotch, and he may go so far as to wear kilts before long. Just imagine it. (Whit is not built so that he can catch a pig in an alley.)

Be that as it may you can rely on Whit to "deliver the goods."

Lewis Francis Wheeler

K  $\Xi$  A. Chemist

Born Meriden, Conn., April 15, 1888  
 Prep. Meriden High School

The most beautiful Chemist, "Louie" is the pride of the Salisbury Laboratories. He finds favor in the eyes of many Worcesterettes also, it is said. The man who proclaims himself martyr to the stiff collar and yet doesn't get petulant or peeved.

Lewis has a peculiar faculty of doing things the easiest way the first time, but when it comes to an argument he becomes "over 100 per cent. saturated" and falls in a heap at Fra's feet, proclaiming in his jumbled way that he can beat him again in practically any manner of encounter.

A constructive criticism of Lewis would enumerate his lovable disposition (this should be dwelt upon at great length), his individuality of expression and his collection of beautiful Worcester friends.

Lewis intends to work in a powder factory, so his rise in life may come sooner than we expected.





Ernest Rufus Taylor

Θ X. Civil

Born Worcester, Mass., December 27, 1889  
 Prep. Worcester South High School  
 Leader Glee Club, 1911  
 President Musical Association, '11, '12  
 Aftermath Board

Walter Gould Bullard

K Ξ A. Chemist

Born N. Bellingham, Mass., July 4, 1888  
 Prep. Milford High School, Dean Academy

"Nibbs" is one of our jolliest and noisiest. When there's a grand good "rough-house" in progress look for his Nibbs, he's sure to be there. 'Tis told us by his High School associates that a more bashful boy never existed than was this son of 1912 four years ago. Alas, is Tech so evil a place to so change a man? A shunner of the fair sex? Far from it, he is now an attache of Worcester's fair ones. Quiet and studious? Again you High School friends are away off. He is mixed up with nearly every activity on the Hill, outside of athletics. He has developed a bump of executive ability that is prodigious. As "mother" in the 1911 Show he made a tremendous hit. That he is some worker is to be easily seen by the list above. That he will be successful in later life we all feel well assured. The best wishes of us all are with him in his work.

"Open speech and ready hand."

"Bull" is the pride of Stahl Brook Farm. He has captured many blue ribbons in the vicinity of Rumsocket, and for the past four years has been trying to make himself and everyone else in Worcester miserable.

Bullard bawls like a bull; has, does, and always will. It seems to be the height of his ambition to be able to make more noise than any six others can, and he almost does.

That he is a Chemist goes without saying. What that motley throng would do without him we can not tell.

Bull tries to be optimistic in all things with varying degrees of success. If you want him on your side of the argument speak to him about it before the other fellow does—but be careful that he does not drift to the other side when you aren't looking.

With all his faults Bull is a "scout," and makes an effort to stay with the big show every minute.

"Lung to Lung" talks is Bull's strongest suit, and on these occasions you get to know "Bull" as he really is and forgive him.



Ralph Myron Wilder

Φ Γ Δ. Mechanic

Born Fitchburg, Mass., July 20, 1889  
Prep. Fitchburg High School

At a dance.

First girl: "Who is that man over there with the foolish face and smile?"

Second girl: "Oh, don't you know? Why, that's 'Tap' Wilder. You've a dance with him. He will tell you some flat jokes and a lot of serious nonsense and then run upstairs and change his collar. Why, after one dance it was all wilted. I feel so sorry for him."

Never mind, Tap, they say that the best of men are moulded from faults, and also that there is no genius without a tincture of madness.

No two ways about it. Tap is a bold, bad man, and it was at the hands of the "better half" that he met his Nemesis. Just ask him sometime to tell you in his graphic and inimitable style of "The Sheriff's Last Chance."

But to be serious. Tap is a good mixer, conscientious and willing to work. We wish him the best of luck in his "Battle against the Cold, Cold World."

Howard Fogg Wright

Θ X. Electric

Born Bristol, Conn., December 31, 1885  
Prep. Bristol High School

Fogg is a clever inventor, and when you hear the word inventor connected with an Electric you think perhaps that he is a second Steinmetz. In this connection it means that he invents some funny tricks. For example, in walking across the room he hits the low hanging chandelier with great impact and retires rubbing his forehead, with mutterings that sound like curses on all the chandeliers made. If you are quick enough to see him you would have observed that it was his hand and not his head that hit the obstacle.

When he was but two years of age his mother entered him in a beauty show for babies, and he won first prize. Since then he has improved and one would think to see his peach blush cheeks that he carried a vanity box with him all the time. And his soft voice would make one think him a perfect lady, but you are undeceived if you are able to form an acquaintance that will let one see into that fertile mind.

He is a lover of art, music and drama, and although he has exhibited no leanings toward the feminine of our species, still it was rumored in North Attleboro that he is engaged.

When it comes to studies he is there, and when he grasps a new idea you can depend on him to elucidate any time.



Pedro Maria Capdevila

Electric

Born Diamante, Entre-Rios, Argentina, Oct. 22, 1886  
Cosmopolitan Club

Even the Profs call him "Cap," but he doesn't mind if they will only let him by. Thus familiarly known "Cap" finishes his course here at Tech, and just because he hasn't a string of Greek letters after his name don't think they were not deserved. His earnest efforts, not always appreciated, have been made with a determination to win out in the end.

Surely you have noticed that military bearing. "Cap" served as an officer in the army before he appeared in this country, and should the White and Blue ever be endangered you may profess acquaintance with at least one stout-hearted defender.

"Cap" has a fondness for little children (may he have many), dogs and cats. Did you ever see him pass a cat without speaking a kind word to it?

The weaker sex are not troubled by our friend from the South, quite the contrary; in fact it is with greatest difficulty that they are kept at a distance. He resorts to all sorts of schemes and strategy whereby to elude them. There will be another story, though, when he gets home, you can wager on that.



Walter G. Bassett

Electric

Born North Andover, Mass., Jan. 2, 1887  
Prep. North Andover High School

Is there a hard puzzle like Mechanics problems to be solved? You had better see Bassett. No doubt some people have been born with a clear intellect and a lot of common sense that enables them to see the point immediately—but frequently these people have to be excited, as an Electric would say—but the question must be hard or they do not notice it. Lab reports and long lessons that require more time than thinking are their doom, but if Bassett did not shine by his work in Room 19 or by his lab reports his work outside the school will more than make up for that. We all know or realize at least what it means to work one's way through. Several branches of industry engaged his time during his years at Tech, but he reached the highest efficiency as a "soda slinger."

Many Sunday afternoons "dames" have often wondered who that quiet, good mannered, rather bashful fellow behind Green's counter was, and many will also remember the insinuating little grin with which he took their order.

Bassett's career as an athlete was cut short in his Freshman year, but Tech Show came along to give him a chance to show his ability as an artist.

Walter, or "Charlie," is held in great esteem by his friends both of 1911 and 1912. Something in his ways gives you confidence in his actions, and shows the high standard of his character and moral ideals.





Dean Jewett Locke  
 $\Sigma \Xi$ , T B II. Electric

Born Campello, Mass., February 14, 1890  
 Prep. Southbridge High School

We must congratulate ourselves that Campello, Mass., has limited its contributions to "D. J." He will not reveal much of his ancestry to us, so we are left to conjecture where he could have inherited such varied characteristics as are his. But just look at him! Can you not see why he is always so attentive to the future and deaf to the past? Any one with such delicate instruments of sound perception might do as well. And can you fathom this? Dean's got a craze for wiring houses for electricity, and his one ambition is to go into that business in a burg called Sturbridge. That's his one business ambition, but like all other boys he has ambitions along other lines. What! Yes, there is a girl in the case. Ever ask him why he so delights in going home every week and have him tell you how Mother needs him to bring in the wood? Can you blame us for being suspicious? Perchance if *you* are lucky he will give *you* the romance of that beaten trail up the country road behind the farmhouse to where "Dorothy" lives. And now to leave all other high-minded activities to speak for themselves we say one parting word. In all his career at Tech Dean has been one of the best of classmates, helping many of us over the rough and rugged spots and we do truly wish him Godspeed in his ambitions.





Ruth DeLong  
Born March 11th, 1912

*Our Class Baby*

# KNOCKS <sup>AND</sup> JOKES.

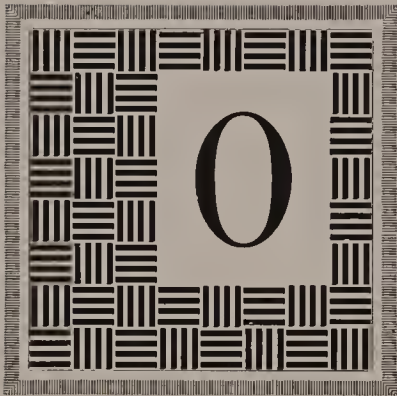


C.F. PALMER 1915.



## Our Classmates

“ For they’re all good American names.”



ONE dark stormy morning on board an ocean steamer a GRANGER, sometimes called “ hay-seeder,” BECKoned to the PORTER, and asked him where his trunk was. The PORTER replied that he had forgotten where he PLAISTED, but that he thought no one would be so mean as to STEELE the trunk as long as it was fastened by such a secure LOCKE such that an expert SMITH would be required to open it. But this did not appease the farmer’s ire, and he swore by the POWERS above, and yelled to the PORTER in his customary English, “ ’UGO get it, or things won’t be all WRIGHT.”

In the meantime the storm approached the vessel, the waves grew WILDER, and the band stopped playing “The WARING of the GREENE” and instead STOWed and TUCKERed themselves comfortably in their cabins. A roar, such as caused by a thunder-CLAPP, was heard, and to calm the excited passengers the minister on board gave a BENEDICTION to the eager listeners.

AND ER SON of a TAYLOR, with the New York slang still lingering with him, grew impatient over this solemnity and to amuse the crowd remarked to a by-stander, “ Do yez see DE LONG guy over dere, well, ask him KINNEY tell you if de inside of a watermelon is soft and juicy, what makes de REINHARD? ” Can you wonder then why it was that a POLANDer on board grew hysterical, toppled over a chair, and thereby ripped a BUTTON from his BROWN coat?

But as is usually the case this journey came to a very pleasant end, and the passengers were all ready to disembark. One man contemplated getting to the next TOWNE, and he remarked that he had been a great WALKER most of his life, and had taken things rather easy. (Over in England they call these people Lords, but here we call them tramps.) Tramps certainly can TREADWELL. A well-to-do POTTER made use of his four-WHEELER, or to speak more specifically, his STEARNS motor car, and proceeded northwards to the land of the STUARTs. Another traveler went on horseback and this RYDER was accompanied by several dogs, to which he occasionally threw a PRATT dog biscuit. One of these dogs turned around and then kept on turning. You see one good turn deserves another. He sure was some TURNER. It was high time for me to bid them all farewell, and I drove away in my one-horse SHEA.

Davy: " Gilbert, have you ever been in a corset shop? "

---

Wilder (in Whitinsville during Junior Mechanics' trip) to innkeeper:  
" What have you got to-day? "

Innkeeper: " We have roast beef and corned beef and they're both good."

Wilder (spying a cockroach running up the wall): " Well, I guess we'll be going. Good-day."

---

" P Plane " still believes that the net area for a column is the area of the lattice-work.

---

" Tap " (after looking at Diesel oil engine and wanting to make a hit with " Davy "): " Where do they make the gas for these engines? "

You're in right, " Tap."

---

Chick: " What is a core-print and what is its office? "

Freshman: " A core-print is that part that projects from the pattern, and its office is to be painted red."

---

And we all laughed when " Piggy " told of the man who pounded his finger because it felt so good when he stopped.

---

" Nellie " (on getting his marks just after returning from his little excursion to " Hamp " during mid-years): " I got by. Guess I'll call up 'dad.' "

Goes to phone.

" Nellie: " " Toll operator, please."

" Nellie: " " Give me . . . ring . . . Hinsdale, Mass."

" Nellie: " " No, I'm not joking."

" Nellie: " " Really there is such a place. It's on the map."

" Nellie: " " Hello! Is this 'dad'? This is 'Nellie.' "

" Nellie: " " Got my marks. Got by all right."

" Nellie: " " What? You got my marks in yesterday's mail? "

" Nellie: " " Yes, 'D' is passing. All right. Good bye! "

Another half an " iron man " wasted. But really, who ever heard of Hinsdale anyway?

---

Remember, Beck, that a telephone operator's face may not be as sweet as her voice. Again. The fact that she may be light (Oh, you Blondy) is no reason why she may be picked up.

---

And still the Electrics wonder if Pratt is taking Hydraulics.

Charlie Allen (describing an engine in the power lab. to the Electrics):  
“ It’s that machine with a name-plate similar to those you find on a coffin.”

---

In Gas Engineering:

Benedict (who is always asking questions): “ Why is the top of that valve round? ”

Davy (who never gets stuck): “ I suppose so that if a fly should alight on it the fly would not get hurt by falling after the explosion.”

---

Advice from a Senior to a certain collection of professors: “ Why don’t you bald-headed profs tell yourselves a hair-raising story? ”

---

Doctor Pierce was telling the Electrics of the condition of the water in St. Louis, several years ago. In describing its color he remarked that it was of such a fleshy color that when taking a bath one could not see through the water. My! What a rushing business the breweries must have done!

---

Prof. H. B. Smith tells us that we have no more right to call amperes amps. than we have to call gallons gals.

---

If Davy Gallup takes sick how is Joe Phelon?

---

From Dean J. Locke we find that “ big ears ” is not a sign of a good listener, but rather a big “ hot air ” talker—that is to say—etc.

---

This one is in Hydraulics:

“ Hoggy ” Brown: “ The humidity of the atmosphere determines the amount a man will sweat.”

Charlie Allen: “ Remember, Brown, an animal sweats, a man perspires and a woman glows.”

---

DeLong’s Evening Prayer:

“ Ah, Fellow Classmates, how happy I would be  
Just to be single again, and once more free.”

---

If “ General ” Putnam becomes instructor in P. Lab. next term, and he still continues to wear those woolen mittens—woe betide some innocent Sophomore who mistakes him for some green Freshie.

---

Piggy (finding a mistake made in the office): “ That’s a tin roof mistake. One on the house.”

---



Gas Engine Test at Southbridge—Senior Mechanics  
Nickerson and Porter in a restaurant.

Waiter: "Are you two fellows from the theatre up here?"

Nickerson: "No."

Porter: "Why?"

Waiter: "I thought you were the tumblers that were coming up here to-day."

---

Piggy (calling roll in shop management): "Cunningham."

Cunningham: "Here."

Piggy: "Funck."

Funck (coming in door): "Here."

Piggy (looking at H. Augustus's empty chair): "Where?"

---

Haynes: "What warning did Washington leave?"

K. I. Tredwell: "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen."

---

Piggy (in materials): "The only use of a high speed steel razor would be with red whiskers."

---

#### COLLEGE IDYL

Where is my Junior son to-night—

The child of our tears and fuss?

Does he mathematize on the flight of light,

Or work at Theocritus?

"Nay, lady, he's talking of next year's team;

Or watching 'em basketball;

Or calling and chatting with peaches and cream;

Or smoking a pipe—that's all.

"Or hazing a Freshman to make him grow;

Or fighting some likely pups;

Or raising a row with a rotten show;

Or running for loving-cups.

"And maybe he's writing the Junior play;

Or stealing the chapel chimes;

But, lady, you bank on it, anyway,

That he's having a——of a time."

---

MR. D. L. GALLUP, W. P. I.,

Worcester, Mass.

Dear Sir:

Please send for your case of——books——at once. It is leaking.

R. R. AGENT.

## Steam

Sammie walked quietly to where B. A. was writing in hieroglyphics of some remote time our final exam in steam, and whispered.

In a moment or two Bottle walks to the back of the room and watches Hogan take out his watch every moment or so.

He grew suspicious, as usual, and remembered the time when he was in similar exams at M. I. T., and needed help.

Finally he strode slowly between the chairs and stopped in front of Hogan.

“Let me see your watch,” he commanded.

“Yes, sor,” was the meek reply.

Prof opened the front of the case. He looked somewhat sheepish when he read the single word, “Stung.”

But he was a shrewd man. He was not to be thrown off the scent so easily.

He opened the back of the case. Then he was satisfied, for he read, “Stung again.”

---

One day when our electric car was derailed on Main Street Prof. Richey went to a nearby office to telephone for the work gang. When he returned to the scene of the accident he saw that the pedestrians were all on one side of the track, with the exception of one lady, who seemed to be afraid to cross the rails.

When Prof drew near she asked in a timid voice: “Would I get a shock if I put my foot on that rail?” pointing to the nearest one.

“No, madam,” he said, then, not thinking, “not unless you put your other foot on the trolley wire.”

---

## THE HOSIERY

(Apologies to Robert Cameron Roberts.)

The hours I spent, darning thy sox  
Are as a string of hose to me.  
I count them over, every one apart,  
Thy hosiery! Thy hosiery!

Each hour, a sock; each sock, a hole,  
If not so holey, I wouldn't care—  
I darn each hole until the end,  
And there another hole.

Oh, darned old sox, that rip and tear,  
Oh, torn old hose that needs repair—  
I darn each hole, and strive at last  
To learn to mate each sock.  
Alas!  
To mate each sock.

## MEMORIES OF FRESHMAN SHOP PRACTICE

A bibulous student, with three in the wind,  
And the fourth sheet already unfurled,  
Hung fast to a lamp post and foolishly grinned,  
While about him the universe whirled.

"I mus' be in love," he exultingly cried,  
As at last the solution he found;  
"I mus' be in love, for they say far and wide  
That love makes the world go around."

---

Instructor in Physics: "Can anyone tell me the value of the coefficient of expansion of copper?"

Stearns: "It's .0000 something."

Instructor: "You evidently haven't said much."

---

### In Mechanics Lab.

Gilehrest: "Say, Ralphy, are you keeping that water level in that pail?"

Ralphy (you can't beat him): "Why sure, can't you see it's running over just a little bit all the time?"

---

## PROFESSORS AND INSTRUCTORS

Reddy—"And the Lord said, 'Let there be light!'"

A. J. Knight—I smile—sometimes.

Bonnett—Great teacher in Sanitation. Hey, Civils?

Harvey—No, he doesn't teach anything in particular, but his Deportment is beautiful.

Prof. French—The man who can teach to the satisfaction of his students.

Piggy—A practical joker.

Hedlund—A friend of the 1912 Civils.

Gallup—Take a look at me now.

Punk—'Scuse me.

---

Prof. French (reminiscently): "We had an ink tracing once which one morning we found to be entirely void of the inked lines," (we all waited expectantly for the answer) "the flies ate it off," continued Prof.

If you don't believe that one, Prof will tell you another.

---

Prof. French: "There is no dishonor in dying, but to be dead and not know it reflects on our intelligence."



Nevens (to employer during summer vacation): "Do you think the firm will lose any money if I take a vacation this afternoon?"

Employer: "Not if you will be sure to turn off your light when you go."

---

## A LETTER THAT NEVER GROWS OLD

My dear Professor Read:

It was very pleasing to me to get your recent letter. Perhaps I should have been more pleased had I been able to decipher the same. I have not been able to master any of it beyond the date, which I knew; and the signature, which I guessed at. This is a singular and perpetual charm in a letter of yours; it never grows old, it never loses its novelty. One can say to himself every morning, "Here's that letter of Read's. I haven't read it yet. I think I will take another shy at it to-day, and maybe I shall, in the course of a few months, be able to make out what he means by those t's that look like w's and those i's that have no eyebrows." Other letters are read and thrown away, but yours are kept forever—unread. One of them will last a reasonable man a lifetime.

Admiringly yours,  
I AM SORE.

---

On that Athol trip.

Sherman (just two minutes' ride from Fitchburg) arouses from his peaceful sleep and wants to know if he is almost to Gardner. After a little explanation he begins to realize that the others left the train at Gardner some time before. To say the least he was slightly peeved.

---

If Hogan can walk ten miles how far can Hugo?

# BEWARE!!

## FRESHMEN

1. You must always wear the Regulation Cap.
2. Don't smoke on Tech Hill.
3. Turn down your trousers.
4. Don't wear Prep. school letters or numerals.
5. Uncover to all professors.
6. Keep off the Electrical Lab. steps.
7. Wear no corduroy trousers.

And you pusillanimous, insignificant, unheard-of children of 1913, remember to honor, respect and obey your superiors, the great and glorious class of

# 1912

If the janitor can bolt four doors how many can Dean Locke?

---

B. A. (during one of those good old sleeps in steam): "Someone can close the windows if it's cold."

Nemo (just waking up): "Did you say 'Smith, open the window?' "

---

B. A.: "Keeler, give me the weight of the ash."

Keeler: "Two hundred and sixty-two pounds."

B. A.: "Is that net weight?"

Keeler: "No, that includes the weight of the wheel barrow."

---

## NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWELVE

Poland—And God saw that it was good.

Benedict—And yet he loves himself; is it not strange.

Hossack—"I awoke one morning"—but not to find myself famous.

Frissel—Authority is in weight.

DeLong—Thou art long and lank and light

As is a string bean.

Nemo Smith—Full of strange oaths.

Waring—Better late than never.

Dixon—So trim; so simple.

McGowan—Children should be seen and not heard.

Plaisted—Then he will talk—good gods, how he will talk.

Furber—Nature has framed strange things in her time.

Powers—And yet, good faith, I wished myself a man.

Division Collectors—Of all men else have I avoided thee!

Cunningham—I think therefore I am.

Granger—Work; I'll dodge it.

Beck—.999999999999999999.

---

Doc Calhane: "This is a secret process which I have been unable to find out."

---

According to Duff, Newton was born in 1616 and died 1728. Some boy!

---

Prof. Bird: "The Senior classes are deteriorating. They come up on the Hill knowing so much and go away knowing so little, there must be a lot of knowledge left here on the Hill."

Student (from back seat): "What do you Profs do with it all?"

---

First student (in act of throwing a banana peel at another student):  
"I appeal to you."

Second student (successfully dodging): "Your appeal is fruitless."

## THE LOST CAR

Seated one day in the tonneau,  
I was timid and ill at ease;  
For I heard a sort of rumbling  
And a kind of a warning wheeze.

I know not what struck my chauffeur,  
Nor what he had struck nor whom—  
But I heard a bombilation  
Like the sound of the crack of Doom!

It flooded the crimson twilight  
Like the crash of a rending sky!  
And I lay on the burning asphalt  
With the motor across my thigh.

It quieted cries and moaning,  
Like a man who scolds his wife;  
It seemed an unending smashup  
That would speedily end my life.

It linked all my breaks and bruises  
Into one perfect pain;  
And it rumbled and whizzed and guggled,  
As if it would come again.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,  
The reason for that great sound  
That came from the soul of the motor  
As it threw me on the ground.

It may be a first-class earthquake  
Could bring such a sound to men;  
And it may be that only in nightmares  
I shall hear that noise again.

---

(A sample of our English "Exams.")

### WORCESTER POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE. ENGLISH 23

1. (a) State concisely the events leading up to the creation of Adam. Causes and effects. (Give dates.)

(b) Trace the ancestry of William Cullen Bryant back to 2 B.C., also a list of his descendants paying particular attention to the most famous ones of the present day.

2. Tell who is meant by each of the following names: (a) Punk; (b) Reddy; (c) B. A.; (d) Piggy; (e) Chick; (f) Old Sleuth.

3. Describe in a few words the best way to locate such relics as Whitman, Mass.; St. Johnsbury, Vt.; etc.

4. Write a *short* theme on "Who I Am and Why I'm Here," containing a few thousand words.

5. Give a brief criticism of the "Ten Commandments," "Scott's Emulsion" (before and after meals), and "Hamlet." Give such improvements as are suggested in your notes.

(Answer any six. State at the beginning of your paper whether or not you intend to pledge money for the new gym. The remainder of this little examination in sixteen volumes, appropriately bound in calf, will be passed out as soon as these few questions are answered.)

---

I gently took her arm,  
Exclamation.  
I really meant no harm,  
Vaccination!



One Powers promised Evans \$100 provided he would name his child after Powers. The child *was* so named and Powers refused to pay.

Jinny: " Powers, could Evans collect? "

Gene: " No, I don't think so."

Jinny: " Why not? "

Gene: " No valuable consideration."

Danny: " How do you separate oxygen from a gas? "

Student: " By Himple's Brunette."

Danny: " Now what do you do? "

Student: " Apply the formula."

Danny: " What to? The bell-jar? "

A Eulogy of Myself.

There is a young man named Walker,  
And truly the same is a corker,  
An athlete, a plugger,  
A fusser and hugger,  
And really a H—— of a talker.

Sinful student: " Why is the crowd that makes the Sigma Xi like the best part of a prayer? "

Other sinful one: " Give it up. "

Sinful student: " It's the A-men."

**HERE YOU  
FRESH-MEN  
STOP=LOOK=LISTEN**

WE the unconquerable, unshamed, mighty and most respected class of THIRTEEN welcome you, rigging, cute and entirely unbranded of infants.

WE add hereto certain time-honored rules which you will obey or be prepared to pay the penalty of our displeasure, which (wire aroused will take the usual form, which is most dampening to the spirits.

**YOU SHALL**

1. Uncover to all professors and instructors whenever you chance to meet them.
2. Wear the caps which WE furnish.

**YOU SHALL NOT**

1. Smoke on Tree Hill.
2. Wear corduroy trousers.
3. Wear cuffs on your trousers—(turn 'em down—now).
4. Gather for any purpose whatsoever on the steps of the Electric Lab.
5. Wear prep school numerals or letters.
6. Be seen on Main Street after 10:30 P. M., except in the company of upper classmen.
7. Print numerals with chalk or paint on any building, walk, stone or fence.

**AND REMEMBER!**

However indispensable you may have been to your prep school, keep in mind, Tree has existed many years without you, and we are all from Missouri! If you are any good we'll find it out! If not, toddle back home to mother.

Now come in, you indolent, insignificant, penny-pleading, prattling Freshies, and respect, imitate and be humble before your superiors, the class of

**1913**

Stearns to conductor: "Is this car express?"  
Conductor: "No! Passenger."

---

## THE SLAUGHTER

A comic-tragedy in two acts by John Beck

### ACT I

(A basement suspiciously like the basement of Boynton Hall)  
Enter Three Microbes

*First Mick.* When shall we three meet again  
In thunder, lightning and in rain?  
*Second Mick.* When John Adolphus Beck as at prayer he stands  
Winds up his Ozonizer without once changing hands.  
*Third Mick.* When Ventilation has passed away.  
*First Mick.* When King Poland no more holds sway.  
*Second Mick.* When Tech has really got its gym.  
*Third Mick.* When Furber greets you when you greet him.  
*First Mick.* When Tech victories come again.  
*All.* That will be the Lord knows when.  
(They hover and vanish.)

### ACT II

(Three microbes discovered around the sink.)

*First Mick.* As I around this sink will sing  
Throw in any darned old thing.  
*Second Mick.* Hunks of boarding house frosted cake  
In this sink we will boil and bake.  
*Third Mick.* Here is Chuck's historic chew (gum)  
Bits of chalk and tangents too.  
*First Mick.* Some of John Beck's apparatus  
That will make Prof. French cuss.  
*Second Mick.* That our charm will never fail  
Some of Richardson's ginger ale.  
*All.* Won't we raise the very deuce  
When we turn the mixture loose.  
*First Mick.* Hark, I hear the sound of feet  
Let us for awhile retreat.  
(They hide themselves. Enter Prof. French and Beck.)  
*Prof. French.* Look and behold this filthy hole here,  
How opportune for our experiments,  
Here may we dabble to our heart's content.

*Beck.*                               As you have said,  
So let thy will be done. I have obtained  
The chemicals you sought, and will apply  
Each to the apparatus as you direct.  
How would you have the operation done?

*Prof. French.* Well done, thou good and faithful servant. Ha!

(They pour in chemicals and retire. The Microbes appear and dance about in glee. There is an explosion, and the Microbes are slain. Prof swears, Beck weeps, and the curtain falls.)

---

Prof. French: "What proportions do they use in making this mortar, Mr. Frissell?"

Nellie: "I think it is 1:3."

Prof: "You ought to know."

Nellie: "I'll say 1:3."

---

McGowan (in abstracts): "This area is increased from 300 to 2000 square acres."

---

Prof. French (in masonry): "Nevens, what is the toughest thing in this room?"

Nevens refused to answer because he thought Prof was getting personal.

---

Prof. Ives: "Are there any questions about the work this morning?"

Stubby: "I would like to see that *dam* problem worked out."

---

Two new aspirants for professorship honors: "Pa and Sammy."

---

"B. A." (describing the Babcock & Wilcox boiler.)

P. A. P.: "Are these the same people that make the sewing machine?"

Read looks disgusted. Big laugh.

---

"B. A.": "How about that, Mr. Balcom, are there any fuse plugs in our boilers out there?"

Sammy: "Number three has one."

---

Ed Poland (after trying two days to find an error in his drafting): "I think, Prof, there must be an error in the theory. I am sure I haven't made a mistake."

---

Prof. Haynes: "What are form utilities?"

Powers: "Er-er-Sculptors."



Taken from the *O-B Bulletin* published by the Ohio Brass Co. of Mansfield, Ohio.

"An Electrical Brain Storm by H. B. Potts, Electrical Engineer of the National Coal Co.

"The next meeting of the Ladies' Switch Board will be about the time currents armature. Dinah Mow will be in attendance. Jennie Rater has promised to come. Will Watt meter there?

"There will be some smart electrics played we presume.

"Fuse thinking about going, better cut out your other trip and bring all your relay shunts.

"Polly Phase will ride a cycle built for two around the circuit. Nathan used to spark but such actions may alter Nate.

"Mag Net is a heavy feeder and drinks sometimes. If she should get gay a copper may arrester, if she don't offer too much resistance, and conductor through the field over the bridge to the station if he can controller, and put her in a cell which may exciter and eventually transformer, unless Rail goes her bond.

"Hy Potential will do a stunt on a slack wire. Ann Tennae will render an original solo entitled 'Come Quick Darnye,' or 'Stuff's Off Sure.' Better Coherer.

"The last meeting was a compounded series affair. Volts tried to choke Coyle; but Coyle says, 'Dynamic, you can't do it, I'm not so easy as I ampere, anode you'd try to erg a scrap. I don't like your impudence. I'll polarize you if you make a single break like that again.'

"If you go to this meeting be careful not to reel when you go Ohm or your wife will ask, 'Wire your insulate?'"

---

Charlie Allen: "Poland, if you were on your way to a ball game with a crowd and all were traveling at the same speed how many people would you overtake if you doubled your speed?"

Poland (after some thought): "Twice as many."

---

Reddy: "Mr. Tucker, where is the best place to sink a well?"

Eddie: "Where there is water."

Reddy: "Yes, er—that's good."

---

#### In 1915

While visiting Ed Poland on his farm last week I was being shown his bantam department. On entering the bantam coop I was surprised to find an ostrich egg tied to one of the beams, and above it a card, with these words:

"KEEP YOUR EYE ON THIS AND DO YOUR BEST."

Ding's patience was much tried by Porter, who has a habit of standing around with his mouth open. One day, as Porter was resting in class, his mouth was open as usual, and Ding, giving him a severe look, said:

"Porter, your mouth is open."

"Yes, sir," replied Paul, "I opened it."

---

Ding looks over his glasses at the class and discovers Pop, Hogan and Hugo sitting around a desk pitching pennies.

"Knights of the round table," remarked Ding, and proceeded with his work.

---

Salesman: "Good morning, Professor, I understand that you want to buy a power saw."

Prof. Bird: "Why yes, I'm looking around for a saw? What have you got?"

Salesman: "I've got a first-class automatic saw here that I'll sell you for \$5000."

Prof. Bird (excited): "What in hell would I want with a saw if I had \$5000?"

---

#### Scene—Room No. 1, E. E. Building

Dodo (to student): "Mr. Harrington, er-r-r-how did it er-r-happen that er-you got the er-r-wrong answer er-r-in yesterday's quiz?"

Harry (soberly): "Well, you see, Mr. Adams, to err is human."

---

If Phil's baby wants an airing will Lewis Wheeler?

---

As the speaker sat down did you hear P. We Clapp?

---

Greene to Gilbert: "Kiss me dearie, nothing makes me sick."

---

#### In Shop Management

Hogan: "Well, I guess I'll go out for awhile. I haven't been out for ten minutes."

---

Prof. Smith in Crane Design: "Wilder, what does all this computation show?"

Wilder: "Why, that the rivets will hold instead of bending."

Meester ———

Dear frend i get the valve wieth i by from you alrite but why for gods sake you doan sen me no handle wats the use of the valve when she doan have no handle i loose to me my customer sure ting. you doan treet me rite is my money not so good to you as the other fellow i wate 10 daze and my customer he holler for water like hell by the vale you no he is hot summer now and the win no blow the meel the valve she got no handle so what the hell i goan do you doan sen me handle preety quick i sen her back and i goan order some valve from K-Copanee good-by  
your frend

---

since i write these letter i fine the goddam handle in the bocks eccuse to me.

---

Davy to Nemo: " Smith, what is a cam? "

Smith (after some deliberation): " A cam is a mechanism for producing a peculiar motion." (Laughter from the knowing Mechanics.)

Davy (in a sarcastic tone): " Well, I guess that'll get you by, it is certainly the most luminous thing that I have heard to-day."

---

Davy to Keeler, who has just finished an explanation of a gas producer. The last few sentences of the explanation were barely audible. " Well, that sounds like the last few moments of a misspent life."

---

#### THE FRESHMAN'S COMPLAINT

My Mother makes me awful mad,  
I wisht she'd let me be.  
But, dern the luck, she seems to think  
That she's a-running me.  
Now, here I am dressed like a dude,  
At this here Tecknic school;  
I might look clean an' sporty, but  
I feel just like a fool.

The other kids keep a-guyin' me,  
Because I come down here;  
Sech things as " girly boy " an' " dude "  
They holler in my ear!  
Course, I can't blame 'em, 'cause I do  
Look mushy-like, an' yet  
If they don't cut that guyin' out  
I'll punch some heads, I'll bet.

They ain't no fun in huggin' girls,  
But what else kin I do,  
With Mom a-sittin' lookin' on?  
Doggone it, I feel blue.  
Mom says I'll be a gentleman  
In years that is to come,  
If she keeps sendin' me down here,  
I won't—I'll be a bum.

---

John Jernberg: " Vell boys, first you get it up to the velding heat; then you hit it a couple of light blows wit' the pene of the hammer and draw it fort' and back over the horn of the anvil— "



### Planted and Growing

Junior: "Is it true that the President's yacht, the Mayflower, is aground? "

Jinny: "I hadn't heard of it."

Junior: "Well, this morning's paper says that she went to New York city and took Root there."

---

Johnnie: "Come in, Sister's expectin' you."

Greene: "How do you know she is? "

Johnnie: "She's been sleepin' all the afternoon— "

---

Dutchy: "One hindred tousand times as less as silver."

---

Our cynic, Doc. Hull: "It's some consolation to *know* that you can't do something."

---

### Heard in Hydraulics

I remember one morning the temperature was 40 below. I went out in the yard expecting to find the pump frozen, but was much surprised to find the pump perfectly free. However, the instant I jarred the pump it froze solid. Wal, if you don't believe it—.

---

"Pa" Fairfield: "We always get in step with the men. We have been confined to the instruction of the students in Machine work for a good many years, and we find the work very interesting although at times the men are ungrateful. It is much pleasanter to teach the men than it is to work in a machine shop; the average journeyman is apt to use profane language; I fear I should do likewise if in that environment! Dear me!

"Yes, here our life is very serene. If a man is not respectful it is unworkmanlike; he must learn better manners. The grading of the men is based not on what they do but the general methods of the men in going about their work throughout the period, and the impression they make on us. But finally, if we see that a man's marks in other subjects are running low we make his shop mark low, if he is receiving high marks we raise his mark if *needs be*."

You win, "Pa!"

---

Professor: "And what is your calling, young man? "

Student: "Huh? "

Professor: "What do you do when you are not studying? "

Student: "Gettin' screwed."

---

Dutchy: "Imagine yourself a beam suspended on a knife edge."

Friend: "How are you, Danny?"

O'Regan: "I'm up against it. I lost the best part of my baggage en route."

Friend: "Did you misplace it or was it stolen?"

O'Regan: "Neither. The cork came out."

---

#### In Materials

Hogan: "Prof, kin yez tell me what kapes them bricks together?"

Prof. Bird: "Sure, it's the mortar."

Hogan: "Not by a dom sight; that kapes them apart."

---

"Is Professor Bird in?"

Truthful Junior: "I think not. I seen him ten minutes ago in the consultin' room with some other profs, and he wuz seventy-five dollars out."

---

Beily: "Er-r-r, nobody knows how this obstruction got in the drain-pipe; let us attribute it to the rats."

---

#### Electrics

Voice from behind the switch board, evidently belonging to Button, who has put himself in series with 220 volts. "Jerusalem!!" Reiny, who has closed the switch in front, prepares to faint.

---

Danny, who has called on Put for a first order equation and received one containing  $x$  and  $y$ , "Look out, or you'll get simultaneous ones in a minute!"

---

### SENIOR CLASS STATISTICS

#### Future Occupations

Entrepreneurs ( <i>Aftermath</i> Board),	12	Bartenders,	3
Yeggmen,	2	Contractors,	4
Second story men,	1	Engine wipers,	1
Authors,	4	Magnets,	2
Chief Engineers,	6	Blacksmiths,	1
Deck hands,	1	Stokers,	2
Bell boys,	1	Superintendents,	3
Governors,	3	Cooks,	1
Mission workers,	1	Bankers,	2
Strike agitators,	2	Connoisseurs,	2
Thugs,	0	Speculators,	1
Ribbon clerks,	1	Congressmen,	3
Presidents of United States,	2	Street cleaners,	4
Hod carriers,	1	"Con" men,	5

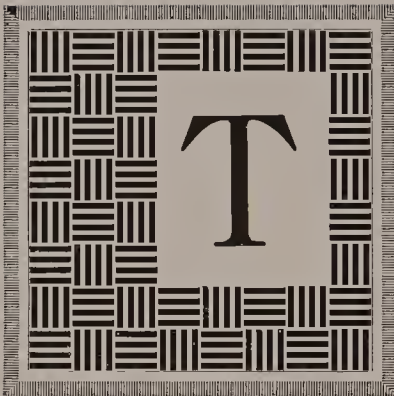
*THESE FISH WOULD NOT BITE.*





# Alumni Notes

## Introduction



THE 1912 *Aftermath* Board are devoting the following pages to the Alumni of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute in the hope that we may do our little share toward increasing the good feeling among the Alumni and the student body.

We have done our best to provide an article for each class graduated from the institution. In some instances this has been impossible. After appealing to various members without success the shortness of time then available compelled us to leave merely the empty space for some classes.

We hope that the articles submitted may be of interest to all, and we wish to take this opportunity to thank those members of the Alumni who have made possible the publishing of this collection of articles.

Class of 1871

---

Class of 1872

---

Class of 1873

---

Class of 1874

---

Class of 1875

The Class of 1875—the best Class ever graduated from the institution, as was admitted at the time by the president of the Faculty—numbered forty-nine in the Junior year. It should be remembered that, then,

the course was three years, and the classes were called Senior, Middle and Junior. The Mechanics were all members of the apprentice class, so-called, which began work at the beginning of the second half of the school year and worked continuously in the shop, so that the course for Mechanics was three and one-half years and for all others three years. The Class of 1875 had fifteen members in the apprentice class. At that time the Faculty consisted of eight members; four are still living, but no one save Mr. Sinclair, Emeritus Professor of Higher Mathematics, has any connection with the Institute. No member of the then Board of Trustees is now living.

Life at the Tech was surrounded in those days, as it is now, by an atmosphere of extreme industry. To be sure it was, in a way, less complex; the institution was smaller, and the contact with Instructors probably closer. There were but two school buildings, Boynton Hall and the Shop—then of its original size.

The diversions of the students were few, a baseball team played occasional games but sports were not then as highly organized as now, or indeed organized at all. I remember that Mr. Higgins had an old white horse which bore the poetic name of “ Snowflake ”—not fleet of foot, in no sense a winged steed—this quadruped did the teaming for the shop and occasionally officiated on less serious occasions, and was sufficiently patient and compliant as to be led upstairs to the chapel in Boynton Hall where he was found one morning at prayers. The descent was a more complicated matter, and finally, I believe, the long-suffering animal was tobogganed down on planks laid over the stairs. On another occasion the shop wagon was found fastened to the top of a pine tree in the grove which then flourished on the north side of the shop, but these were infrequent lapses.

Doctor Thompson, remembered by the older graduates, was then the Principal—brilliant and of great executive ability and most resourceful, admirably endowed to control and inspire young men. I remember once that someone removed the Bible from the chapel and substituted Webster’s dictionary. At prayers all were expectant of great sport at Doctor Thompson’s discomfiture. He came in, opened the book, but with not a sign of surprise or confusion on his part he repeated the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm without any hesitation and as if he were reading it from the book.

In those less formal days there were some perquisites. The hay for the barn was cut on the place and the boys got it in, taking the time from Shop practice—but they never complained for they were credited with double time, and I don’t believe that an impending shower was ever effective in hastening their movements, and they kept most friendly relations with the clock. Occasionally the boys in the wood room would engage in some simple work of construction for some member of the Faculty, perhaps a hen-house or some other equally useful edifice. On one occasion a load of lum-

ber intended for Boynton Street was, on the theory that a straight line is the shortest distance between two given points, conveyed by a boy between the shafts down through the woods in front of the Shop. As the grade became steep the speed became accelerated; the head and the body of the pilot were visible, but his legs were shaded into an indeterminate blur, so rapidly did they plow the air.

I will not assert that during the hot summer afternoons no boy ever stole away from the Shop across what was then a cow pasture, now Institute Park, and went in swimming under the old apple tree. I am sure that no work of art in the Louvre has ever been more often reproduced than was the old ice house on the opposite side of the pond by the classes in free hand drawing under Mr. Gladwin's tutelage. The Class of 1874 had at one time a mascot, as appears from the following notice in the papers of the day:

"The public will be pained to hear of the death of Miss Tabbie Cat, so long cherished by the Class of '74, Worcester Technical Institute. Undertaker Hurley took charge of the remains, which were interred yesterday afternoon, with appropriate ceremonies. The bell of the Institute will be tolled hourly for an indefinite period in honor of the deceased."

The life altogether was pleasant and profitable and the training admirable.

## Class of 1876

### Keep off the Grass. An Historical Sketch

There was a Tech in '76 whom we will call Bodkins. His name was not Bodkins, but we resolved long ago that the hero of the first article of history we should ever write should be put down as Bodkins, Birchard Bodkins. Birchard was one of the most perpendicular of upright youths till he came to reside on Dix Street. His perpendicularity has been seen to wobble slightly once or twice since then. He roomed on Dix Street with a gentleman who, we have reason to believe, was reared on sauerkraut. This gentleman was the possessor of a fine lawn, in prospect. At the time of our sketch the yard was fenceless and uncultivated, but the prospect was truly imposing. Bodkins was wont to cross this heath with his ash pan instead of going round the walk. His landlord was a tender-hearted man withal, and shrunk from remonstrating with Bodkins for his excursions across the yard. Accordingly one Saturday morning there appeared upon the sands a neat little sign. It was painted upon a piece of clapboard with a stick, and read, "Keep Off the Grass."

Nobody had noticed any grass there before, and nobody but Bodkins saw the point in the appearance of the sign. He took it sadly to heart. He pondered over the case till evening, when he wended his way to Chaser Square and called a council. After a short deliberation the council unani-



mously voted that the yard was not sufficiently protected from a marauding public, and that the duty of amplifying the protection devolved upon Bodkins, with such assistance as the council would be willing to render. The council was willing, in fact anxious, and an expedition was shortly organized to draw upon the resources of W. M. S. for building materials.

A building committee was impaneled, as was also a committee on painting, and a legion on impaling. They worked long and well. On the following morning, which was Sunday, everybody but the impaling legion was astonished at the scope and completeness of the yard's protection. The astonishment of the legion was as loudly professed as anybody's, but it was a lame blind. The yard was fairly bristling with signs, from the inscriptions of which we select the following: "Mad Dog Inside, Be Off," "Hay for Sale," "Mumps," "Mad Butcher Lives Here, Look Out," "Measles," "Smallpox," "Don't Stone the Toads, They Eat the Bugs that Eat the Grass," "People are Requested to Examine the Premises and See if They can Discover any Grass," etc.

There was an enthusiastic audience about the place throughout the morning, comments were freely bestowed, most of which expressed the opinion that the yard was now safe from invasion, it being impossible to get upon the embankment without serious trouble in dislocating the signs. One man, however, said it was a shame, and went around to inform the proprietor of the state of things, and advised him to take in the lumber for his stock of kindling wood for the ensuing year. The proprietor came out and viewed the decorations. He waxed wroth. His son, who was a butcher, came out and viewed, and the sign which was taken from the playbill of the Boylston Museum was taken as a prophecy. *They* held a council, and in spite of the professions of the legion they said "it is those cussed 'Techs.'" Excuse the language, but that is what they said. They said further, "Don't touch one of them. Let them stand there all day, and we will call the great mugwump of the Technical School over to see them. We will see if we can have this matter investigated." So there they stood and all day long crowds visited the scene and went away happy. The mugwump plan was working finely, when just after church was out in the evening the signs, big and little, one and all, took to themselves legs and skedaddled down the street. Those signs have since been distributed among the legion as memory bills. The morning dawned and over to see the mugwump went the owner of the lawn. The mugwump imparted this wise council: "The case is out of my jurisdiction; the thing for you to do is to hasten to the police office and have the suspected men arrested, every one of them."

The landlord went home and reflected. To his mind it was a clear case, but his evidence had taken itself to legs, and he couldn't prove anything. So a few days afterward, when Bodkins interviewed his landlord he was informed that as long as this was the first attack of the Techs on

him he guessed he would let them off; that he had come to think that part of the job was meant for him (Bodkins), and that next time anything happened they had best join forces in ferreting out the offenders. Bodkins assented and thus retained his perpendicularity with the old man.

## Class of 1877

Three cheers for the Class of '77, the Class that now looks back over its record for thirty-five years and has helped uphold the good name of old Tech. As mature Alumni we may be allowed to "reminis" a little—how many recall the football of those days? It was made up from a division into two squads of those fellows who could spare an hour or less after recitations; one at either end of the comparatively level space at the foot of Washburn Shops near Boynton Street. It was then a general "go as you please" to get the ball to the opposite end of the field.

A popular form of athletics in those days was the "walk around" during the five minutes of intermission between recitations. The leader would say, "Thumbs up" for a "walk around," and every man in the Class would fall into line and march solemnly around Boynton Hall. No noise above ordinary conversation allowed.

For a "Cross-Country Run" a trip to the Cider Mill on Grove Street, in the early Alumni days, answered all requirements. For a real genuine outing a trip to Holden or some other town with the Glee Club was an event to be remembered.

On one occasion as the Glee Club were "howling" on the train as they returned from Uxbridge, an elderly severe looking man arose from his seat, and coming forward asked where the crowd came from. He was told and then asked, "Who is the leader?" Trembling with fear the leader spoke up; no one knew what would come next. With tears in his eyes the gentleman said, "I want to thank you for the music, boys, it has done me good. My name is Knowlton," and he handed the leader a crisp ten-dollar bill. That man was Knowlton of Upton, who gave the stone wall to Tech on Boynton Street. The old Glee Club sang with even more spirit and freedom than ever after that.

There were no fraternity houses in those days, but there were occasional social functions. At one time two students decided to move their lodgings from Dix to John Street. The Class, as a whole, assisted. A long ladder was secured on which the two students were placed, suitably shrouded—the ladder and students being carefully lifted to the shoulders of stalwart bearers. With the musicians (two flutes playing a dirge) leading, the procession moved through the principal streets on the West side.

A daughter of Worcester's leading judge afterward told a friend that

if she ever wished she was a boy it was when that procession passed her father's house.

Yes, the Worcester Free Institute of Industrial Science of those days was quite different from the present Worcester Polytechnic Institute in many ways, but don't think the boys were lacking in good times.

To-day there may be more accessories, but do you suppose there is any more real fun than there was in the home-made gymnasium, in the grove where Salisbury Laboratories now stand; or in watching the early grapes ripen over the south door of the Washburn Shops? It was one of the night duties of the Class Monitors to watch those grapes and see that they were secure from any unworthy student.

The years have brought more changes in the Institute than in the students.

## Class of 1878

When the Physics marks came out at the end of the middle year, there sprang up among the Class a strong feeling of dissatisfaction, which was increased by the discovery of the fact that at least one of our number had suffered a change in personnel. We decided pretty unanimously that a tin horn serenade was the means most fitting the expression of our feelings. Accordingly about eleven o'clock, on the night before the Fourth, we met at—well, we met. Each man was provided with a tin horn, devil's fiddle or a piece of gas pipe. An effigy of Physics had been made and appropriately labeled, and was hanging upon a tree in the back yard awaiting our disposal. As the clock struck twelve the pall bearers cut down the body, raised it upon an improvised bier and the procession started. We expected reinforcements along the line of march, but they had become frightened, or had lost their interest, and very few put in appearance.

Arriving at the foot of Tech Hill the effigy was hung in the big pine tree, a select audience of Profs and Seniors viewing the proceedings at a distance. One of the former did make a descent upon us, but was a little too late to discover "the man up the tree, for instance." He politely requested us to disperse, and we left the grounds, leaving him speculating as to how he was going to get the thing down before daylight. The Profs having collected beneath the effigy we collected at the other end of the street, and having cheered one Prof we began to serenade his neighbor. After blowing our horns and sounding our fiddles we retired, the Profs by this time having arrived and taken part in the exercises. Some of us went one way and some didn't. Some of us say they ran up the Hill, and others who say they didn't, have gained the credit of making pretty good time in the same direction. However, we assembled again toward morning and pro-



cured a band again, went through "Prof's row," failing, however, to arouse them as they were engaged in a Faculty meeting.

When called to account we refused to sign an apology, and for nearly a week we were in a state of suspension, and a very happy, jolly state it was. However, we had to capitulate and sign something they called an apology. To this day when any one of our number is particularly thirsty he thinks with regret of the tub of lemonade which we should have received that night if we had not hung the effigy. For of course the Faculty knew all about it beforehand, knew who were there, who were the very leaders and who "the man up the tree" was, and had prepared lemonade enough to drown us all.

## Class of 1879 Tree Decoration

The night before the Thanksgiving recess three youths, who by their commanding presence and athletic forms were plainly seen to be of the genus Tech, might have been seen at the hour of ten issuing from their respective domiciles and wending their way towards the Agricultural Fair Grounds, via the Boulevard.

From the pocket of the leader protruded a weapon of defense commonly called a hammer.

Boldly they stride up to an ancient oak, tear from it a thin strip of board adorned with the words:

Use Cooley's Lamp Stove  
Sold Everywhere

and resume once more their lonely walk. Again they stop and again, each time securing some new trophy of their success. What mean these curious actions? Has the fire of the noble middler gone out? Doth he gather kindlings in a foreign land? Far different. The minds of these youths, long trained in the Thompsonian tread mill, brave not the Worcester mounted police to gather kindlings.

They seek the wherewithal to decorate the grove of their Alma Mater. At one o'clock might have been seen on the trees in the grove back of the Tech such combinations as these: "Walk in!" "All persons forbidden trespassing on these premises under penalty of the law." "Hammond's Grove at No. 265 Main Street." "Hot tea and coffee." "No admittance." "Boynton Street." "West Street," etc., etc. Nor had the wily Middler trespassed upon the premises of the Institute, since the venerable Stephen is possessed of the uppermost five feet of the stately grove.

Meditating upon the joy and surprise of our common benefactor when he should perceive their labor of love they retire to their rooms, not without

making a desperate attempt to capture the rabbits which play about the door of the superintendent of the Washburn Machine Shop. But, alas, all this availeth them nothing. Some common enemy of the Faculty and the Middler had taken away the decorations in the calm solitude of the night.

For the grove had been filled with Seniors,  
And the signs, ere break of day,  
Had folded their tents like the Arabs,  
And as silently stol'n away.

## Class of 1880

Sept. 11, 1877, upon its entrance to the Institute the Class numbered thirty men. July 14, 1880, there were graduated sixteen men—about the usual average.

It is a matter of Class history that "Public Spirit" was a quality which the Class of '80 always possessed in abundance. Not only were the '80's on hand whenever a political nomination was to be ratified or a cider keg emptied, but they always showed a commendable interest in the midnight parades and Holly Tree spreads of the lower classes. Impelled by a paternal regard for the lower classmen they often deprived themselves of necessary sleep in order to witness and, if necessary, to assist in completing the midnight processions and ceremonies which were so fascinating to the genuine Tech. It must be confessed, however, that the lower classes, probably on account of bashfulness, usually neglected to send invitations to their friends.

*Eighty* was favored in that two of its members roomed at 150 West Street. The numbering of the houses has doubtless been changed, but in those days it was next to "M. P.'s" residence. 150 West Street was Tech headquarters—outside of Thompy's office—energetic members from the Prep, Junior, Middle and Senior classes took their meals there, and the festive board was a veritable round table presided over by a large-hearted woman who understood the Techs and who always retained their confidence. Plans concerning the welfare of the Tech, as a whole, were generally launched at 150 West Street.

The men of '80 were interested in athletics of all kinds and were leaders in fitting up an outdoor gymnasium which was located just back of the old Shop in the pine grove. The gym was equipped with horizontal and parallel bars, ladders and swings of various kinds—all made at the Washburn Machine Shops and installed by the students. The pine trees formed a pleasant shade and the grove was a favorite meeting place during the summer months.

The Class held its first reunion at Commencement in 1883, and nearly all of the members were present. A long period elapsed before the next

reunion, which was held at Commencement, 1910—the thirtieth anniversary of graduation. There were present: Briggs, Tommy Clark, Newcomb and Wells. Mrs. Newcomb, honorary member, was also present. Hutchinson was not able to be present owing to the marriage of his daughter on that day. A call was made at his place of business by the other members of the Class early in the day, and his excuse for absence from the Tech was deemed proper and O. K.'d.

The reunion was informal and very enjoyable. Old places of interest were visited and old memories revived. Letters were received from Allan, Ezra Clark, Green, Hill and Jamieson, expressing regret at not being able to be present. The other six men of the Class: Barrett, Blake, Harris, Howard, Kanouse and Sparrow have answered the last roll-call. The Class attended the Alumni dinner in the Electric Engineering Laboratory and parted later in the day.

It is expected that there will be a reunion at Commencement, 1915, the thirty-fifth anniversary of graduation.

## Class of 1881

### Cider

The Class of '81 was famous for the quantity of cider it was able to dispose of. Bear in mind it was nothing harder than the clear sparkling juice, fresh from the press. Whenever we had a spare hour and were all together someone would propose to go to the cider mill. Not a dissenting voice would be heard, and away we would go at a 2.40 pace for that Mecca of the jolly "Tech"—the old cider mill on the Boulevard. When we arrived there Donnie passed the hat around, and cider for the crowd was ordered. The accommodations for the customers were not the best. In the whole establishment there was only one chair, and Josh always managed to get hold of that first, and there was only one drinking vessel—an old wooden mug—but this did not dampen the ardor of the cider-loving Tech. Divers measures, buckets, pails, etc., were called upon to perform service, and the fellows were as happy as clams in high water, drinking their punch astride a barrel out of anything which would hold it. No one would believe, but those who saw it, the quantity of cider some of the fellows were able to carry. Chub's usual dose was three quarts, but Slater could beat that by another pint. Jim used to say that he could get away with a half-gallon without feeling a bit dizzy, but a quart was all Whitie dared to take. All things considered Robbins, for his height and smallness of his paunch, could drink more cider than any other man in his Class. When we were satisfied and gloriously filled we'd wend our way along the Boulevard towards the "Castle on the Hill." But before we arrived there many an apple tree



suffered and many an apple shied at many a cider-filled Tech. Perhaps that same night the Doctor would give us a little talk after prayers on the obvious and vicious habit of drinking over a bar. Well, we felt all right, as most of us had been drinking over a bar-rel. Gone are those happy days, gone is the good old cider, and gone forever is the Class of '81 from the scenes of their hard study and of so many happy frolics.

## Class of 1882

The contribution from the Class of 1882 is unique. After receiving no reply from the secretary we approached Mr. A. and the latter, counting upon the help of the secretary, promised us an article for the Class of 1882. The result of the negotiations are shown by the correspondence which we publish:

“ Worcester, Mass., May 7, 1912.

“ Mr. C. D. S.

“ *Dear Sir:*

“ I enclose copies of my letter to our secretary and his reply. His letter, while somewhat profane and lacking in words, contains an idea.

“ Very truly yours,

“ A——”

“ *My dear P—:*

“ There breezed into my presence to-day a youth clad in Marlboro Finkelstein Art Clothes, with trousers turned up eight inches above a pair of shoes, the ground plan of which looked like the outline map of New Jersey. Said he, ‘ Say! We have to have a five-hundred-word article from the Class of '82 for our *Modulus*, which goes to press day after to-morrow— Do you get me? ’ That’s going some. Nicht wahr?

“ As the poet has it ‘ it was not like that in the olden days.’ As you well remember some thirty years ago when our *Modulus* was undertaken it was done after much forethought and carried through with painful effort, especially in the matter of raising funds to have it printed. So that it was some time after graduation that we received the printed copy. We did not undertake to do it in three days’ time and get someone else to write it for us at that.

“ I am told that everything pertaining to the Tech has advanced in equal degree over the methods of thirty years ago. I have no doubt for instance, that the things we did to that old home-made plain slide valve engine wouldn’t be considered steam engineering on the Hill to-day. Can’t you see yourself taking indicator cards, a plank pivoted over the frame and

bearing up against the fly wheel with 'George I' at the outer end of the plank supplying a 'variable load.'

"But I digress. It is my pleasure to advise that as Class secretary that five hundred words must be forthcoming at once, even if the G. E. Foundry is shut down while you incubate. So take heed and fail not, sending copy to C. D. Smith of 3 Boynton Street, Worcester, Mass.

"A—"

"P. S. I gathered from the youth with the M. F. A. Clothes that anything would be acceptable excepting statistics, taken from the catalogue."

"My dear A—:

"The atmosphere in W. must be conducive to nerve. How in Schenectady do you expect me to write a 'best seller' on such short notice and to such meagre specifications? And anyway I am saving my best things for our thirtieth, which is close at hand. And also, why under the sun instead of writing me a three hundred and odd word letter didn't you add another hundred or so and pass it along to C. D. Smith, darn him. You could have signed my name if you wished.

"I am sorry to disappoint you, but I can't help you out this time.

"P—"

## Class of 1883

### Recollections of Commencement Twenty-Nine Years Ago

Commencement Day in 1883 fell on the second Thursday in June. The exercises were preceded by the meeting of the Alumni Association on Wednesday evening to which the graduating class of thirteen members were invited. This meeting was held in the parlor of the Bay State House and called together, all told, probably not more than seventy-five or eighty men. I think a few of the Faculty were present at the dinner, but withdrew before the real speeches began. These speeches by the older members of the Association, which were mainly reminiscent, abounded in wit and jovial humor. The affair was over by eleven o'clock. On the next day the Commencement exercises proper were held in the chapel in Boynton Hall and included both a morning and afternoon session. At the forenoon session each member of the Class read an abstract of his thesis and was expected to answer any question pertaining thereto that the Faculty or Trustees might ask. The questions, however, were few in number (possibly owing to the depth of the subject matter chosen). This session lasted from about 10 to 12 and attracted only the immediate friends of the Class, but at 2 o'clock in the afternoon the chapel was crowded as indeed it always was on

such occasions. The address that year was the inaugural of the then new President, Dr. Homer T. Fuller, followed by the valedictory and the usual award of degrees and prizes. Following these exercises came the planting of the Class tree, one of the elms which now adorns the northerly branch of the driveway to Boynton Street. In the evening of the same day came the reception given by the president of the Board of Trustees (Stephen Salisbury, the elder) to the graduating Class, Faculty, Alumni and friends. This, of course, was held at the Salisbury Mansion House (now occupied by the Art Museum School). But one thing more remained, the Class supper, held or rather begun at the Bay State House the following evening, Friday, but concluded just before sunrise Saturday morning around the Class tree planted the day before. Here the Class broke up and the little group who had worked together for three years or more separated, each to go his own way and make his own mark in the great world. It has never been possible to get them all together again, but every one, I am sure, cherishes a bright spot in his memory for the men and events on the Hill in the days that must be counted as belonging to the youth of the Institute, and rejoices in the larger better days that have come, and sees vision of greater things to follow.

### Class of 1884

---

### Class of 1885

When the men constituting the Class of '85 began their course at the "Worcester County Free Institute of Industrial Science" about thirty years ago the plant consisted of Boynton Hall and Washburn Shop.

In the Faculty were: Professor Alden, known as "Geo. I.," Professor Sinclair, affectionately called "Johnny," "Tene" Eaton, "Georgie" Gladwin, "Eppie" Smith, "Kimmie" Kimball, "Kinnie" Kinnicutt and "Baldy" Cutler, '74, all of whom soon won the esteem of the Class.

The late "M. P." Higgins was at the head of the Shop, and the Mechanics of the Class were during the course largely under his direction. The field work of the Civils was at first directed by J. P. K. Otis, '73, but Geo. H. White, '76, later became Professor of Civil Engineering; "Doc" Fuller soon became Principal and was at the head of the Faculty during most of our course.

In referring to the Faculty the abbreviations were used as convenient and appropriate expressions of affection and respect. We all remember old John Hurley who was janitor, and always in sympathy with the "Boys."

While we were very studious, as becomes young men seeking an engineering education, some time was found for diversion. Bliss Field, now Alumni Field, was conveniently located for baseball practice, and the ath-



letic contests between the classes were conducted on the portion of the campus adjoining Boynton Street.

We well remember that Joe Beals and Everett Ela were our champions in the pole vault and that "Jim Crow" Kaven and "Fatty" Cook were our heavyweights for the "Tug of War" team.

One of the memorable incidents during our course was the "Burning of Chauvenet" at the end of our first year, preceded by a torchlight funeral parade, during which classmen of '84 and '86 strove vainly to obtain possession of the corpse. Mention might also be made of the occasion when "Old Buckskin" attended chapel exercises, which were not held, and was the innocent cause of most of the students having two or three holidays, the Faculty being furnished with a first-class problem in Applied Mechanics.

It was currently reported that "Old Buckskin" gave the wink to three or four of the '85 men whenever he met them after the incident.

The cup for the first baby went to the family of Frank Rogers, but the young lady was not a W. P. I. student; at least two members of the Class have sons at Tech, however, and some are in other colleges.

So far as is known there is no "Grandpa" in the Class as yet.

One-half of the Class is located in Massachusetts and the others are scattered from Rhode Island to California.

On our twenty-fifth anniversary, in June, 1910, half of the members were present, some from outside the State.

We average high among the classes as to amounts given for the Alumni Field Development Fund, and other Alumni work, and are hoping to do our share in the future to increase the growth and prestige of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute.

## Class of 1886

A word from '86! What can she send back over the quarter of a century of years that may in some small measure be an inspiration to the young men who are about to start out and an encouragement to the men who may not, in all respects, have realized all that their ambitions have demanded.

As we went up to Boynton Hall and encountered those "exams," which meant almost life itself to us, and successfully passed the ordeal, how soon our feelings underwent a change. The very men who inspired us with a dread of the present as well as the hereafter when we approached their "sacred" platforms now became our friends.

We had stepped into a new life, and while we were indeed there to secure the foundations of knowledge to be used in winning our battles in the commercial world later on, yet that was not all that our opportunities afforded us. Being few in numbers we came into personal relationship with every Professor and the fellows who recognized this opportunity

reaped their reward, for these Professors were character builders. It made little difference whether we were "drinking in" the prophecies concerning the telephone, the air ship or the approaching age of electrical discovery while sitting in the Physical Lecture Room, whether we were "taking moments" up in the "Sky Parlor" of Applied Mechanics, or whether we were just joining as usual in "Homeward Bound" in chapel exercises, that personal influence of those grand old men was ever present, seeming to say, "With all thy getting, get understanding." They were at all times teaching us to lay the broad foundations of intelligence and character and impressed on our minds that only by such guidance could we hope to attain true success.

But the growth of numbers has brought with it new problems and responsibilities, and while we look back at our period of the Institute's history as being especially helpful to the students at that time yet it is with a sense of opportunities missed that we look with pride over the grand equipment of the present Tech. Again as our memory carries us back with such pleasure to our gymnasium among the murmuring pines, which we maintained summer and winter, it is with supreme satisfaction that we see our hopes of years ago about to be realized in this day and generation, and that we will at last see the care and development of the body go hand in hand with the building up of character and the training of the mind.

And now as the Class of 1912 is about to join the ranks of the Alumni we of old '86 send greetings, wishing you the most abundant success in its broadest sense. Success demands a certain kind of superiority, and you have such somewhere in your makeup.

Emerson says, "Nature arms each man with some faculty which enables him to do easily some feat impossible to any other."

We are all anxious to make the most of life. What is worth while, and how can we accomplish the most and do it quickly? We all ask ourselves these questions as we separate when leaving our college halls. Time slips away and many efforts seem misdirected and useless. Life itself begins to prove a very different job than our dreams pictured for us. That we are alive to-day is proof positive that God has something for us to do.

"To-day is, for all that we know, the opportunity and occasion of our lives. On what we do or say to-day may depend the success and completeness of our entire life struggle. It is for us, therefore, to use every moment of to-day as if our very eternity were dependent on its words and deeds."

### Class of 1887

"If you want to be an angel,  
With your resting place in Heaven,  
Just go and join the cherubs  
In the Class of Eighty-Seven.

“ ‘Gladdy’ loves them while they’re drawing,  
    ‘Badger’ loves them in the Shop;  
But to masticate their English  
    Makes poor ‘Baldy’ fairly hop.”

—*Ballade of ye Preps, '87 Classbook.*

It is just twenty-five years ago that the thirty unplucked cherubs of the Class of '87 flew the coop. Twenty-nine are still on the wing, only one having found the “resting place.” The flight of '87 will always be noted, for with our diplomas we carried off the last official record of the Worcester County Free Institute of Industrial Science, and left in its place the Worcester Polytechnic Institute.

The Class of '87 has been more prominently connected with educational work than any other class which has ever graduated from the Institute, and over 25 per cent. of our members are engaged in this work.

William W. Bird, “Baseball Avis” and George I.’s pet, is now Professor of Mechanical Engineering and Director of the Washburn Shops at the Institute. John A. Chamberlain, the pride of the Class, is the Supervisor of Manual Training of the Public Schools of Washington. Frederick L. Emory, the bluffer, is Professor of Mechanics at the University of West Virginia. Ronald P. Gleason, of Rood Way fame, is the Principal of the Technical High School in Scranton, Pa. William H. Kirchner, “Glady’s” pet, is Professor of Drawing at the University of Minnesota. Fred W. Morse, Kinnicutt’s pet, was for a number of years Professor of Chemistry at New Hampshire State College. Joseph O. Phelon, who passed his Calculus by laughing at Johnny Sinclair’s jokes, is now Professor of Electrical Engineering at the Institute. James P. Pierpont of some class left the coop with '87, but now registered as an '86 bird, is Professor of Mathematics at Yale.

This is a group of men of which any class might well be proud. Eighty-seven, however, has other successful professional groups. In patent affairs we have: Allen of elevator fame; McNab, the pride of Clinton, and Tucker, the story teller, all at the Office in Washington; while Baseball Slabby Fairbanks and Ira Fish, the star of the Class, are prominent attorneys. In Engineering we have: Burke, the poet; Grimes, of song fame; Lloyd, the kid; McClurg, the sprinter; Rourke, Doc Fuller’s pet; and Ward, Bit Smith’s partner of early days—each one prominent in his line.

Knight, “Tene” Eaton’s pet, has secured the highest perch of the Class as Superintendent of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Building in New York. Miner, the reliable, is the President of the company which built the Electrical Engineering Laboratory—and the Institute got its money’s worth. Burr, the musician; Murray, the silver-tongued orator; and



Sawyer of penny fame, are all successful business men. Harvey, the joker, is a physician, and Streeter, the agile Chemist, is a clergyman.

Landsing, the only Chinaman who has ever graduated from the Tech, was the first and so far the only member of the Class to receive the higher call. He was a real man of high order, and we mourn our loss and respect his memory.

This is a partial record of a successful Class which has always been loyal to its Alma Mater. That the next twenty-five years which are to be may bring to the Class of 1912 an equal degree of success is the wish of the Class of '87.

## Class of 1888

### The Half-Hundred

Silently, mournfully,  
Silently onward,  
Into the chapel,

Went the half-hundred.  
“Forward the Junior Class!  
Death if you do not pass.”  
Into the chapel  
Strode the half-hundred.

Now, go it '88,  
Was there a man came late?  
Ready to meet their fate  
Sat they undaunted.  
Theirs but to make reply,  
Theirs but to reason why,  
Theirs but to toil and sigh,  
There in the chapel  
Five or six hours.

Old Profs to right of them,  
Young Profs to left of them,  
Sly Profs in front of them,  
Whispering mysteriously;  
Stormed with infernal Dutch,  
Physics, and Chem and such,  
Trig and Geom, that much  
They wished in Sheol.

Flashed all their “cribs” in air,  
Flashed as they turned them there,  
Trying to keep them where  
They'd be unnoticed;  
Then bent they to their work,  
And with a steady stroke,  
Right o'er the record broke—  
Record for blunders.

Old Profs to right of them,  
Young Profs to left of them,  
Sly Profs behind them  
Watching for “cribs.”  
Oh! Many Juniors fell  
There in the drear chapel!  
Of those that had fought so well  
Few, few, remained to tell  
Of the half-hundred.

Wide let their glory float!  
Oh, the wild things they wrote!  
Startled the Profs.  
Honor to those that pass,  
Honor the Junior Class,  
Noble half (?) hundred.

## Class of 1889

Three cheers for the Class of '89, one, two, three! Can you hear all the old boys joining in, and does it take you back to the time, twenty-three years ago, when our thirty-four members cheered together for the last time before leaving Tech?

Although it may be twenty-three years since we left Tech, yet we are far from the has-beens or the famous "Skidoo," of national fame, for we have a lot of spirit and love for the old Hill, as has been manifested in many ways. We have many of us scattered, and possibly a little sketch of what our members are doing might not come amiss.

There are Gardner and Harriman, who are looking after the patents for such men as Ball, who is inventing the machines to manufacture our shoes. However, even with these men to assist him Ball must reckon with Armstrong of the Patent Office, as well as to keep on the safe side so as not to get our expert, Sessions, after him.

Bean, Desper, Kimball and Pickwick are helping bring up our younger generation and incidentally preparing some of their charges for old Tech.

Rheutan is helping us keep track of each other by the manufacture of our envelopes, while Bigelow helps speed them on by the use of his mailing machines. Allen and Baylis carry on the telephone business, so should be able to keep tabs on each other.

Hathaway and Penniman are not slighting the old school in the midst of their many duties, for each of them has sent a son to their Alma Mater this year, so when our twenty-fifth anniversary comes we will have interests in the student body in watching these sons.

Houghton decided Chemistry was interesting in other lines than manufacturing, so continued his investigations along more special lines with the result that he is now one of Boston's active medical men. Stowe and Hartwell are both helping to beautify our cities with their contracting work, while Brophy, Daesen and Hadley are fooling with various forms of electricity.

Gilbert is the stock broker of our crowd, and no doubt keeps track of Marshall down at that refrigerating plant in Hartford. Gomes has become lost somewhere down in Brazil, but we will hear from him one of these days no doubt. Mills is out at Granite City looking after the steel industry in that neck of the woods.

I do not know as I've gotten at all the facts, but I trust my little sketch here may renew a few thoughts among our scattered Class, and here is hoping we have all of our thirty living members back at the twenty-fifth reunion in 1914.

## Class of 1890

Ninety never had a Classbook, although "Chub" was one of the few literary geniuses who could make the college paper pay a dividend to its editors. Ninety's history was spotted enough, and would have made racy reading. In fact, after the fifteen-year reunion, the Bay State House sent it a bill for damages caused by another class, but which were charged to Ninety simply because of the latter's reputation along that line.

Chapel at 9.50 each day was a joyful occasion. Lamentations for '93 who thought they did such a big thing when they precipitated its discontinuation! The gathering of the various classes was of marked interest to the first year men. The stalwart Seniors of '88 took their places with majestic dignity—Cushman, the fleet halfback, Camp, the fierce centre, Griffin, the editor of the W. P. I., Goodell and Chittenden, who could talk for a week on any subject, Chadwick, built on the plan of a pole. Smith played the squeaky organ, a voluntary choir assisting and the school joining in with more or less vigor, especially on hymn 44. After chapel came the settlement of wagers laid on the phrasing of the morning prayer, a significant indication of the degeneracy of those times. Not always did tranquillity reign at these gatherings. Once at the last chapel before spring holidays the choir tipped us off that "Homeward Bound," a prime favorite, would not be sung. Perhaps not? The organ and choir led off on the assigned hymn but the rest of us sang "Homeward Bound" with great gusto, much to the surprise of "Doc."

Hardly less exciting than chapel was an exercise in Drawing. Dear old "Gladdy," he will always be with G. Washington, first in the hearts of Ninety men. He was one of the few Instructors who gave us our proper rating, that of children. Hear him now. "Rebellion." "There's a boy in the class." In the spring just before beginning those delightful outdoor sketching exercises (utilized mostly for ball practice) he gave us some preliminary suggestions on the rendering of tree foliage, sketching the common ones on the blackboard. He drew a fine typical oak and asked for its name. "Pine tree," we all shouted in one breath and then gloated on his chagrin at the answer.

After Shop we used to wash up where now John's forges stand, and many a time the air was split with yells of "Soap—Soap, Soap—Soap, Soap, Soap—Staples." Usually this fetched the soap. As another cheerful diversion at this time "Fitz-z-z" would get careful aim with a piece of waterlogged waste, "Seal" or "Stovy" would then turn out the gas when, splash, would go the waste in the face of the always unsuspecting Sherman—he who reduced the temperature of his room one day by pouring water on the fire, also thereby reducing the stove.

One night after Shop practice we started for home across the quadrangle



now occupied by the boiler house. There were four of us, "Heute," "Jimmy," "Davy" and the writer. The writer lingered to tie a shoestring and saw his friends disappear through the back door of Boynton Hall. He ran around to catch them when they came out the other side, but they never emerged, and search of the corridors failed to reveal them. Alas, it was the eve of February 22, and they could not refrain from a George Washington in the Hall. Out slipped the "Doc" who gobbled all three and suspended them forthwith.

"T. E. N. E." didn't like us to stand at the board with our hands in our pockets, neither did he wish to talk about it forever, so he asked us not to laugh whenever he handed an offender a white piece of paper with nothing on it. Needless to say, very little paper had to be used.

The wheels of "M. P.'s" carriage mysteriously disappeared one dark night. Next day Bill Hurley found one far over toward the boulevard, one was found in the top of an oak in Bliss field and a third adorned a goal post. The fourth was not found for days, hardly in time for the Sunday expedition to church, but finally was found under "M. P.'s" own cellar stairs. This was a very serious offence, as the "Doc" informed us after he had called the Class together in the Chemical Lecture Room. And, furthermore, the Faculty knew just which men in the Class had perpetrated the outrage, but out of the goodness of their hearts they had decided to let the matter drop. Of course this was entirely satisfactory to us, and we naturally surmised that "Heute" must have been in the bunch. "Heute" is now a dignified and respected member of the community in which he lives, and no one would now believe he could have been involved in such a prank. And perhaps he wasn't.

That Ninety was and is at the front in athletics need not be elaborated. There is the record of student days, the Davenport trophy and the pledge on our new athletic field.

In public life Ninety has supplied two governors for important States, not to mention other lesser officials. In industrial undertakings she has several at the head in concerns of national prominence. In educational circles she is represented on the faculties of several of our leading institutions.

Ninety has made good, she is making good. Long live Ninety!

## Class of 1891

Twenty-one years have elapsed since the Class of 1891 followed a well-worn path. In that time there have been numerous changes, but there is one member of the Class of 1891 who imagines that Tech boarding houses have not changed, and on the strength of his imagination submits the fol-

lowing which appeared in '91's *Aftermath*. It is hoped the appropriateness compensates for the old age of the article. Perhaps it will freshen memories for those fellow classmates who chance to read the following:

### The Tech Landlady

"One of the fellows, a lank dyspeptic looking chap, said to me one day, 'All gall is quartered into three halves, two of which are held by the Faculty and the third by the Tech Landlady.' I had just come out of a struggle with a damp slice from the neck of a Chicago Dressed Beef (deliver us from Chicago if that is their usual mode of dress) and thought I didn't do her justice. But perhaps I was hasty in my conclusions; no doubt I was.

"After all the landlady is not so black as she has been painted. (And not so white, either, as she is on Sunday.) Let us have charity even if it is the only sweet thing on the table. What if she doesn't furnish a hammer and side cutting pliers with the meat, or a can opener with the biscuit, or a nut cracker with the beans, you must remember how long she waited in (wrathful) silence for your last month's board. She is human—'twere better she was angelic when you come to breakfast at 8.30; but let that pass.

What if she does keep "Boarders Wanted" in the window long after the dining room is full to overflowing, and you have to wait your turn out on the front steps trying to fill your aching void with imagination and a toothpick—if you could only get the money to square up you could take yourself off to the rival boarding house across the way and be received with open arms.

"We shouldn't growl if our landlady, an unmarried female of uncertain summers, should express dissatisfaction with our bringing up; it's only the expression of her unremitted motherly instinct and her deep interest in us, and she may need the recreation.

"No, the landlady is a physical necessity—by her we live and have our being. Let us think kindly of her and in going bequeath her our old jokes, our doctor's bills and our Freshmen friends. Long live the Tech Landlady."

### Class of 1892

When looking over '92 it should be constantly borne in mind that still waters run deep. It is the most noiseless Class that ever even entered the Institute, to say nothing of leaving it. Whether this is due to the training we got imitating "Doc's" sneakers or whether it was an anticipation of rubber heels we are too modest to discuss.

The uproarious ones, namely, Paige, Ball and Southgate, we sent as far as possible from home. Paige went straight to the Antipodes, Ball ran the Northern Pacific very quietly until it had absorbed all of Canada, when

he decided to settle down in Puyallup, and Southgate consented to add to the quietude of the States by departing for dear old England where he was the whole thing in the electrical business until he recently took over the seat of government in this country.

The crowd left at home has not been entirely dead, only sleeping. C. O., Day, Eastman and Fish have managed to wake up about Commencement each year long enough to crawl up on the Hill and bet on whether any of the out-of-town men would show up. They always lost, except when Bracken came up occasionally with a few hairs less each time. Far be it from us to insinuate where they went but possibly the rest of us would not take the chances of coming oftener either. Then there was Mundin, the last man to perform on a high wheel; remember, he couldn't swear about it because "you can't look a gift horse in the mouth." He too took Greeley's advice and is bucking the steel trust out in Oshkosh.

Hammond is hanging out in the Windy City, but why Knight should select such an environment we can not even guess. We have our trust busters too, even though they take their loot only on pay days. The latest news is that Bartlett and Howard have the G. E. on the run; Bracken has the Draper Co. begging for mercy, and Southgate and Tucker are attending to the Westinghouse people while Converse is gradually draining Niagara Falls. Collier, Elsie and Joe have gotten their victims to the point where they have been willing to turn over their businesses with trading stamps for the sake of getting out from under. While most of us get into trouble occasionally it never gets in the papers, for we have "Doc" Thompson to attend to our physical distempers and Moulton and L. C. to pull us out of any other difficulties that lawyers are needed for and which Nelson, as clerk of courts, can not wink at, though, believe us, he is some winker.

As the twig's inclined so the tree bends—nit, is evidenced by Burleigh who gracefully bowed himself out of Chemistry into Mechanical Engineering with the varnish trust, while Boodle forsook the Mechanical for architectural work, and is now trying to make Boston a little less ugly. Converse is another chap that made Prof. Kimball sore, and incidentally proved that Electrical Engineering is only a minor branch of Mechanical after all.

Remember how Miller went daffy over "My motionless engine"? Well, he has to make 'em now down in Connecticut. Rumor has it he had to pick one girl out of the bunch and shake the rest. Old Grimes may be dead but our Grimes is still bossing a canal. Incidentally he may be helping out A. H. Smith with water, not for stock but for sprinklers. Clark is one of the few that have their clutches on a municipal job. He is city engineer at Hartford. Fish and Pelton are teaching school, here's hoping they don't have to sell life insurance to the rest of us to carry them through old age.

Last of all let us doff our hats in remembrance of those who have beaten us to the goal and passed up the trials and tribulations that the rest are



carrying. Brayton, with the innocent smile, Smith of the white lock of hair, Morse and his Sunday School class, and Lyden, the most gifted of the lot.

### Class of 1893

The men of '93 feel proud of their Class spirit. If we have blown our horn rather often and somewhat vigorously it is because behind the noise there is real stuff to back it up.

Beginning in the old Wood room days the Class started things going. The night of our graduation dinner we made up our minds to do something for Tech. We were all enthusiastic in pledging ourselves to raise a fund by annual assessments the first years of our Alumni lives.

When the Alumni Field idea took shape we had a fat sum to make a fine start toward raising the money to buy the land. In the final roundup only a Class that had one or two large single contributors could beat us.

Somehow when there is an Alumni job to be done there is a '93 man to tackle it. When a man from our Class goes to work things usually are done. So when the plans for this year came up the raising from the Alumni the sum of \$100,000 for field equipment and gymnasium endowment, no one was surprised when Prof. Butterfield, a rock ribbed live wire of a '93 man, was picked to get the money. No one was much astonished when he wrote us the other day that he had done the trick; that over a thousand Tech men had each contributed his share to make that splendid sum.

The '93 spirit has been growing in Tech of late. Classes are showing greater loyalty to the old school, are planning as a matter of course to do what we did as pioneers, namely, to pledge a fund that shall be used for some work at Tech.

But look out for the classes that will come before long with sons of '93 men in them. We want to warn you now that things will hustle then.

### Class of 1894

Hardly does it seem eighteen years that we have been away from the good old school endeavoring to make a place for ourselves in the world. The days of companionship in the Wood room during our Prep year served to hold us together, and give us spirit during the rest of the course, and when our troubles came we stood together to a man. The celebration of our Half Way Thru, which did not meet entirely the views of the Faculty, seems not so long ago, and the incidents of graduation are still fresh in our minds. Our men are widely scattered, and at the present time are located in fifteen States and two foreign countries.

In choosing the various courses at the Institute many of us had difficulty in deciding just what we wanted to do, but as we look over the lists

of occupation we can say that the greater part of the men are following along directly in the line of work for which they prepared.

We can not fail to note that of the forty-eight men graduated ten are occupied in educational pursuits, and from all reports are making good in their chosen line of work. The Chemists have departed more from their course than the others, and but one of the four follows in that line.

The Mechanical, Electrical and Civil men have but one or two desertions from their ranks. It would be hard to say that we were doing now what we thought we would do, but we can say truly that we are grateful for what the Institute did for us, and are proud of what it is doing for the men there now.

To the teachers and instructors we offer our support, and commend them in their efforts to elevate the good name of Polytech.

### Class of 1895

Seventeen years. In that time we have almost doubled in age, and upon looking over our *Aftermath*, we are constrained to hope that we have also in intelligence. We can now look back upon the undergraduate days without prejudice, and can realize that the Faculty probably had some kind of a reason for making thermo, differential equations and chapel compulsory. During its course ninety-five different men cast their hats into the ring with the Class of '95, and when graduation time came only forty-eight of them had the moral courage to ask for their diplomas. The Class, therefore, seems to have the record for Faculty decapitations. We do not make this assertion from any study of statistics, but simply because the showing is good enough to be true, and we hope it is. One reason for our optimism is that we have heard through an authoritative source that the Faculty are not as severe now as they were in our day. We were at the Institute during a "transition period," in which the entire character of the Institute was changed. Although these changes inaugurated a wonderful growth they left '95 to graduate at a time of reconstruction and to study during a period of unrest. We feel, therefore, that we were here at a particularly unfortunate time. Perhaps that is why so many of us have forsaken Engineering for other methods of adding to the high cost of living.

The only way in which one Class can be compared with another—at least the only way that is intelligible to the students—is by comparing athletic records. Ninety-Five usually won the interclass championship in general athletics, and its supremacy in tennis was never questioned from its first entrance into the Wood-working Shop. In other activities it sustained these records, but the event which still gives most joy to our hearts was the winning of the football championship by our subs pitted against the varsity players of '94.

Since graduation the Class has continued to be peculiar, being the only Class which holds an annual reunion, whether anybody comes or not, and the only Class to miss the opportunity of holding the tenth annual reunion. It is also the only Class which failed to attend the Alumni banquet upon graduation, and the Class to inaugurate the custom of holding Half Way Thru dinners out-of-town. In spite of the restricted range of activities permitted us on the Hill the Class has produced doctors, lawyers, merchant chiefs, rich men, draughtsmen, some engineers and one politician. We also have to our credit an editor, a merchant and a naval officer.

One of the hardest things to contemplate in the progress of the Class since graduation is the fact that some of the highest degrees of success have been attained by the "grinds," in spite of the prophecies that a man of that nature never could amount to anything in the outside world. If this word "grind" is now obsolete the members of the Class of 1912 can learn all about it by consulting their grandfathers.

### Class of 1896

It is sixteen years since the Class of '96 was launched on the stormy sea of career. The accomplishments of the members have, as a whole, been quite satisfactory. When we were at Tech the self propelled vehicle was an unpromising experiment, and the flying machine was a joke and wireless was undreamed of. When we speculate on these strides, now common-places, we feel old and stroke our gray hairs, which naturally recalls Riley and Cullen, the grayest men in the Class.

Cull was born that way, and Sandow's are a prominent illustration of the old saw about early piety (which latter, however, has largely worn off).

Riley is the only man of the Class to have acquired the dignity of a Mandarin, and during the time spent on the Chinese Station he wore Chink whiskers and was known as Lung Si. He made a trip around the world, consuming five years, returning with considerable cosmopolitanism and a bank account.

Cullen carried electricity for the Maharajahs on elephant back through the jungles of India, but his innate modesty makes a corkscrew necessary to get much information on this topic.

Leonard, as no one ever expected, but as everyone now concedes is perfectly logical, has become the only politician of the Class. After manufacturing gas for various municipalities in the East he became the official gas man for New York State, and resides at Albany and is probably the most efficient man from an engineering standpoint that Tammany ever had in the State regime.

Alford is a New York editor, is the author of a standard treatise, and



is accumulating an embonpoint truly in keeping with the dignity of his position.

“Hoddie” Carpenter is cutting quite some figure in the monumental work of providing the untold (and undesirable) millions of Gotham with aqua pura, but assures the secretary of the Class that “ginger ale and rye mixed in proper proportions come the nearest to being nectar of anything we poor mortals can get.”

Brown, Higgins, Ross, Riley and Zaeder are each members of their separate firms of various names and pursuits. Beyer is electrically engaged in the somnolent town of Philosadelphos, Pa., which is a strange place for a live wire like old “Herr Brooklyn.”

The most startling development in our number is Fuller who, when attached to the suction end of a long black Havana looks far different from the meek lad of our “salad days.” He is Chicago’s coming patent lawyer, and as legal adviser to the Pullman Company is, we suspect, partly responsible for the privilege of doubling up in their mahogany berths over night.

Barbour is the only mining engineer among Tech’s Alumni, and has become somewhat of a frontiersman as well as the “wild and woolly” and Mexico. He has crossed the United States twenty times, and shares with Riley and Cullen the long distance traveling record of the Class. Gibbs is the Bostonian of the Class, and is acquiring honors as a post-prandial orator.

Old animosities have long since been forgotten, and while some of the members have fallen far from active touch with Class affairs, among the remainder the ’96 *esprit de corps* has grown stronger than ever and the *camaraderie*, when they foregather, is one of the charms of life. Polly-wolly.

## Class of 1897

The Class of 1897 had an *Aftermath*. We had a good one, and we hope that the Class of 1912 has as good success as we did. To aid them we would be only too glad to submit to them some article which would be, at the same time, interesting to the Alumni and to the Class of 1912. Our own members will perhaps feel disappointed in not finding news of their Class on this page. But, after all, an *Aftermath* was never devised for anything serious, and with this in mind let us resurrect the following from our good book; in its substance it will show that we appreciate the hardships of the *Aftermath* Committee of the Class of 1912.

## A Tragic Tale

The Board of Editors sat and sobbed,  
And they shook their fists in wrath;  
And they murmured moans, and in monotones,  
Cried, “D—— this *Aftermath*.”

For eight long months they had sat this way,  
Until now they fairly wept,  
When they thought of bright jokes they could write  
Which the Faculty wouldn't accept.

They had written many and wondrous jokes—  
But when they came to look,  
They found their best binds, and grandest grinds  
Had been in some other Class Book.

Oh, they were a grouchy, gloomy group,  
As they felt all hope diminish;  
And the Manager said, as he bowed his head,  
“ I think I can see our finish.”

Then up spake one, in a husky voice,  
“ Here's a cure for all our ills; ”  
And in a manner grand, but with trembling hand,  
He doled out morphine pills.

Then answered one Chief Editor,  
“ Though our minds refuse to think,  
I can not abide to suicide  
Till we've had one more drink.”

Straightway they seized their covered steins,  
And filled them to the top;  
Then they quaffed the Pfaff, with a hollow laugh,  
And drained off every drop.

Oh, why do their eyes thus glitter and gleam?  
Has each one gone stark mad?  
For, with nervous haste, each proceeds to waste  
Lead pencil on his pad.

The Chief Editors hug themselves with joy,  
And, although too weak to cheer,  
The light in their eyes shows glad surprise,  
And they murmur, “ Glorious beer! ”

The Associates covered two pages or more;  
And they chuckled all the while;  
As each passed in his screed for the chiefs to read,  
He wore a triumphant smile.

word Tech-Alumnus, being interpreted, means a man who calls himself an engineer, goes wherever he pleases, does whatever he can get enough pay for doing and then is invited by Brother Butterfield to come across with 50 per cent. of that for the Alumni Field Fund.)

Behold, two more years are gone by and now in the first year of "Conie," president of Tech (the year when the old barn on Alumni Field was burned in honor of a \$50,000 grant of State Aid and the year when the dog fight between Taft and "Teddy" was initiated in Worcester), the Tribe of 1910 is scattered abroad upon the face of the earth. They have been sent to Russia, Japan, Germany, China, South America, Santo Domingo, Porto Rico, Canal Zone and all other sections of the United States. Some are serving the Government, some are building or running railways and locomotives, constructing factories and insuring them, making or selling autos, teaching at Tech or elsewhere, making or testing dynamite, glass, sugar, varnish, etc., and the rest are working for G. E. or Westinghouse (at \$1.39 per). Six or eight are married and at least two have sons. But the rest of the deeds of 1910 men, including Kennedy's running and Atherton's basketball, are they not set down from time to time in the Alumni Notes of *The Journal*?

## Class of 1911

### One Year Out as Seen by Two 1911 Men

#### *View No. 1*

Well, we must admit that we weren't much to look at as we stepped off the train, wondered where the regular station was and followed the crowd out into the Square. Of course our sleeves were a little short, and we tramped with the old "coming through the rye" stride, but, b'gosh, we were on our way to be "edicated," so we tried to assume the air of the "citteh." No-sir-ree, we didn't have to ask any questions; why, right there by the City Hall we saw a car marked Polytechnic Institute the very first thing. Of course it didn't really go quite to the Institute, because we had to walk from some place the conductor called Elm Park, but we saw quite a lot of the village—er, town.

As we approached the Hill we felt much more at home, in spite of the expectation of unwelcome attentions from our friends the Sophomores. The buildings certainly held a very desirable position up above the surrounding streets. Even then as we glanced over beyond to the open spaces we could picture the growth of new structures which must surely come. With these thoughts came the hope that during our four years' stay, we too could add something to the beauty or life of the place, so that eventually,



through the small contributions from each individual, a strong vitalizing enthusiasm for our Alma Mater would become the first asset of every student as he climbed that hill.

Just about that time we puffed into Boynton Hall and found ourselves minus fifty cents and the proud possessors of a collection of brilliantly buttoned caps, which we wore merely because they were cool. Yet, even though they did stamp us as Freshmen, we were rather glad, for then we could distinguish our classmates. So right here was a custom we ought to see carried out next year. It started Class spirit right off the reel.

Our first gathering as a Class was a landmark, for there we started friendships whose value is becoming more and more certain every day. Some of the faces we saw then did not become familiar till late in our course, we are sorry to say, but that only makes us wish the more that future classes may enjoy the benefits of greater intimacy between their own members and those of every other organization on the Hill.

With these thoughts in mind and the example of the foregoing classes as a guide we endeavored from time to time to establish new enterprises and customs which should build up the internal spirit of the Institute, and in all of these were we aided by the individual members of the Faculty.

One of the first activities was the revival of the Orchestra, which grew and finally became a permanent organization, taking part in various functions, the most notable of which were the combined concerts with the Glee and Mandolin Clubs. This former Club was also organized by a 1911 man.

The Aero Club was brought into being but owing to frequent breakage and necessarily slow reconstruction of the glider interest became spasmodic.

These items, together with the impetus furnished by the Tech Show which 1912 started, made us wish to influence others from a distance to come to Tech, so that, as our final gift to the Institute, we pledged ourselves to support a four years' scholarship to begin in September, 1912. The State of Illinois was selected as offering a good field for advertising and competition.

In looking back we see a whole array of things we could have done, but the biggest and most useful of these would have been to organize an Anti-Knockers Club, and "trim" or run out those who deliberately and in their daily conversation cast slurring remarks on their Alma Mater. These are the men who knock Tech for not having the social life and spirit common to liberal colleges of equal enrollment, and yet who will not contribute one cent to the support of any movement to change this condition. They are slack in their payments and selfish in their use and abuse of common property. When Professor Butterfield gets through with his splendid work in building up our much needed athletic department may we make him president of this club, give him an axe and send him on the trail with the motto, "Kill the Knocker."

Let us then be up and doing,  
With a smile for all our pains,  
And when trouble we see brewing,  
Give three cheers for Jinny Haynes!

## Class of 1901

After a man has faced the world for over ten years there are just a few things that have become forcibly impressed on his mind, and at this particular moment the question which is uppermost with the writer is why he is so unfortunate as to be picked for the job of telling about the doings of 1901. Some are fortunate in having their attention completely occupied with business trips, investments, joy rides, families, assumed lack of ability to do the story; so that finally in order to save the reputation of the Class and to fill space, a man who has no business doing it is now trying to outline what has happened to 1901 since graduation.

In the first place let it be remembered that we never were a noisy crowd, so that comparatively little is known of quite a number of fellows, except that rumor occasionally has it that they are investing their money in ways calculated to enable them to see the whole of the \$2500 pledged by the Class. Unfortunately, though, the two time limits don't seem to agree.

The one thing which stands out most prominently since graduation and which concerns the Class as a whole is the decennial reunion which occurred last June. Over half the Class of fifty-five was present, and the impression gained ground that every man enjoyed himself to the limit of propriety at least. We may, although we doubt it, have been obnoxious to some high-minded individuals, but what of it? What we have aimed at always is good fellowship between every man in the Class, and we feel that we have it. Loyalty to your classmate breeds the same for Tech, and that is the final word.

Our pledge of \$2500 is noteworthy for several reasons, and all appearances indicate the successful accomplishment of it.

Individually the world has been good to quite a number as is shown by the positions held. Married life apparently appeals to the majority, for the records show they have "gone and done it." It also looks as though there will be a class of 1901 "Juniors" somewhere along 1930, and if that isn't prospering, what is?

At this time in reviewing the passing years the death of Myron E. Davis in 1909 reminds all who knew him of his congenial ways and courteous manner. Always happy, willing to help, and above all with a high sense of morality, his loss is one which will never be forgotten. Not a man but who had the highest regard and esteem for him.

In closing we feel indebted to Tech for what little has been accomplished by us, and sincerely hope that in years to come we may be able to substantially show our appreciation.

## Class of 1902

The Class of 1902 entered Tech at the time of the Spanish-American War, and brought in a lot of new life. The classes which preceded 1902 were dead ones, sure enough. Their members spent all their time studying.

Nineteen Two men contributed and bought a new flag to replace the weather-beaten emblem which floated from the tower of Boynton Hall during the War and for an unknown series of years preceding. In order to present Old Glory with fitting ceremony Battery B was engaged to come up and fire a national salute of twenty-one guns. President Mendenhall gathered the entire student body in the old chapel from eleven to twelve o'clock, and cut out recitations and Shop for that hour. The Hon. Stephen Salisbury and other members of the august Board of Trustees graced the platform with the Faculty. At the close of the speeches the Battery began the salute, and it was hard telling which were more surprised, the other classmen or the numberless small boys who came sprinting from all directions with portions of their dinners in their hands.

Nineteen Two started many innovations which became regular habits with succeeding classes. Our dark green university hats started the Class cap custom. Ours was the first Junior Prom for years. We organized the first Tech Band since the good old days. It was not as good as subsequent ones, but it was a good starter. Nineteen Two published the first Tech Calendar in its generation of students, and it instituted the method of raising funds for the Athletic Association by assessing each class, the Class officers to collect the money from the individuals and make up any deficiency from the Class treasury. Few individuals escaped this finetooth combing.

Nineteen Two originated the custom of awarding the varsity W's at a big and enthusiastic student mass meeting, which increased the honor of the emblem. A 1902 man invented the Hika, Kika yell, and perpetrated the "Pie Song" and "Glory for the Gray and Crimson."

Nineteen Two marched in more than one torchlight procession, and commanded the two-horse team which furnished most of the fuel for the big bonfire on Bancroft Hill. This good Class held many a social at Leicesters, or Chaffins, or Sterling, or the houses of some of the Worcester men, and mixed a little fun and good fellowship with the grind of work.

Nineteen Two men lived in Newton Hall in its prime and had some good times there. They went on many vacation trips with professors, and with great profit and enjoyment.



The last thing 1902 did as a Class before joining the Alumni was to pledge \$1000 cash, payable in two years, for the Alumni Field Fund. This was something that graduation classes had not been doing. Every Class has done so since.

It was a good old Class, was 1902.

### Class of 1903

Any history of the Class of 1903 since its graduation must needs be a history of its individuals, and such a history would not be within the scope of this book even though the history should be compiled. Though the members of the Class are widely scattered, it is certain that their interest and their faith in their Alma Mater is still strong, as is evidenced by the applications which come to the Institute for entrance with future classes, the latest being for the Class of 1934.

No doubt these future students are being hushed to sleep by tales of how the barn was painted after the sign rush, of just the best methods of breaking up "Half Way Thru" and of raising money afterwards to pay expenses, and of the refreshments "Pop" Parker brought around every afternoon. Will they also be told how to get credit for time in three places in the Shop at once, of how to do Foundry Practice on the tennis grounds in white ducks and all the other tricks their fathers used to know?

### Class of 1904

It is one of the sad things about graduation that every class becomes so scattered that, like Humpty Dumpty, all the king's horses and all the king's men could not put it together again. Nineteen Four is no exception to this rule as the following table shows:

Massachusetts,	14	North Carolina,	1
New York,	8	Ohio,	1
Connecticut,	3	Colorado,	1
Pennsylvania,	3	Montana,	1
Illinois,	2	California,	1
Rhode Island,	1	Canada,	1
New Jersey,	1	China,	1
West Virginia,	1		

It is not surprising that so many should remain in Massachusetts, but here too, the scattering has been thorough, not more than three being in any one place—Worcester. The call of the great metropolis, however, has brought six '04 men together in New York city, but as some of them

sleep in Brooklyn that number does not mean so much as it might otherwise.

A pretty large proportion of the men are doing engineering work, for manufacturing companies, but more noticeable is the number who are not following the engineering profession. One of these, after becoming a minister in the Episcopal Church, went out to China as a missionary and has been married recently to an American girl. Another is making a success as a flower grower and market gardener, and a third as a forester. The wholesale tobacco business has claimed one from this group of stray sheep, the list being completed by a *resteranteur* and an editor.

Three men from '04, believing with Prof. Haynes in natural monopolies, have cast their lot with one of the largest of these—the American Telephone and Telegraph Co., and a like number are following the school-master's trade.

Married life has appealed to a good many, but statistics in this regard are not complete. Girls seemed more popular than boys to begin with, but after a start was made and a prize awarded to the Class's first boy the boys have been coming along in good numbers too, and about 1925 we'll be helping out materially in the increased registration movement.

## Class of 1905

---

## Class of 1906

It can hardly be hoped to reach all of the members of that memorable Class of 1906 through the medium of this book, nor can we hope to relate even in the briefest manner the things of interest that have happened to most of us.

Doubtless few of us will ever forget the last day spent on Tech Hill together, the good fellowship that existed and the mingled joy and sorrow, joy because of the completion of four long years of strenuous work, and sorrow because every man realized that never again would the Class be gathered together in its entirety.

That there was a certain feeling of self reliance and pleasure in the heart of every one of us as we set out on the sea of life unpiloted, to fight our own battles, can not be denied; whether we set sail under a full spread canvas and a reliable rudder does not matter, for although we may have drifted aimlessly about and been buffeted hither and thither on the high seas the training we received at "Dear Old Tech" soon enabled us to get our bearings and set a straight course for all parts of the world, and to-day will find us scattered throughout the United States and Canada, with representatives in India, Sweden and Cuba. It is said that a rolling stone gathers

no moss, but what does it matter so long as in its progress the stone leaves a trail and gathers sufficient momentum to overcome obstacles that could not otherwise be removed?

It is not my purpose to reveal the experiences of our Class during the last six years, although the checkered careers of many would be interesting reading to those who are about to start out into the world, nor can I attempt to relate the happenings of our four years at Tech as our Class very unwisely decided not to have an *Aftermath*, much to our regret in after years.

It may, however, be of interest to some and refresh the memory of others if I ask the following rather pertinent questions:

Who dubbed Abbott "mother"?

What happened to "Gebe" Aldrich after he won the 440-yard from Tufts at the Oval?

Does Cave still think football is a rough game?

Who would believe that Frary was fat and smoked good cigars?

Will anybody ever forget what Green said when he visited the Bowery joints in New York? "If we go in we'll have to buy beer, and if we buy beer what will we do with it?"

Has "Banty" Hubbard grown a mustache yet?

How long was Lamphere married before he graduated?

Why didn't "Phoebe" Lewis play football?

Who was the "meat wagon" from Fall River?

What did "Si" Pettengil do with the collection that was taken up for him in the Wood-working Shop?

Where did "Bill" Towne go for birch beer?

## Class of 1907

Before the good Rameses, of wondrous works and fame, had capped the lofty Pyramid which gave the world a claim to having bred a scholar and engineer of note; and ere the fearless Norsemen had built their schooner boat; beyond these times so ancient when whiskers grew to breast and barbers did not flourish as a fee-exacting pest, before then institutions held classes on the green, professors ran the churches and worked the doors with steam; but ne'er a Class was tutored above or under Heaven equal to or half so true as noble Naughty-Seven.

There's Park who's just invented—and did it while asleep—a pair of shears with edges for cutting wool from sheep. Beaman is another who was never known to shirk; last year he beat the record and took patents out on work. Ferninst these two comes McGrath, better known as "Bill," he's built an ought-to engine which will run the thing down hill.

Physics is a subject which, as you will all agree, has brought the world more trouble than the famous apple tree. 'Twas built by one among us, a



funny little Duffer, whose only aim in life is to make the Juniors suffer. He wrote a book of wisdom, "Two Dollars" was the name, and tried to sell us copies—the outfit wasn't game—and loud among the clamor which floated to the sky was heard the voice of Thompson, while wrath was in his eye. He sharpened up his T square, arrayed the mighty horde, and thus was Strike invented by a member of the board.

But up rose C. C. Quimby with righteous wrath aquake, bought the whole edition and caused the strike to break.

There's Raymond Hall and "Smithy" have cleared for foreign ports to teach the wicked heathen a gentler line of sports. They tell us of their efforts to build a game for two played with pawns of China and India rubber que.

The Weather Man has always had troubles of his own, for the power back of wind has never quite been known, but now his woes are over and guessing's out of form; Kibbe's made a powder which can blow up any storm. Asher's only effort is to have the city pure, and make the Blackstone River a sanitary sewer, and Williams, Hayes and Center are hatching up a plot to have the Sun stop working when it gets so very hot.

Such deeds as these are surely enough to prove the truth that great and near-great beings are often born at youth; and facts are all behind us, in putting forth the claim, that we have dead-head tickets to the Wonder Hall of Fame.

## Class of 1908

The Class of 1908 was fortunate in being in Tech during the transition stage when the policy of expansion began to be developed, so that we not only have had a taste of things as they are going to be in the new era, but have also seen some of the older institutions before they passed away. We entered just in time to be under the guidance of "Old Hink" in Shop, or rather, cabinet making. In this course we learned chiefly to accustom ourselves to the feeling inspired by submitting a piece of work in which we thought we had done ourselves proud, only to find that we must start afresh.

But the usual glue-and-sawdust routine of Shop practice was varied sometimes; one division may remember how one of its Electrical wizards short-circuited a lamp with a screw driver one afternoon, thus saving ten minutes before the "all out" bell, while Hink was hunting for a fuse.

Then again, who in the Class will ever forget "Pop," the genial old darkey with his smile and his basket of popcorn balls—good ones, too?

One man we were all glad to be under was good old Johnny Sin<sup>2</sup>, who had been with Tech from the start. Whether it is due to his personality or to his methods of teaching it is hard to say, but certain it is that all the

men who have been under Johnny look upon him with a feeling that is akin to reverence. Whatever the reason, it is always "Hats off to Johnny Sinclair!" with the older Alumni; and there are few graduates who do not remember, "Write the answer to that on a piece of paper, put your name on it and lay it on my table." "Kinnie," with his explosions and his mathematics, was another man whose peculiarities endeared him to the students.

As to the Class itself 1908 was much the same as any other class, except that its members were all very bright. There were the usual tired fellows and hustlers, quiet fellows and gas producers. Most of us will remember, Freshman year, the lively way in which Coffey rendered all the latest songs, almost before they had struck Worcester. Coffey was a good fellow, but he did not last long; good coffee never does.

Since graduation the Class has become spread out over the whole country. Not content with being at a considerable distance from Tech some are constantly traveling from one place to another. Others can not travel because they are anchored, and most of these latter have something running about the house besides a fence; and every one of them says that his "is the very cutest," et cetera.

Joking aside, however, the Class of 1908 is worth taking a few minutes of every man's time to talk about.

## Class of 1909

Old Sol has not completed many cycles since the Class of 1909 made its contribution to published history in the form of an *Aftermath*. That effort was too exhausting to leave much energy to participate so soon in another similar undertaking. But 1909 men will welcome this new Log book kindly, and as 1912 gets its sailing papers and starts on its voyage of world adventures none will say Godspeed with greater heartiness than the men of Naught-nine.

The years immediately following Commencement are years of experiment and adjustment, years of hope and exhilaration for many, of discouragement and disappointment for others. It is through the vicissitudes of these few years that a college man appreciates to the full what the friendship of his classmates means to him. In the chance meeting or the occasional letter he can open his mind freely to those who are certain to appreciate his difficulties and apprehensions. Much encouragement, much sympathy is thus given and taken, and much more could well be exchanged, for it all helps.

The Class has scattered to remote quarters of the globe. Some few may still be found paired off as brother bachelors. Two classmates, indeed, essayed to live together even after both were married—but not for long. The large majority are lone and solitary, but busily engaged in working out

their problems, problems diverse and new. And of all problems, we have discovered, as Ik Marvel once truly said, that the plain straightforward task that was set in the class room was not the hardest. It is far more difficult when we must set the task ourselves.

But the globe-trotters of the years just past are one by one settling sedately down into posts of labor and responsibility. Many of the Class are already benedicts, many more would like to be, though here and there is still one, unconvinced and unsentimental, who croaks his thanks that he is still single.

We have had too much to say in this, your *Aftermath*, 1912. You who were verdant Freshmen when we were on the Hill will shortly join the Alumni body. We shall be glad to see you, man by man, come to bat; we hope you will, each individual of you, hit hard the problems and trials you have to face, and come out at the end "past pluperfect prestissimo players of the game."

## Chronicles of 1910

Now it came to pass in the eighth month of the fifth year of Doctor Engler's presidency, when "Kinnie" taught General Chemistry and manners, and "Johnny Sin<sup>2</sup>" taught Calculus and square dealing, that the Tribe of 1910 entered Tech, in number about one hundred and three-score and ten students. Soon they became known as authors of 57 varieties of Tech Spirit, which showed itself in successful banquets and ingenious discomfiture of other banqueters, in rushes (when such were customary), in guaranteeing of athletic dues, in originating the present Freshman Rules custom, in support of varsity athletic teams and victorious Class contests (e.g., cross-countries and basketball), writing Tech Songs, starting and supporting *Tech News*, etc. In the second year of their sojourn at Tech Worcester was afflicted by a greivous and unprecedented drought and this lasted for two years, causing our heroes inconvenience but little real suffering. And the rest of the acts of this Tribe and all their wars and their ways, lo, they are written in *Ye Aftermath*, 1910.

Moreover, in the ninth year of President Engler, being also the third year of the reign of "Jimmy" Logan as mayor of Worcester, in the sixth month on the fifth day of the month was begun the feast of Commencement. And the Tribe of 1910, themselves and their elders and friends, and the whole congregation, did celebrate continually four days and four nights. Then, as a thank offering, the Tribe dedicated a Sun Dial at midnight by the light of an electric arc, and presented the dial to the Institute. But upon the fifth day diplomas were presented to the remnant of the Tribe (who now numbered three-score and thirteen), and they became Tech Alumni, and the feast continued for two nights and one day. (Now the



word Tech-Alumnus, being interpreted, means a man who calls himself an engineer, goes wherever he pleases, does whatever he can get enough pay for doing and then is invited by Brother Butterfield to come across with 50 per cent. of that for the Alumni Field Fund.)

Behold, two more years are gone by and now in the first year of "Conie," president of Tech (the year when the old barn on Alumni Field was burned in honor of a \$50,000 grant of State Aid and the year when the dog fight between Taft and "Teddy" was initiated in Worcester), the Tribe of 1910 is scattered abroad upon the face of the earth. They have been sent to Russia, Japan, Germany, China, South America, Santo Domingo, Porto Rico, Canal Zone and all other sections of the United States. Some are serving the Government, some are building or running railways and locomotives, constructing factories and insuring them, making or selling autos, teaching at Tech or elsewhere, making or testing dynamite, glass, sugar, varnish, etc., and the rest are working for G. E. or Westinghouse (at \$1.39 per). Six or eight are married and at least two have sons. But the rest of the deeds of 1910 men, including Kennedy's running and Atherton's basketball, are they not set down from time to time in the Alumni Notes of *The Journal*?

## Class of 1911

### One Year Out as Seen by Two 1911 Men

#### *View No. 1*

Well, we must admit that we weren't much to look at as we stepped off the train, wondered where the regular station was and followed the crowd out into the Square. Of course our sleeves were a little short, and we tramped with the old "coming through the rye" stride, but, b'gosh, we were on our way to be "edicated," so we tried to assume the air of the "citteh." No-sir-ree, we didn't have to ask any questions; why, right there by the City Hall we saw a car marked Polytechnic Institute the very first thing. Of course it didn't really go quite to the Institute, because we had to walk from some place the conductor called Elm Park, but we saw quite a lot of the village—er, town.

As we approached the Hill we felt much more at home, in spite of the expectation of unwelcome attentions from our friends the Sophomores. The buildings certainly held a very desirable position up above the surrounding streets. Even then as we glanced over beyond to the open spaces we could picture the growth of new structures which must surely come. With these thoughts came the hope that during our four years' stay, we too could add something to the beauty or life of the place, so that eventually,

through the small contributions from each individual, a strong vitalizing enthusiasm for our Alma Mater would become the first asset of every student as he climbed that hill.

Just about that time we puffed into Boynton Hall and found ourselves minus fifty cents and the proud possessors of a collection of brilliantly buttoned caps, which we wore merely because they were cool. Yet, even though they did stamp us as Freshmen, we were rather glad, for then we could distinguish our classmates. So right here was a custom we ought to see carried out next year. It started Class spirit right off the reel.

Our first gathering as a Class was a landmark, for there we started friendships whose value is becoming more and more certain every day. Some of the faces we saw then did not become familiar till late in our course, we are sorry to say, but that only makes us wish the more that future classes may enjoy the benefits of greater intimacy between their own members and those of every other organization on the Hill.

With these thoughts in mind and the example of the foregoing classes as a guide we endeavored from time to time to establish new enterprises and customs which should build up the internal spirit of the Institute, and in all of these were we aided by the individual members of the Faculty.

One of the first activities was the revival of the Orchestra, which grew and finally became a permanent organization, taking part in various functions, the most notable of which were the combined concerts with the Glee and Mandolin Clubs. This former Club was also organized by a 1911 man.

The Aero Club was brought into being but owing to frequent breakage and necessarily slow reconstruction of the glider interest became spasmodic.

These items, together with the impetus furnished by the Tech Show which 1912 started, made us wish to influence others from a distance to come to Tech, so that, as our final gift to the Institute, we pledged ourselves to support a four years' scholarship to begin in September, 1912. The State of Illinois was selected as offering a good field for advertising and competition.

In looking back we see a whole array of things we could have done, but the biggest and most useful of these would have been to organize an Anti-Knockers Club, and "trim" or run out those who deliberately and in their daily conversation cast slurring remarks on their Alma Mater. These are the men who knock Tech for not having the social life and spirit common to liberal colleges of equal enrollment, and yet who will not contribute one cent to the support of any movement to change this condition. They are slack in their payments and selfish in their use and abuse of common property. When Professor Butterfield gets through with his splendid work in building up our much needed athletic department may we make him president of this club, give him an axe and send him on the trail with the motto, "Kill the Knocker."

## *View No. 2*

The first year of "facing the world" has certainly convinced most of the 1911 men that "life is one — thing after another." Whether it be in the attempt to provide necessities for themselves or others (for particulars see Goddard and Ned Higgins) they find it a serious proposition, the seriousness being greater for those who are dealing in futures. Who expected Conklin and Cushing to become engaged during the first year out?

The Class consists mostly of "family men" of the New England variety. This is shown by the Mechanics, half of whom remained in Worcester, and by the Class in general, half of which is located in the New England States. Massachusetts claims many and it may be said the '11 men in Boston were largely responsible in seeing that Tech received the \$50,000 appropriation.

But there are a few insurgents among us who could not stand conservative New England and they migrated. Sliver Stowell beat it to Canada, and an equal and opposite reaction sent Frizzell to South Carolina and the Tottis to the land of their birth. The carpet-baggers Leigh and Peterson were discontented with the Middle West and they camped on some government land in the So'west, where Leigh may become senator or anything. It's hard telling what Chuck will come to.

Some have high ideals. Just consider "Doc" Neal educating the youths of New York State College on the evils of cigarettes and stimulants, or Ed Flaherty telling the assistant chemists about dynamite, and one has an idea of how "high" are our ideals. Yes, "Stan" Stewart "swears by" our high ideals. He is \$40 in the hole as a result of the Class graduation expense.

Every Electric is doing it. Doing what? Working  $11\frac{1}{2}$  hours a day at Pittsburg or at Schenectady. "Too busy to talk," says "Pat" Hanaver, which is going some for him.

For further light on this Class we must appeal to the Nims combination, for "Sammie" is with the Gas Co., and "Stew" is interested in the Electric Light Co. Heaven help the citizens of Worcester when these fellows get controlling interests in these plants.



## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT



THE 1912 AFTERMATH BOARD  
WISHES TO EXPRESS ITS  
APPRECIATION AND THANKS  
FOR ADVICE AND ASSISTANCE RE-  
CEIVED FROM ACTING PRESIDENT  
CONANT, PROFESSOR BUTTER-  
FIELD, THE SECRETARIES AND  
MEMBERS OF THE VARIOUS GRAD-  
UATED CLASSES, THOSE UNDER-  
CLASSMEN WHO HAVE DRAWN OR  
WRITTEN FOR THE BOOK, AND  
ESPECIALLY THE BLANCHARD  
PRESS, AND THE ABLE CO-OPERA-  
TION OF THE 1912 CLASS.



HERE ENDETH THE TALE.



*The  
Wyman  
Gordon  
Company*

*Worcester, Mass.*

**Some  
of  
Our  
Advertis-  
tisers**

*Worcester  
Polytechnic  
Institute*

*Worcester, Mass.*

*Technical  
Supply  
Company*

*Scranton, Pa.*

*Central  
Building  
Company*

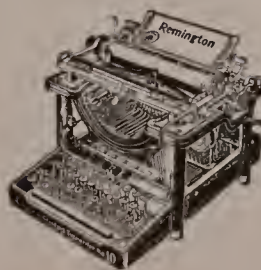
*Worcester, Mass.*

# WARE PRATT CO.



*Coburn  
Trolley Track  
Mfg. Co.*

*Holyoke, Mass.*





# The World's Finest Apparel



THE quality and character of Ware-Pratt merchandise is of the sort that will appeal to all who see it. Nothing of a doubtful nature ever offered for sale. Each garment and article is the product of some maker who through his skill or experience has won fame and distinction. All this and the reasonableness of their prices should appeal directly to you.



Men's and Young Men's Clothing  
Hats, Furnishings, Shoes  
"Likely" Baggage

*Agents for* Rogers-Peet Clothes, Dunlap Hats,  
Manhattan Shirts, etc



# WARE PRATT CO.

The 10 and 11 Models  
of the  
**Remington**  
Typewriter  
are Visible Writers—and more



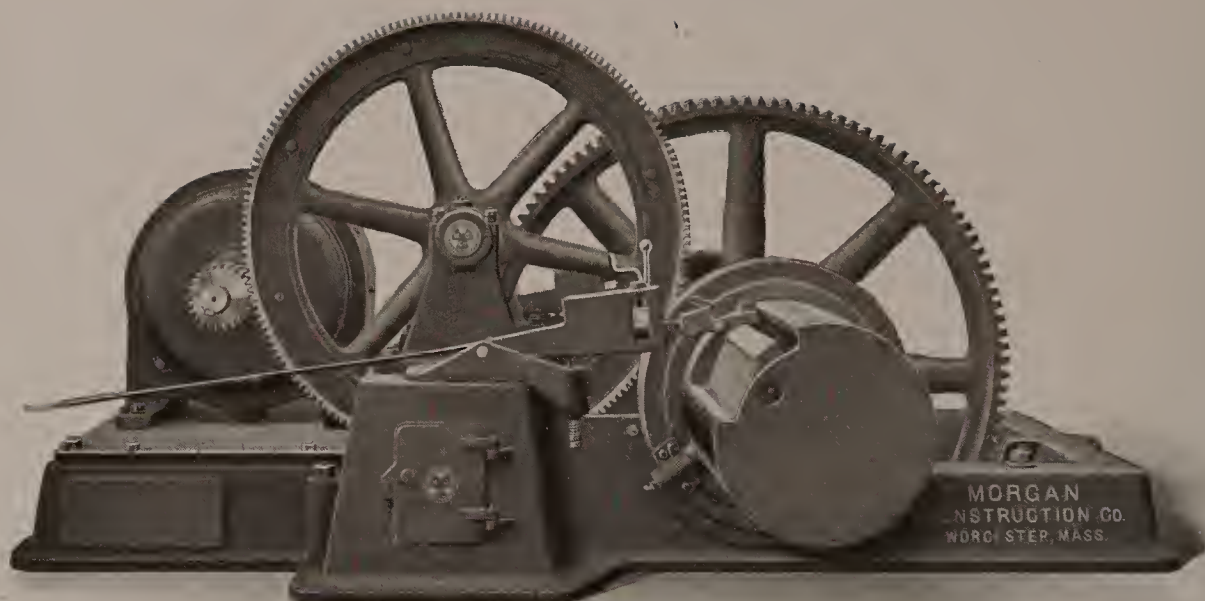
These new Remington models supply visible writing UNDER NEW CONDITIONS—without loss of efficiency.

To realize what this means—the combination of Remington strength with visible writing—note the type bars. Note them specially. See how they are hung in a double row. This gives room for the broad pivot bearings. Note the bar itself, the strong, rigid bar, the Remington bar you have always known, made from a steel drop forging. Compare this bar with the ordinary thin bar, stamped out of sheet steel, and you will understand one reason why the very name “Remington” stands for Strength and Reliability in a Typewriter.

**Remington Typewriter Company**

(Incorporated)

New York and Everywhere



BULL FRAME No. 102S.

BULL FRAMES for BOLT, NUT and RIVET STOCK and SHAF-  
TING (cold drawn), also for Copper, Brass and Bronze Rods,  
in rounds, squares, hexagons and flats from  $\frac{1}{2}$ " to  $1\frac{1}{4}$ ".  
INDIVIDUAL FRICTION CLUTCHES enclosed within the blocks.

---

## WE DESIGN AND BUILD

CONTINUOUS MILLS for BILLETS, MERCHANT BARS, LIGHT STRUCTURAL  
SHAPES, HOOPS, COTTON TIES and RODS.

CONTINUOUS HEATING FURNACES.

CONTINUOUS GAS PRODUCERS with GEORGE AUTOMATIC FEEDS.

AUXILIARY EQUIPMENT such as ROLL TABLES, CONVEYORS, SHEARS,  
REELS, COOLING BEDS, DYBLIE REVERSING VALVES FOR GAS AND AIR.

COMPLETE WIRE MILL EQUIPMENT.

---

# Morgan Construction Co.

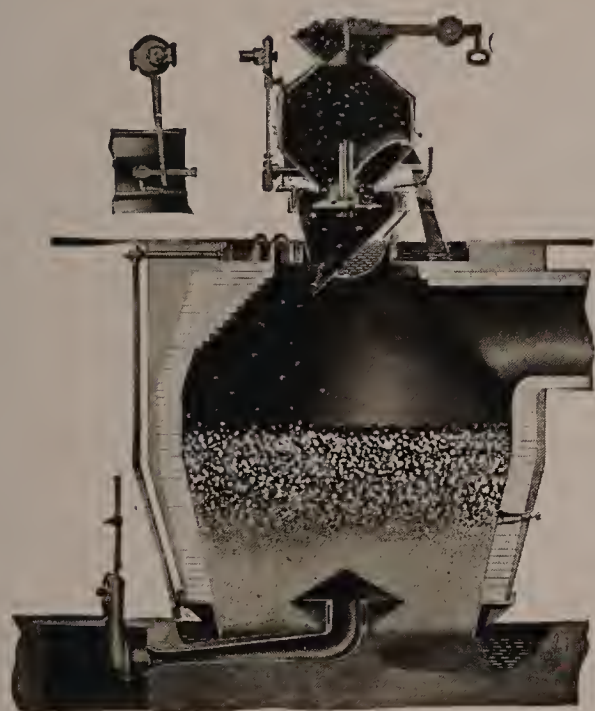
Worcester, Massachusetts



# Morgan

## Continuous Gas Producers

With George Mechanical Feeders



are standard in both the United States and Europe. The new all-mechanical type is now available for those who desire high capacity in limited space. Gasifies one ton of coal per hour. Automatic agitation without pokers, and mechanical ash discharge under control of operator.

## Morgan Construction Company

Offices and Works

Worcester, Massachusetts

European Office, 52 Rue du Congres, Brussels



## You are worth what you know

Be thoroughly informed on the subject that interests you most—and keep in line with as many others as you can.

Education consists in knowing something about everything and everything about something.

Get the I. C. S. Handbooks—and KNOW.

The I. C. S. Handbooks have become world famous because of the simple, straight-forward, and comprehensive manner in which they are written.

The technical man carries his about with him as a guide; big corporations have them in their

reference libraries. Their value has been proven over and over again.

To become worth more—equip with the I. C. S. Handbooks—and you'll get more.

Each of the ten I. C. S. Handbooks is  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches by  $5\frac{1}{8}$  inches by  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch. Each contains, on an average, 368 pages and 142 illustrations.

They are bound in a fine quality of cloth, with gold lettering and red edges. In this binding—shown above—the price is \$1.25 each.

The black morocco leather edition, finished with gold lettering and red edges, is \$1.50 a copy.

The following is a list of these very valuable books—One of which will appeal to you:

MECHANIC'S HANDBOOK  
BUILDING TRADES HANDBOOK  
PLUMBER'S AND FITTER'S HANDBOOK  
BUSINESS MAN'S HANDBOOKS  
MARINER'S HANDBOOK

ELECTRICAL ENGINEER'S HANDBOOK  
TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH HANDBOOK  
ADVERTISER'S HANDBOOK  
BOOKKEEPER'S HANDBOOK  
CONCRETE ENGINEER'S HANDBOOK

## TECHNICAL SUPPLY CO., - - Scranton, Pa.

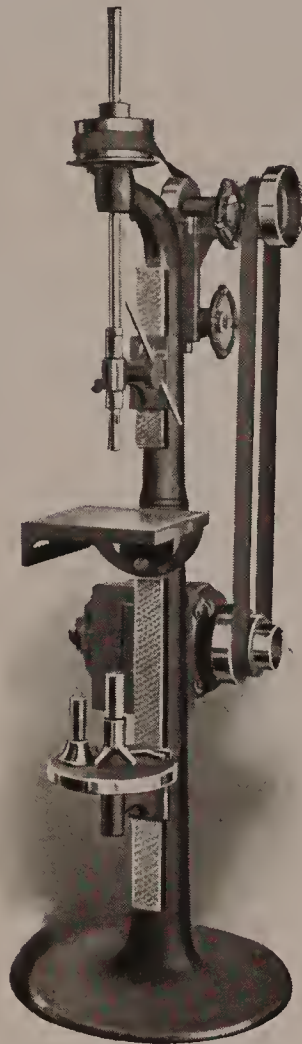
Get yours from W. P. I. Book and Supply Department

# Washburn High Speed Motor Driven Drill Press

$\frac{9}{16}$  inch  
Capacity

No. 1  
Morse Taper

Ball-bearing  
Thrust



Tobin Bronze  
Bearings

Automatically  
Locked  
Belt Tighteners

Arranged for D. C. or A. C. Motors

Manufactured by

The Washburn Shops  
of the  
Worcester Polytechnic Institute  
Worcester, Massachusetts

WORCESTER DRILL GRINDERS  
WASHBURN SENSITIVE DRILLS

WORCESTER DRAFTING LATHES  
WASHBURN SPEED LATHES



## *Personality in Printing*

Personality in printing is all right, as far as that goes—provided it doesn't go too far. It goes too far when a booklet or a catalogue is instantly recognized as the product of this, that or the other press—without even a glance at the imprint. There you have a reflection of the printer's personality, whereas the printing should reflect the personality of the house for which it was produced.

*The Blanchard Press* strives to put into its printing something of the personality of its patrons. This is not always possible at the start. It evolves, so to speak, through continued service and the development of a mutual understanding.

If this idea of personality in your printing seems vague and impractical, let us demonstrate its possibility and practicability in your booklet, folder and catalogue work.

*The Blanchard Press*

*Printers of the Aftermath*

*Worcester, Massachusetts*

INCORPORATED 1868

## WORCESTER TRUST COMPANY

Capital and Surplus - - \$1,500,000

Total Resources - - - \$11,000,000

ESTABLISHED 1818

*Brooks Brothers!*  
**CLOTHING,**  
*Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.*  
BROADWAY COR. TWENTY-SECOND ST.  
NEW YORK.

Advantages offered in our Boys' and Young Men's Clothing

Durable Materials      Exclusive Styles

Moderate Prices

In Furnishings as well, Hats, Shoes, Trunks, Bags and Traveling  
Cases, English Blazers, Polo Ulsters, Mackintoshes

Send for Illustrated Catalogue

# Central Supply Company

## Wholesale, Retail Contractors

Heating Department, High and Low Pressure Steam Department, Water Supply Goods Department



CENTRAL SUPPLY BUILDING

Everything used in Steam, Gas and Water Installation for Private Residences, Manufacturing Plants, Railroads and Villages.

All the leading makes of Steam and Hot Water Heaters. A visit to our warerooms will repay any intending purchaser.

Foster, Commercial and Mercantile Streets

Telephone 4440 Branch Exchange



# Putnam & Thurston's Restaurant

Paul McHale, *General Manager*

College Men's Headquarters    Banquets Our Specialty

379-381 Main Street : Worcester, Mass.

Farm at Boylston, Mass.

## Our Purpose

**T**O sell each article that it will reflect only credit upon the name KENNEY-KENNEDY. To be a little more generous in Value Giving than the other fellow. To satisfy each customer so thoroughly that he will gladly recommend our merchandise to his friends. To refund purchase price or adjust claims as cheerfully as to make initial sales. To have the good will of all by deserving it.

**Kenney-Kennedy Co.**

Classy Clothes and Furnishings

The Oldest Bank in Worcester

# Worcester National Bank

11 Foster Street

<i>Capital Stock</i>	<i>\$400,000</i>
<i>Surplus</i>	<i>\$400,000</i>

James P. Hamilton, *President*  
S. D. Spurr, *Cashier*  
F. M. Hedden, *Ass't Cashier*

---

# HOTEL CUMBERLAND

New York



S. W. Corner Broadway at 54th Street  
Near 50th St. Subway and 53d St. Elevated

Kept By a College Man  
Headquarters for College Men  
Special Rates for College Teams

Ten Minutes' Walk to Thirty Theatres  
Rooms with Bath, \$2.50 and up

New, Modern and Absolutely Fireproof  
Harry P. Stimson, Manager

# The WYMAN & GORDON CO.

## DROP FORGED CRANK SHAFTS

Are used by the  
LEADING ENGINE BUILDERS

Long years of experience in the making of crank shafts has developed our products to the point where they are recognized as unequalled, to-day our forgings are acknowledged as the standard for

**RELIABILITY  
STRENGTH - TOUGHNESS**

They have honestly earned the reputation  
WORCESTER, MASS., CLEVELAND OHIO.



Send Blue Prints for Estimates





# H. F. A. LANGE

## Floral Decorators

Everything in Plants and Flowers

Delivered to any part of the civilized world

371-373 MAIN STREET : WORCESTER, MASS.

### Duncan & Goodell Company

*Wholesale and  
Retail Dealers in*

Hardware, Cutlery,  
Mechanics' Tools  
and Mill Supplies

404 Main Street

Worcester : Massachusetts

Opposite Post Office

Eyes Examined Free

### Everett W. Durgin *Jeweler & Optician*



Diamonds

Watches

Jewelry

Silverware

*Clocks and Optical Goods*

Fine Repairing

568 Main Street

Worcester - Massachusetts

## C. C. LOWELL

*Headquarters for*

Drawing Instruments, T Squares, Triangles,  
Scales and all Mathematical Supplies

Largest assortment of SLIDE RULES in the city. Special prices to Tech students

17 PEARL STREET, WORCESTER, MASS.

A large, elegant, handwritten signature in black ink, reading "J. Walter Bushong". The signature is written in a cursive style with long, sweeping strokes and a prominent horizontal line across the middle.

THIS SIGNATURE ON YOUR  
PHOTOGRAPHS  
MEANS QUALITY  
STUDIO, 311 MAIN STREET

---

---

*L. J. Zahonyi & Company*

*149 Main Street*

*Weddings and Parties supplied at short notice*

*Ice Cream wholesale and retail*

---

---

---

*New Model*  
*of the* **Royal** Standard  
Typewriter

The Latest Model of any  
Typewriter on the  
Market

Has Two-color Ribbon,  
Back-spacer, Tabulator  
and many new and valuable patented  
features that other typewriters do  
not have

Price, \$75



Send for "The Royal Book," 32 pages of typewriter information—the finest typewriter catalogue ever issued  
Yours for a postal card

**Royal Typewriter Co.** Royal Typewriter Building  
NEW YORK

305 Slater Building, Worcester, Massachusetts



*If you are in the market for good printing plates, get in touch with Pehr G. Holmes at the*

ELECTROTYPED

ENGRAVER

# HOLMES ELECTRO FOUNDRY

ELECTRO-PLATER

19 CHURCH STREET

WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS,

*It won't leak*  
**\$2.50 AND UP**  
**MOORE'S**  
**THE ORIGINAL NON-LEAKABLE**  
**FOUNTAIN PEN**



**A**lways ready to write at the first stroke without shaking.

That is a vital point which is lacking in ordinary fountain pens. You can readily understand how this is made possible in a Moore when we explain that the pen when not in use lies submerged in ink which keeps it moist and prepared for instant writing, positively eliminating the necessity of shaking.

But that is not all of its strong features. The Moore can be carried in any position without the least fear of leaking. Has a large ink capacity. Always writes freely and evenly, and is easily filled.

*Every Moore Non-Leakable Fountain Pen carries with it the most unconditional guarantee.*

**BE SURE IT'S A MOORE.**

*For Sale By Dealers Everywhere.*

**AMERICAN FOUNTAIN PEN CO.**  
*Adams, Cushing & Foster, Selling Agents.*  
168 DEVONSHIRE ST., BOSTON, MASS.

AGENTS FOR

## DERBY DESKS

*Quality Kind*

CHAIRS AND TABLES

A FULL LINE OF LOOSE  
LEAF MEMO BOOKS

*We Aim to Please*

## OFFICE EQUIPMENT COMPANY

27 PLEASANT STREET

PHONE 4278

## *The School of Experience*

*Teaches that*

*Ballou, the Paint Man, Saves you Money*

*143 Main Street, Worcester, Mass.*

# COATES Flexible Shafting



Everything in the flexible shaft line. It is made with a thorough understanding of requirements. You can use a drill, emery wheel, buff or scratch brush on the same machine.



A flexible-shaft portable tool is a necessity in the modern shop or foundry. A flexible shaft made on the Unit Link System, Forged from Chrome Vanadium Steel, makes the toughest kind of a shaft. Tools all interchangeable.

*Get latest Bulletin No. 23 T*

## Coates Clipper Mfg. Company

237 Chandler Street, Worcester, Massachusetts

---

*Osgood Bradley Car Company*

*Worcester, Massachusetts*





## Carriages-Autos

Phone 1887-1

D. A. Harrington  
35 Central Street

## It's Lasting!



**LAFLIN-SUMNER**  
**COAL COMPANY**  
ESTABLISHED 1873

The Number is 9 Pleasant St.

2130 Telephones 4030  
2131 4031

Worcester

## Hotel Warren

*European Plan*  
120 Rooms, 60 with Bath



Spacious Cafe  
and College Grill

*Service a la Carte*

One block from Union Station  
Worcester, Mass.

*Buy your flowers from the largest growers in Worcester  
County. Flowers for all occasions*



*Midgley Brothers*

*Telephone 1065-3*

*209 Main Street*



EDWARD F. MINER, Pres.

WM. SHUMWAY, Vice-Pres.

F. B. DURFEE, Treas.

# CENTRAL BUILDING CO.

*GENERAL  
CONTRACTORS*



58 FRONT STREET

WORCESTER

-

-

MASS.



“ Beach Scene at Martha’s Vineyard, an Ideal Spot for your vacation.”

---

*Alfred F. Powers*

---

## The Horace Partridge Company

Salesrooms, 75 Hawley Street, Boston, Mass.

Manufacturers and Importers of high class athletic goods. Largest and most complete line of Baseball, Football, Basketball and Track Goods in New England. Our Famous Shaker Sweaters are well known throughout the entire country.

Special discount on all athletic goods may be obtained by Worcester Polytechnic students. Send for our illustrated catalogue and special discount card, mailed free upon request.

Alumni of Worcester Polytechnic are also entitled to our wholesale prices.

Mrs. Annie H. Day  
Teacher of Dancing and Deportment  
Terpsichorean Hall

Tech Cotillion, Saturdays, 8 p.m.

Hardy's Orchestra

---

“Victor” High Voltage Insulators

SO many variables enter into the design tests, and operating conditions are so erratic and various, that EXPERIENCE is greatly to be relied upon as an asset of a manufacturer of high voltage insulators. This company has had fifteen years' experience, which is intelligently mixed into the product

The Insulator Book will be sent upon request.

The Locke Insulator Manufacturing Co.  
Victor, N. Y., U. S. A.

---

When in Worcester

Visit the only Top-story Dining Room

*State Mutual Restaurant*

*340 Main Street*

*Worcester, : Massachusetts*



# Worcester Polytechnic Institute

Worcester, Massachusetts

LEVI L. CONANT, Ph.D., *Acting President*

---

## AN ENGINEERING COLLEGE

providing four-year courses of instruction in **Mechanical Engineering, Electrical Engineering, Civil Engineering, Chemistry, General Science**, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science.

Also graduate courses of one year leading to the professional degrees of **Civil Engineer, Mechanical Engineer, Electrical Engineer**, or to the degree of Master of Science.

## EXTENSIVE LABORATORIES

for experimental work in **Mechanical Engineering, Steam Engineering, Hydraulic Engineering, Civil Engineering, Electrical Engineering, Physics, General Chemistry, Industrial Chemistry, Gas Engineering, Air Engineering**.

## WELL-EQUIPPED SHOPS

providing ample facilities for practice in **Foundry Work, Forge Work, Machine Shop, Wood Work, Operation of Engines and Boilers**.

---

For catalogue giving courses of study, positions filled by graduates, and all necessary information, address the President.

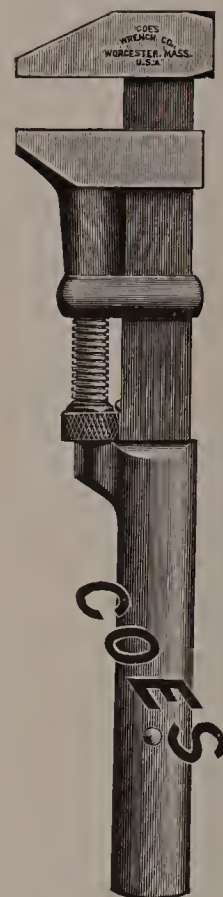
“TRADE MARK”  
**COES**  
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

---

“Coes”  
Wrenches

Famous Since  
1841

None Better Then or Now



---

Established 1877

Incorporated 1909

**F. E. POWERS Co.**

*Wholesale and Retail*

**Coal and Masons' Supplies**

20 Southgate Street

Worcester, Massachusetts

*General Offices - 570 Main Street*



# Have You A Giant

in your factory, yard,  
or storehouse?

## If Not, Why Not?

IF YOU COULD SAY SO

and have a single giant with  
strength of fifty men or more  
lift that five or ten-ton casting  
and place it where it belongs,

or transfer the rolls of paper to the shipping platform, weighing them on the way, and from there to the car for shipment, or carry a half carload or so of lumber from the shed into the mill ALL AT ONCE, would you do it?

## BUT YOU CAN SAY SO

Just write to Coburn and he will tell you how. Get out of the rut! Discharge the gang of ten or more men, that you keep for lifting, and put in a COBURN overhead track system with one or two *efficient* men. Put the difference in cost in your pocket. Get the idea?



## Coburn Trolley Track Mfg. Co.

Holyoke

Boston

New York

Chicago

Philadelphia

Cincinnati



# “17 Cents a Day”

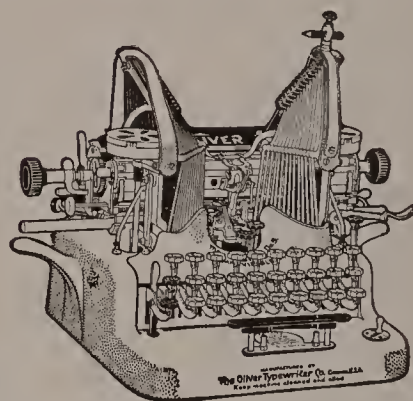
## The Plan That Promotes Success

THE “17-Cents-a-Day” Plan of purchasing The Oliver Typewriter means more than promoting *sales* of this wonderful writing machine. This plan is a positive and powerful factor in *promoting the success* of all who avail themselves of its benefits.

It means that this Company is giving *practical* assistance to earnest people everywhere by supplying them—for *pennies*—with the best typewriter in the world.

The “17-Cents-a-Day” Plan is directly in line with the present-day movement to substitute *typewriting* for *handwriting* in business correspondence.

Ownership of The Oliver Typewriter is fast becoming one of the essentials of success.



“17 Cents a Day” and

The  
**OLIVER**  
Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

There is no *patent* on the “17-Cents-a-Day” Purchase Plan.

We *invented* it and *presented* it to the public with our compliments.

The “17-Cents-a-Day” Plan leaves *no excuse* for writing in primitive *longhand*. We have made it so easy to *own* The Oliver Typewriter that there's no need even to *rent* one.

Just say “17 Cents a Day”—*save your pennies*—and soon the machines is *yours*!

The Oliver Typewriter is selling by *thousands* for 17 Cents a day.

When even the *School Children* are buying machines on this simple, practical Plan, don't you think it is *time* for you to get an Oliver Typewriter?

17 Cents a Day  
Buys Newest Model

We sell the new Oliver Typewriter No. 5 for 17 Cents a Day.

*We guarantee our No. 5 to be absolutely our best model.*

The same machine that the great corporations use.

Their *dollars* cannot buy a better machine than you can get for *pennies*.

The Oliver Typewriter No. 5 has many great conveniences not found on other machines.

We even supply it equipped to write the wonderful new PRINTYPE—for 17 Cents a Day.

Make the Machine  
Pay Its Cost

The Oliver Typewriter is a *money-making* machine. It helps “big business” pile up huge profits.

Tens of thousands of people rely on The Oliver Typewriter for their very *bread and butter*.

A small first payment puts the machine in your possession.

Then you can make it *earn the money* to meet the little payments.

If you are running a business of your own, use The Oliver Typewriter and make the business *grow*.

If you want to get a start in business, use The Oliver Typewriter as a battering-ram to *force your way in*!

The ability to operate The Oliver Typewriter is placing young people in good positions every day.

Get The Oliver Typewriter—on the “17-Cents-a-Day” Plan—it will help you win *success*.

Ask About “The Easy Way”

to secure the newest model Oliver Typewriter No. 5. The Art Catalogue and full particulars of the “17-Cents-a-Day” Purchase Plan will be sent promptly on request. Address

The Oliver Typewriter Company

Agencies Everywhere

146 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

*The*  
*Graton & Knight*  
*Mfg. Co.*

*G & K*  
1851  
TRADE MARK



*G & K*  
1851  
TRADE MARK

Worcester, Mass., U.S.A.

## OAK LEATHER TANNERS

AND MANUFACTURERS OF BELTING, LACE LEATHER, AUTOMOBILE LEATHERS  
 AND LEATHER SPECIALTIES

ESTABLISHED 1871

INCORPORATED 1888

HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS COMPANY  
 MANUFACTURERS OF FIREARMS



WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS, U. S. A.  
 Descriptive Catalogue Free to any Address

Compliments of

**Brewer & Company**

**Wholesale Druggists**

**Starch, Heavy Chemicals, Oils and Paints**

---

ALL KINDS OF COMMERCIAL, CATALOGUE AND SCHOOL PRINTING

**THE DAVIS PRESS**

**WORCESTER, MASS.**

**GILBERT G. DAVIS**

**38-44 FRONT STREET**

---

Compliments of

**The Capitol Lunch**



# When you Want

---

Electric

Vacuum Cleaners  
Santo

Either portable or for permanent  
installation

Washing Machines

Flat Irons

Toasters

Heating Pads

Fans

Or Anything Electrical

---

Call, Write or Phone

**Benjamin S. Crosby**

Care Worcester Electric Light Company

375 Main Street

Telephones 7400, 3603

Established 1865

# Stewart Boiler Works

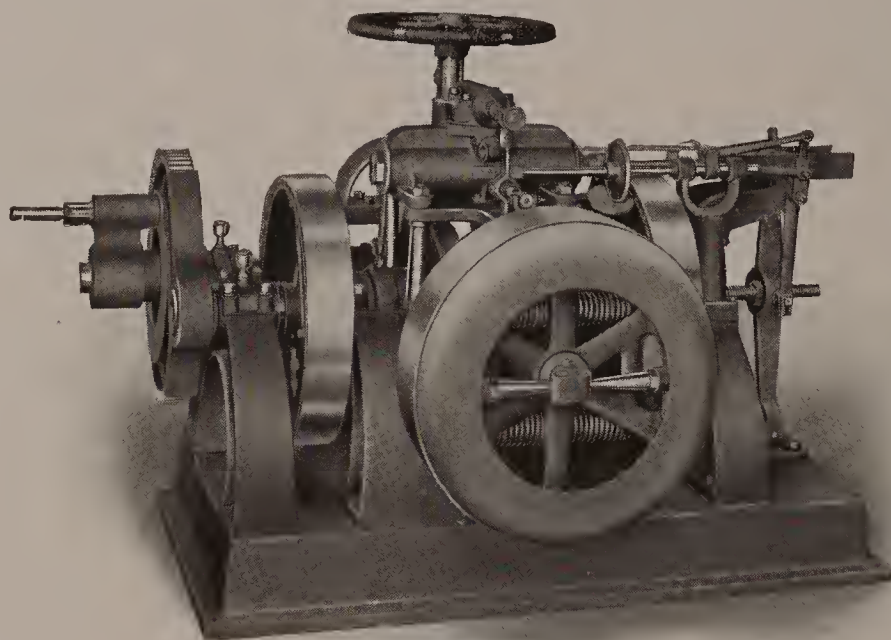
Manufacturers of

## STEEL BOILERS

Tanks, Penstocks and Heavy Iron Work



Worcester, Mass.



THE IMPROVED GOVERNOR for Waterwheels  
The latest invention of Nathaniel Lombard. Simple and strong in construction,  
and guaranteed to govern to entire satisfaction of purchaser.

Write for catalogue

HOLYOKE MACHINE CO., Worcester, Mass.

# Morgan Spring Company

Wire, Springs and Wire Specialties

Worcester, - Mass.

---

## Norton Grinding Wheels



We can offer users  
of grinding wheels  
a choice of the  
latest and best cut-  
ting materials.

Made of

**Alundum**  
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Made of

**Crystolon**  
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

New York Store, 151 Chambers Street  
Chicago Store, 11 N. Jefferson Street  
Electric Furnace Plants at  
Niagara Falls, N. Y., and  
Chippawa, Canada

Norton Company  
Worcester, Mass.



J. S. Wesby & Sons

Book Binding—Paper Ruling

387 Main Street - Worcester, Mass.

---

The Smith-Green Co.

R. C. CLEVELAND, President and Treasurer

---

Masons' Materials

Builders' Supplies

Cement, Lime, Plaster, Etc., Etc.

---

Worcester, Massachusetts

---

*Compliments of*

The Ideal Lunch

# THE HEALD MACHINE COMPANY

WORCESTER MASSACHUSETTS

MANUFACTURERS OF

## GRINDING MACHINES

INTERNAL GRINDERS

CYLINDER GRINDERS

SURFACE GRINDERS

DRILL GRINDERS



Ice Cream

Confectionery

Pastry

Catering for large and small receptions

Telephone 444 Main Street

# W. H. Leland & Company

Worcester, Massachusetts



Automobile and Marine Crankshafts



Grinding Machinery



Drilling Machinery

W. H. LELAND

A. J. GIFFORD, '96

S. NIKOLOFF, '97

Presented With The Compliments

Of

ROYAL WORCESTER CORSET CO.

WORCESTER

-

MASSACHUSETTS

1912



Chester A. Dodge



Accident

Fire

Insurance

Health

Liability



834 Slater Building

Worcester, Massachusetts

*“Coming Events Cast Their  
Shadows Before Them”—*

The Tremendous Advance  
which has placed the

# Underwood Typewriter

So far in the lead—in this short time—  
was made certain from the beginning by  
its recognized superiority of construc-  
tion over every other writing machine.



*“The Machine You Will Eventually Buy”*

UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER CO.  
(INCORPORATED)

Underwood Building

New York

*Branches in all Principal Cities*



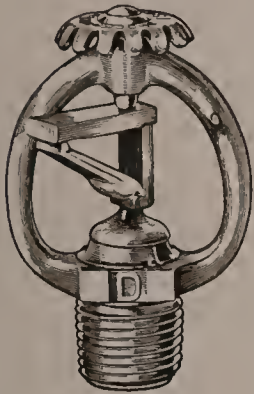
THE UNDERWOOD FACTORY TODAY

— THE LARGEST TYPEWRITER FACTORY IN THE WORLD



# Rockwood Automatic Sprinklers

Over 1,000,000 installed and in service to-day without a single failure



## Rockwood Dry Pipe Valves (Straightway)

Simplest and most reliable Many hundred installed

All giving perfect service to-day

Approved by All Insurance Interests

Manufacturers, Engineers and Contractors  
for Complete Sprinkler Equipments

## Rockwood Sprinkler Company of Massachusetts

38 Harlow Street

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

BOSTON

SEATTLE

BUFFALO

MONTREAL

Worcester, Mass.

## Beautify the Room

The final touch in a perfectly furnished room is the correct solution of the Picture Problem. We can help you to the correct and satisfactory solution.

G. S. Boutelle & Company

256 Main Street

Worcester, Massachusetts

## Geo. H. Clark & Co.

Wholesale  
and Retail Dealers in

Paints, Oils, Varnishes,  
Glass, Glues and  
Manufacturers'  
Supplies

6-10 Norwich Street

Worcester, Massachusetts



Alfred Mackay  
Engineer

95 Liberty Street - New York  
Telephone, 950 Cortlandt

---

Patent Law

Edward W. Vaill  
Counsellor at Law  
New York

---

Compliments of the  
State Mutual Barber  
Shop

---

See  
A. Jackson  
The College  
Tailor

For Your Next Suit or Overcoat

---

Prices Moderate  
and  
Satisfaction Guaranteed

---

Room 4 : 112 Front Street  
Worcester, Massachusetts

F. A. Easton E. M. Whalen  
Established 1875 Incorporated 1903

F. A. Easton Company  
Newsdealers, Stationers  
Cor. Main & Pleasant Streets  
Worcester, Mass.

James Mitchell Grace M. Whelan

---

C. A. Hanson  
Druggist

107 Highland Street  
Worcester, Massachusetts

---

Buy Your  
Shoes and Hosiery  
At Worcester's Popular Shoe Store

---

Bemis & Co., 536 Main Street

---

Telephone Office Hours  
9 a.m. until 4 p.m.

Roy R. Stimpson, D.D.S.  
Dental Office

Room 1048, Slater Building  
Worcester, : Massachusetts

---

Andrew P. Lundborg  
Drawing Materials  
Stationery

---

315 Main St. Worcester, Mass.

---

One Visible Model 10  
Remington Typewriter

in your office, will absolutely prove to you the  
enduring leadership of the Remington. And  
every additional one simply piles up the proof.  
Remember that we *guarantee* your satisfaction

Remington Typewriter Company  
(Incorporated)

# The Chas. H. Elliott Company

The largest college engraving house in the world

Commencement Invitations, Class Day  
Programmes and Class Pins

Dance Programmes and  
Invitations

Menus

Leather Dance Cases  
and Covers



Fraternity and  
Class Inserts  
for Annuals  
Fraternity and  
Class Stationery

Wedding Invitations and Calling Cards

Photogravures

Works: 17th Street and Lehigh Avenue  
Philadelphia, Pa.

---

---

W. T. Brown  
Tailor



5 Pleasant Street  
Worcester, Massachusetts

---

---

*Telephone!*  
**=4550=**  
*and we'll do the rest  
if you want*  
**DESIGNS —**  
**— PHOTOGRAPHS —**  
**— ZINC ETCHINGS**  
**HALF TONES**  
*for your advertising.*  
*Call and talk it over*  
*with*  
**Carlton Engraving Co**  
**418 MAIN ST.**  
*Worcester's busiest corner*

# Before You Leave W. P. I.

have a little chat with John H. Beck. He is local  
representative of

## Engineering News

---

Let him tell you why this standard paper of civil engineering is the one best "buy" for every man who expects to follow the profession; how it has reached the position of the one unbiased, independent and authoritative paper of the field. Let him show you the current issue replete with engineering news and engineering articles gathered from every quarter.

*Engineering News*, established 1874, and published weekly, has the widest circulation of any paper in the field and is bought

by the best men in the profession because it is the best paper—there's no other reason.

This is a good example for Worcester men to follow *now*—the *Engineering News* habit is a fine one to acquire early in the game.

In Worcester, perhaps more than in any other Institute *Engineering News* has become a sort of post-graduate course and we know of no Worcester engineer who hasn't found it a paying investment.

See Mr. Beck about it to-day or write us for a free sample copy.

---

Engineering News, 505 Pearl St., New York

---

Standard Plunger Elevator Co.

Elevators

Dumbwaiters

Plunger

Electric

For all kinds of Service

Worcester, Mass.

NEW YORK

PHILADELPHIA  
CHICAGO

BALTIMORE  
MONTREAL

WASHINGTON





THE ELECTRIC CITY ENGRAVING CO.  
BUFFALO, N.Y.

*WE MADE THE ENGRAVINGS FOR THIS BOOK.*









